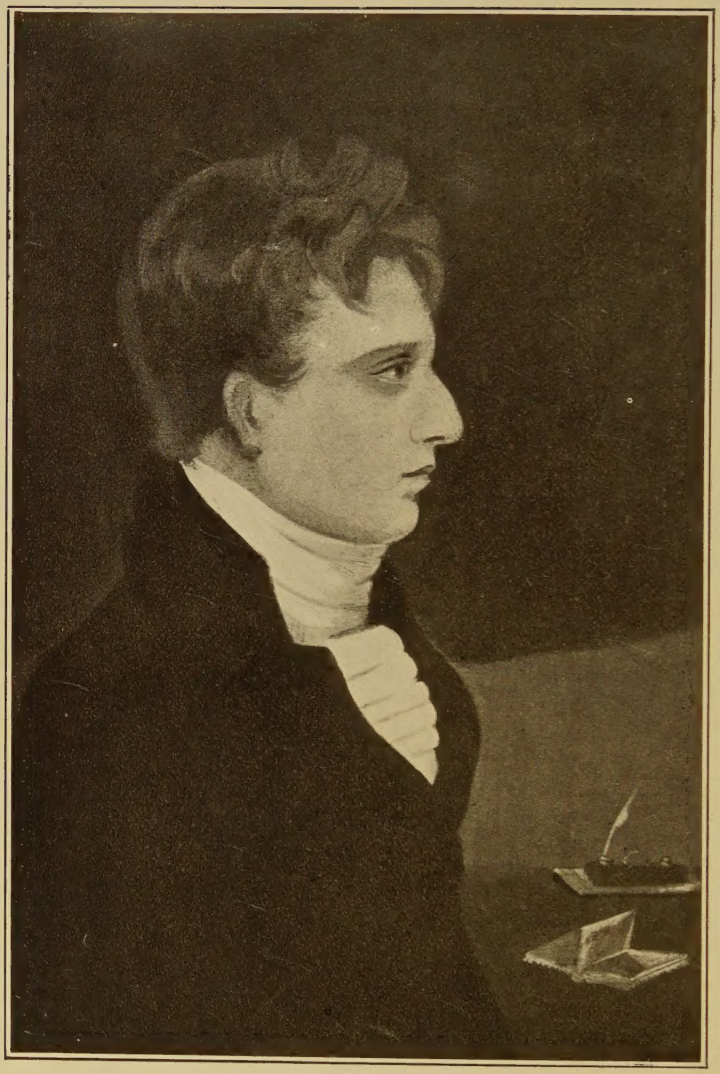
The Homes & Haunts of Henry Kirk White

THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF HENRY KIRK WHITE.



HENRY KIRK WHITE.

THE

Homes and Haunts

OF

Henry Kirk White

WITH

Some Account of the Family of White, of Nottingham and Norfolk.

BY

JOHN T. GODFREY

AND

JAMES WARD.

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1908.

TO COLONEL

SIR HERVEY JUCKES LLOYD BRUCE, BART.,

OF CLIFTON HALL,

IN THE COUNTY OF NOTTINGHAM,

THIS VOLUME IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

THIS volume was suggested by the Centenary Banquet to the memory of Henry Kirk White, held at Nottingham in November, 1906. Prior to that event numerous letters which appeared in the local press, and in which misstatements occurred in connection with the poet's birthplace and his other residence in Nottingham, showed that considerable interest was taken in White, not only in Nottingham, but also in Canada, and elsewhere. The Banquet also brought to my notice the existence of a quantity of interesting information concerning the poet's brothers and sisters, and their descendants, the whole of which has been generously placed at my disposal.

In order to deal with this genealogical material, here printed for the first time, I obtained the assistance, as collaborator, of Mr. John T. Godfrey, who has also compiled the account of Wilford, supplied the footnotes and index, and otherwise helped in the work.

As the homes and haunts of the poet were necessarily few, it has been thought desirable to compile a memoir of White, constructed as briefly as possible from his own letters. In doing this the observation of Sir N. Harris Nicolas, printed on page 35, has been constantly

borne in mind. The connecting notes of Southey, written from information supplied by John Neville White, have been freely adopted. The Rev. George Gilfillan, who visited Nottingham in the autumn of 1852, said "Henry Kirke White must constantly be regarded through the medium of Southey's mild emblazonment, and of his own amiable character." . . . "It is almost sacrilege attempting to write his life, after that simple, touching, and felicitous biography of Southey—a work confirming the truth of the statement, that the best biographer of a poet is a poet. We shall proceed in his wake, simply to jot down the particulars—few and well known—of White's rapid career." We have followed this excellent example.

For the materials from which the descent of the White family after they had settled in Norfolk has been compiled, I am indebted to Mr. Cuthbert Becher Pigot, of Eaton, Norwich. Mr. Pigot, who has shown much interest in the progress of this volume, is not only of Nottinghamshire descent, but is doubly connected by marriage with H. K. White, his uncle being the late Rev. Joseph Neville White, Vicar of Stalham, Norfolk, and his brother-in-law Lieut.-Col. Herbert Southey Neville White—the nephew and great-nephew respectively of the poet. Mr. Pigot's aunt, Mrs. Joseph Neville White, has very kindly lent for reproduction the whole of the White portraits in the last section of the volume, and states that no portrait of Hannah White (Mrs. Joshua Smith) is known to exist.

For other assistance in the compilation of this volume I am indebted to Mr. John C. Warren, M.A., for the legal notes on the poet's birthplace, printed on pages 20-22; to the Rev. John Clough, M.A., Rector of Wilford, for permission to photograph the White

memorials in Wilford Church; to Mr. William Beecroft, of Wilford, for valuable information respecting the various so-called Kirke White Cottages; to Mr. Thomas Blagg, senior, of Newark, for first informing us of White's association with Halloughton—he having heard anecdotes of the poet from Miss Tongue herself, who vividly remembered White's visits to her home during her girlhood; to Mr. John Russell, M.A., of Nottingham, for the translation of the Latin letter printed on pages 111-113; and to the Rev. H. T. Sale, M.A., Rector of Winteringham, for extracts from his parish registers, for other information relating to Winteringham, and for the loan of the view reproduced on page 131.

In addition to the acknowledgements already made, respecting the sources of the illustrations, I have to thank Mr. J. P. Briscoe, F.R.S.L., of Nottingham, for photographs of the portraits of John and Mary White, from which the illustrations on pages 2 and 3 have been reproduced, as well as for the illustrations on pages 56 and 228; Mr. James Granger for the loan of the plan, a portion of which is shown on page 18; Mr. Henry H. Enfield, Solicitor, of Nottingham, for permission to reproduce White's signature to his Articles of Clerkship, and for information concerning the same; Mr. Arthur Lineker, Librarian of Bromley House Library, Nottingham, for supplying a photograph of the engraving "Nottingham Academy;" Mr. F. W. Dobson, J.P., for the loan of the portrait of the Rev. Charles Simeon, reproduced on page 95; and Mr. William H. Pratt, for the photograph of White's birthplace on page 230. The painting of "Wilford Ferry," reproduced on page 80, was kindly lent by the late Mrs. A. Gilbert, of Nottingham. The frontispiece, and the illustrations on pages 44, 50, 61, 62, 129,

139, 154, 177, and 186, are from original portraits, drawings, manuscripts, etc., in my own possession. Of these, the frontispiece is reproduced from an oilpainting attributed to W. Corden ; Wilford Church, on page 50, is from a painting by Henry Dawson, of Nottingham ; the portrait on page 62 is by Silvanus Redgate, of Nottingham ; and the view of St. John's College, Cambridge, on page 139, is from a drawing by John F. Burrell.

JAMES WARD.

South Parade,
Nottingham,
September, 1908.

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THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF HENRY KIRK WHITE.

"Untwist the linked bouts of pedigree,
And, on a point where Garter's self might err,
Quote—fearless quote—the Parish Register."

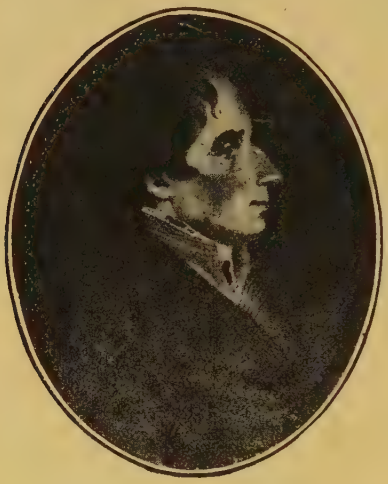
Sir Cuthbert Sharp.

SOUTHEY, in the opening of his "Remains of Henry Kirke White, of Nottingham," published in 1807, states "His father *was* a butcher; his mother, whose maiden name was Neville, *is* of a respectable Staffordshire family,"[1] which seems to imply that the father was dead, but that the mother survived. As the poet's father was then living, we assume that Southey intended to convey to his readers the fact that Henry Kirk White's father was at

(1) This quotation (the italics in which are ours) is from the eighth (1819) edition of Southey's "Remains," the edition referred to throughout the following pages.

Wylie, author of *Old and New Nottingham*, 1853, in a long notice

one time a butcher, but was then no longer carrying on that trade. The name of the **father** of the poet was John White, and he is probably identical with the John White who was baptized at St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, 2 July, 1747, as the eldest child of John and Mary White, who, in their turn, appear to be identical with John White of the parish of St. Nicholas, Nottingham, who married, at that parish church, by licence, 12 July, 1746, Mary Rhodes, of the parish of St. Mary, in the same town. Other children of this marriage, all baptized at St. Mary's Church, Nottingham (John White appears in the poll-book of the Nottingham Parliamentary election of 1754 as a butcher, residing in Pilcher Gate in that parish), were Sarah, baptized 10 December, 1748; Elizabeth, baptized 28 October, 1750: and Samuel, baptized 25 June, 1755. The name of the **mother** of the poet was Mary Nevill, but on a tablet to the memory of



of White says "his father was a butcher, and, like the majority of men engaged in that occupation, was a coarse and ignorant man; but his mother was a Neville, a member of a good old Staffordshire family, gentle in her manners, and possessing an educated intellect." Sir Harris Nicolas, K.C.M.G., in the Aldine edition of White's poems (1853 ed., p. x.) says "Few who have risen to eminence were, on the paternal side at least, of humbler origin than Henry Kirke White. His father, John White, was a butcher at Nottingham; but his mother, who bore the illustrious name of Neville, is said to have belonged to a respectable family in Staffordshire."

her husband and herself in the church of Eaton St. Andrew, near Norwich, where they are both buried, she is grandiloquently stated to have been the "daughter of Ralph Neville, Esq., of the county of Stafford." We find, however, that on 29 March, 1744, Ralph Nevill and Ann Hall, both of the parish of St. Mary, Nottingham, were married in that parish church, and that in the poll-book of the election of 1754, previously referred to, Ralph Nevill appears as a framework-knitter, residing in Backside, now known as Parliament Street. Again, we find in the copy of the old register belonging to the Independent Chapel in Castle Gate, Nottingham,[1] the following significant baptismal entry :— [No.] "686. Feb^{y} 17 1756 Hannah, daughter of Ralf Nevell," which, judging from the extraordinary fitness of the date, leaves little doubt that "Hannah" is an

(1) It is of interest to note that Samuel Tarratt Nevill, now Bishop of Dunedin and Primate of New Zealand, "(son of Jonathan Nevill of the High Pavement in the parish of St Mary Nottingham, Hosier, and of Mary his wife whose maiden name was Berrey) born on the High Pavement May 13, 1837" was baptized at Castle Gate Chapel, Nottingham, May 15th, 1837, by Richard Alliott, Junior. Bishop Nevill claims to be of a Suffolk family, located at Long Melford in 1638. From the fact that his arms, Azure, three bustards rising or, were also borne by a family of Nevills residing in Nottingham from 1661 to 1827, he claims connection also with that family. We are unable to discover any connection between the latter family, which was allied with the families of Fellows and Wright, bankers, of Nottingham, and Mary Nevill, the mother of Henry Kirk White.

error for "Mary," and that the entry is that of the baptism of the poet's mother! Leaving this as a matter of conjecture,[1] we find that John White and Mary Nevill, both described as "sojourners," were married in the parish church of Greasley, the largest parish in the county of Nottingham, formerly the seat of the baronial family of Cantelupe, and situated seven miles north-west of the county town, on 29 July, 1777. The entry (of which we possess a certified copy) in the register is as follows:—

GREASLEY CHURCH.

"John White and Mary Nevill both sojourners in this Parish were married in this Church by Banns this Twenty ninth Day of July in the year 1777,

by me John Mansell, Vicar

(1) It may be noted that the following baptisms occur in the Nottingham registers. At Castle Gate Chapel—[No.] "603 Jany 10 1753 Mary, daughter of Joseph Nevill," the name of the mother being unknown. At St. Peter's Church—"Baptized 1753. September 14 Mary daughter of Gilbert Nevill Gent. & Elizabeth." Gilbert Nevill, Gent., of the parish of St. Mary, Nottingham, married at St. Peter's Church, in the same town, 23 May, 1752, Elizabeth Hunt, of the latter parish.

This Marriage was solemnized between John White Mary Nevill

In presence of us Rob[t] Jalland Benj Renshaw."

The issue of this marriage were three sons and three daughters, all baptized at the Independent Chapel in Castle Gate, Nottingham, as appears from the following entries in the copy of the register preserved there.

	1779	
1267	Jan[y] 22[nd]	Hannah, daughter of John & Polly White.
	1782	
1329	Jan[y] 16[th]	John Nevile, son of John & Mary White.
	1785	
1396	Ap'l 13[th]	Henry Kirk, son of John & Polly White.
	1787	
1437	Aug[st] 17	James, son of John and Mary White, of the parish of St Mary Nott[m], by R. Plumbe.
	1791	
1497	August 23	Frances Moriah, daughter of John and Mary White, of the parish of St Mary, born July 13. 1791, baptized by W[m] Entwistle.
	1795	
1540	February 19	Catherine Bailey, daughter of John and Mary White, born Aug[st] 7, 1794, baptized by Richard Alliott.

The foregoing entries have been compared with those in the original register now preserved at Somerset House, London, and the following variations noted. At the end of the first four entries the abbreviated word "bapt" is added, while in the second and fourth entries the name "Polly" is struck out and "Mary" substituted.

The name "Nevile" in the second entry is undoubtedly meant for "Nevill," as we have frequently seen two final *ll*'s written *le*, and have before us, as we write, a postcard whereon a clergyman has apparently written "Forest *Hile*" for "Forest *Hill*."

Castle Gate Chapel.

WYLIE, in his account (1853) of Castle Gate Chapel, states, "This place of worship, the most ancient dissenting structure in Nottingham, stands near the foot of Castle gate, in the parish of St. Nicholas, and was built in 1689, the foundation stone being laid on the 29th of May in that year. About the middle of the eighteenth century, when the Presbyterian congregation on the High pavement adopted Arian sentiments, many families withdrew and joined the Calvinistic Independents of Castle gate. In consequence of this accession to the church the building was enlarged.[1] During the present century it has been enlarged four times. The chapel is plain yet comely, and there is attached to it a burial ground, which lies in St. Peter's parish. The interior fittings are comfortable and becoming. . . . . The building can accommodate upwards of a thousand persons, and is generally well attended—by a congregation reputed to be the wealthiest in the town."[2]

In 1863 this old Meeting House was taken down, and the foundation stone of the present Chapel was laid on

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(1) It is to be regretted that we are unable to give a view of this old chapel. From extensive enquiries which have been made in likely quarters, we are inclined to the belief that no such view exists.

(2) Wylie, *Old and New Nottingham*, 1853, p. 113.

11 June in the same year. "This building is entitled to rank amongst the first Nonconformist places of worship. The interior is especially beautiful, and will seat 1,300 persons. The accoustic properties are of the highest character. The organ is a very fine one. Mr. James Hall was the builder of the fabric, and Mr. R. C. Sutton, architect." [1]

"The ground in front of Castle Gate Meeting was originally divided into gardens; but in 1734 the practice began of using part of it as a Burial Ground. [A foot-note states "The first person interred was Mrs. Elizabeth Maddey, 'Jan. y^e 22. 1735.'"] On this taking place, the parish minister threatened to prosecute certain parties for the recovery of burial fees, when the Church passed a spirited resolution to the effect, that they would 'support any person who should happen to be thus annoyed.' It was resolved, at a meeting held March 26, 1742, that none should be buried without the permission of two out of three members of the Church then named. . . . . In process of time, the right of burial in the Meeting yard was given to all seat-holders, upon the payment of certain dues ordered by the Church. Burial in the Meeting House itself seems never to have been practised."[2] In 1851 restrictions were placed on the burials, in 1856 the Privy Council prohibited (except under special circumstances) interment in most of the old burial grounds in the town, so that burials in Castle Gate have long since ceased. Numerous headstones and other memorials exist in the burial ground. The earliest date observable is 1741, the great majority of the memorials being, however, of the nineteenth century, and rapidly

(1) *The Nottingham Date-Book*, 1880, p. 523.

(2) "Bi-Centenary of Castle Gate Meeting," 1856, p. 120.

becoming illegible. For this reason the inscriptions were copied during the autumn of 1907, with the view to their being printed at an early date.

"The Baptismal Register belonging to the Meeting House, commences with 1705. The entries up to March 1837, are carefully copied from the original Registers of the Rev. R. Bateson, the Rev. James Sloss, the Rev. J. T. Alliston, and the different ministers who subsequently held the pastoral office. The originals have been sent to Somerset House, where they may be consulted under the provisions of the Registration Act. The transcript now in the possession of the minister, was very carefully made by Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Alliott ; Mr. Thomas Clark, (afterwards M.A., and now Principal of the Dissenter's Proprietary School, Taunton ;) and Mr. R. W. Preston.—From 1837 onwards, the Register is original. In 1706, the first complete year found in the Registry, the number of baptisms entered is 16 ; in 1855 it was 26. In many intermediate years, a century since or more, the number was equal to what it is now—the Meeting being the only place in the town or neighbourhood where evangelical Nonconformists could procure baptism for their children." [1]

IN the year 1784, John White, described as "of the Town and County of the Town of Nottingham, Butcher," purchased certain property in Cheapside, Nottingham, referred to in detail later on, and resided there from that date until the year 1798.

In the first Nottingham Directory, published in 1799, we find John White, butcher, residing on High Pavement, while Mrs. White, of the same address, kept a

[1] "Bi-Centenary of Castle Gate Meeting," 1856, p. 117.

"Ladies' Boarding-school." Wylie remarks :—"In order chiefly to assist Henry, Mrs. White opened a boarding school on the High Pavement, which proved very successful. The poor lady, however, was afflicted in the midst of her sore struggle by the low habits of her husband, who, after the labors of the day were at a close, could imagine no higher enjoyment than a pipe and a pot of beer by the kitchen fire, a sphere from which he could never rise." [1] It is important to note that at the same date (1799) James White, also a butcher, and Mrs. White, "School-Mistress," were residing in [St.] Mary's Gate near to, as confusion appears to have arisen in the identity of the two schoolmistresses.[2] In order to give a little relief to an otherwise bald narrative, we here introduce a description of ladies' boarding schools about this period. Under the date 1760, "The Nottingham Date-Book" states—"The same journal [*Ayscough's Nottingham Courant*] exhibited the pretentions of what was evidently a principal boarding-school in this neighbourhood. They were thus temptingly displayed :—

THIS is to acquaint the Publick, that the Boarding School at Arnold near Nottingham, will be continued as usual, by Martha Syston, Daughter, and proper Assistants, (the House is adjacent to the Church, healthy and pleasant situated) where young Ladies are carefully educated and instructed in English, and all sorts of Needlework, upon easy Terms. The greatest Care will be taken of them in all Respects, and nothing omitted that can be conducive to their Health, or improving to their Morals and genteel Education.

Dancing, Writing, and Accompts, if required.

N.B.—At the same Place may be had all sorts of Millinery Goods, with Teas, Coffee, and Chocolate.

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(1) Wylie, *Old and New Nottingham*, 1853, p. 171.

(2) In a notice of Henry Kirk White in White's Nottinghamshire Directory for 1832, it is stated on page 180 that "The sisters of this

Alas! for 'Martha Syston's' ability 'to instruct in English,' her advertisement belies her profession. It is reasonable to suppose her to have been better qualified to instruct in fancy needlework than to construct a sentence; and the seminary might probably have been more properly designated a genteel millinery establishment. Mrs. Syston may be regarded as a specimen of a once common, but now obsolete class. The dame, with all her literary deficiencies, and these were doubtless many, would be fully capable of meeting the requirements of her pupils. Female education, in the modern acceptation of the term, was rarely even attempted. To understand ornamental sewing, and to read and converse with a degree of correctness, were the chief things aimed at: the art of writing was not deemed an essential. Mrs. Syston intimates that writing was taught only 'IF required.' This was general almost throughout the country. The poet Southey states that, eighty years ago, the mistress of the head school near Bristol was grossly illiterate, though clever with her needle. She was a handsome woman, and her children were, like the *Harleian Miscellany*, by different authors. This was notorious; yet her school, he adds, flourished notwithstanding, and she retired from it at last with a competent fortune, and was visited as long as she lived by her former pupils. Truly, since then, the march of intelligence and of respect for morality has made rapid strides."[1]

lamented youth now conduct a respectable seminary in Nottingham," a statement which is grossly misleading, for on referring to the list of "Academies" in the same work we find "White Sarah & Ann, 7, St. Mary-gate," names which were not borne by either of the poet's sisters.

(1) "The Nottingham Date-Book," 1880, p. 52. Southey's statement is, however, as follows—"My mother, I believe, never went to any but a dancing-school. . . . . But her half-sister, Miss Tyler, was placed at one in the neighbourhood under a Mrs. ——, whom I mention because

No. 17, High Pavement, and the adjoining house (No. 19) on the east side, both now occupied for warehouse purposes, were built by Alderman Samuel Fellows (Sheriff of Nottingham in 1729, Coroner 1746-1756, and Mayor in 1755) prior to the death, on 21 December, 1730, of his first wife, Mary Jalland, of Scarrington, Notts., great niece of Robert Thoroton, M.D., author of "The Antiquities of Nottinghamshire" (1677), and a lineal descendant of William de Lovetot, founder of Worksop Priory in the reign of King Henry the First. Alderman Fellows resided in the eastern of these two houses. Between them is a rain pipe, on the head of which are cast the initials $_{S}{}^{F}{}_{M}$ for Samuel and Mary Fellows. At the time the White family resided at No. 17, the property belonged to Alderman John Fellows (grandson of Samuel) who was Sheriff of Nottingham in 1781, and Mayor in 1790, and who resided in a mansion to the east of No. 19, now known as the County House or "Judges' Lodging."

On the front of No. 17 a tablet has been placed under the "Holbrook Bequest," which bears the following inscription :—

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her history is characteristic of those times. Her husband carried on the agreeable business of a butcher in Bristol, while she managed a school for young ladies about a mile out of the town. His business would not necessarily have disqualified her for this occupation (though it would be no recommendation), Kirke White's mother, a truly admirable woman, being in this respect just under like circumstances. But Mrs. —— might, with more propriety, have been a blacksmith's wife ; as, in that case, Vulcan might have served for a type of her husband in his fate but not in the complacency with which he submitted to it, horns sitting as easily on his head as upon the beasts which he slaughtered. She was a handsome woman . . . . [*as above*] . . . former pupils. This may serve to show a great improvement in the morals of middle life."—*Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, i., 21.

HERE LIVED
FROM 1798 TO 1806,
HENRY KIRKE WHITE,
POET,
BORN AT NOTTINGHAM 1785,
DIED AT CAMBRIDGE 1806.

It was in this house that Henry Kirk White possessed the "study" humorously described in the following lines :—

MY STUDY: IN HUDIBRASTIC VERSE.

You bid me, Ned, describe the place
Where I, one of the rhyming race
Pursue my studies *con amore*,
And wanton with the muse in glory.
  Well, figure to your senses straight,
Upon the house's topmost height,
A closet just six feet by four,
With white-wash'd walls and plaster floor,
So noble large, 'tis scarcely able
T' admit a single chair or table :
And (lest the muse should die with cold)
A smoky grate my fire to hold :
So wondrous small, 'twould much it pose
To melt the ice-drop on one's nose ;
And yet so big, it covers o'er
Full half the spacious room and more.
  A window vainly stuffed about,
To keep November's breezes out,
So crazy, that the panes proclaim
That soon they mean to leave the frame.
  My furniture I sure may crack—
A broken chair without a back ;

NO. 17, HIGH PAVEMENT.

A table wanting just two legs,
One end sustain'd by wooden pegs;
A desk—of that I am not fervent,
The work of, Sir, your humble servant;
(Who, though I say't, am no such fumbler;)
A glass decanter and a tumbler,
From which my night-parched throat I lave,
Luxurious with the limpid wave.
A chest of drawers, in antique sections,
And saw'd by me in all directions;
So small, Sir, that whoever views 'em
Swears nothing but a doll could use 'em.
To these, if you will add a store
Of oddities upon the floor,
A pair of globes, electric balls,
Scales, quadrants, prisms, and cobbler's awls,
And crowds of books on rotten shelves,
Octavos, folios, quartos, twelves;
I think, dear Ned, you curious dog,
You'll have my earthly catalogue.
But stay—I nearly had left out
My bellows, destitute of snout;
And on the walls—Good Heavens! why, there
I've such a load of precious ware
Of heads, and coins, and silver medals,
And organ works, and broken pedals;
(For I was once a-building music,
Though soon of that employ I grew sick;)
And skeletons of laws which shoot
All out of one primordial root;
That you, at such a sight, would swear
Confusion's self had settled there.
There stands, just by a broken sphere,
A Cicero without an ear,

A neck on which, by logic good,
I know for sure a head *once* stood ;
But who it was the able master
Had moulded in the mimic plaster--
Whether 'twas Pope, or Coke, or Burn—
I never yet could justly learn ;
But knowing well that any head
Is made to answer for the dead,
(And sculptors first their faces frame,
And after pitch upon a name,
Nor think it aught of a misnomer
To christen Chaucer's busto Homer,
Because they both have beards, which, you know
Will mark them well from Joan and Juno,)
For some great man, I could not tell
But NECK might answer just as well,
So perch'd it up, all in a row
With Chatham and with Cicero.
  Then all around, in just degree
A range of portraits you may see.
Of mighty men, and eke of women,
Who are no whit inferior *to* men.
  With these fair dames and heroes round,
I call my garret classic ground ;
For, though confin'd, 'twill well contain
The ideal flights of Madam Brain.
No dungeon's walls, no cell confin'd,
Can cramp the energies of mind !
Thus, though my heart may seem so small,
I've friends, and 'twill contain them all ;
And should it e'er become so cold,
That these it will no longer hold,
No more may Heaven her blessings give,
I shall not then be fit to live.

This study was a little room at the rear of the top storey of the High Pavement house, the walls of which, in the days of the occupancy of the premises by the White family, were, as stated by one who was educated in the school, covered with couplets and quotations in the poet's writing. These were preserved by his sisters for many years after his death, but have long since been obliterated by whitewash.

In the second Nottingham Directory, published in 1815, John White, "gentleman," and Mrs. White, "ladies' school," were still on High Pavement, and James White, also described as a "gentleman," and Mrs. White, "school," were in St. Mary's Gate. In the next Directory, published in 1818, John White, gentleman, and Mrs. White & Daughter, "ladies' school," were on the High Pavement, while James White has disappeared, but Mrs. White, and the Misses White "school," are separately entered as residing in Mary's Gate. We find no further record of John White in Nottingham, and the date and circumstances of his removal to Norwich are unknown to his descendants. He, his wife, and descendants, will be further referred to later on.

HENRY KIRK WHITE.

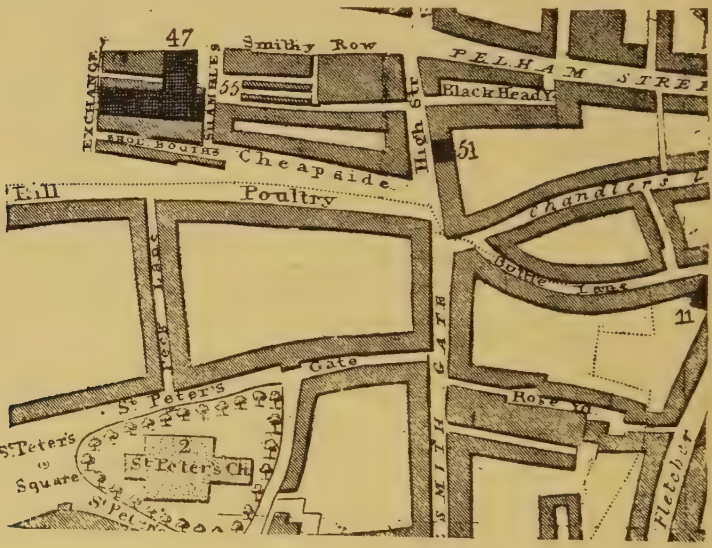
HENRY KIRK WHITE was born at Nottingham on March 21st, 1785, his baptism being thus recorded in the register (now preserved at Somerset House) of the Independent Chapel in Castle Gate in that town:—[No.] "1396 Ap'l 13th 1785 Henry Kirk, son of John & Polly White bapt." It should be noted that the name "Polly," as applied to the mother, occurs also in the baptismal entries of the future poet's eldest sister and two brothers, but in the entries relating to his younger sisters, Mrs. White is described as Mary. This use of the name Polly does not imply, as some people choose to imagine, either vulgarity or undue familiarity on the part of the person making the entries. Such was the custom of the period, for in the same register we find Jenny, Betty, Sally, and so on.

The Poet's Birthplace.

The future poet was born at No. 1, *Cheapside*, between which and its continuation (formerly called *Shoe Booths* but now *Exchange Alley*) towards the front of the Exchange[1] and the Market Place, a narrow passage leads

(1) "At that time the Exchange, then called 'The New Change,' presented a red brick front, supported by ten stone pillars forming a piazza:

northward into the *Shambles*. To the south of the western corner of *Cheapside*, and *Shoe Booths* or *Exchange Alley*, is a long narrow block of buildings, the south side of which was, at the commencement of the nineteenth century, known as *Middle Row* (now *Exchange Row*), and which faces the *Poultry* and top of *Peck Lane*. The accompanying plan (being part of a plan of the Town published in the year 1820) will explain the position better than any verbal description.



It is important to notice that *Shoe Booths* was the name of a narrow thoroughfare, not of a block of buildings, as is sometimes supposed. An edition of "Remains of Henry Kirke White," published in

and in the middle of the facade were three niches of stone, originally designed as receptacles for statues of George the First and the Prince and Princess of Wales: these niches were unoccupied, and continued so up to the time of their demolition in 1815. The figure of *Astræa*, the Goddess of Justice, surveyed the market, as now, from the top of the building."—*Nottingham Date Book*, 1880, p. 11.

London in 1830, has on the vignette title, dated 1828, a small engraving by W. Wise, entitled "View of the House in which H. K. White was born in the Shoe booths, corner of the Shambles, Nottingham." This description of the position of the house is therefore correct.

HENRY KIRK WHITE'S BIRTHPLACE.

The Shoe or Shoemakers' Booths first occur in *The Records of the Borough of Nottingham* as "shopae sutorum" (i., 186). In 1435 they appear as "Coruezar Bowthes" (ii., 360). In the year 1460 Thurland granted to the Trinity Gild, two shops in the Saturday Market at the eastern end of the Corvisers' Bothes (ii., 437). On the same page is this note—"In Deering's time the Shoe Booths consisted of two rows of buildings with a passage between, which were used by the Shoemakers on Saturday

only. They were then called the 'Shoemakers Booths,' a translation of 'Corviser Booths.'" In the Rental of the Chamber Estate, 29 September, 1531, we find this receipt—"Item for the new shopp' in the Shomaker Boothez vs" (iii., 371). "Shomakers' bothes" occur in 1548-9, and "Shoomakers boothes" in 1587-8 (iv., 442). Lastly "Showmakers' Rowe," which occurs in 1617-8, is described by the editor as "The street in front of the Shoemakers' Booths" (iv., 442), which corresponds with the present Exchange Row. A printed trade label of the close of the eighteenth century relates to this place:—

"THIS BOOK BELONGS to | GASKILL's | *New Circulating Library*, | SHOEMAKER-BOOTHS, | *NOTTINGHAM*: | Where BOOKS are lent out to be | Read, by the YEAR, HALF- | YEAR, QUARTER, MONTH, or | WEEK, &c. | N.B. SWORN APPRAISER and | AUCTIONEER.—Buys and sells every | Article of Houshold Furniture. | [1790.]"

According to the Nottingham Directory of 1799, there then resided in *Shoe-booths*:—Bennet Anthony, Cutler; Gaskill Wm., Broker; Robinson Edward, Bookseller; Stanley Nath., Fishing-tackle-maker; Wilson John, Hair-dresser; and Wilson Joseph, Gent. Neither a butcher nor a shoemaker appears under this address.

The Cheapside property was acquired by John White in 1784, the year preceding the birth of Henry Kirk White. The title goes back as far as the year 1666, when by indenture of feoffment bearing date the 19th of June, "in the eighteenth year of our Sovereign Lord Charles II," the premises were conveyed to John Hydes, of Nottingham, Haberdasher. In 1705, his only child, Ann Hydes, was married to Thomas Trigge, who was one of the Sheriffs of Nottingham in 1710, and Mayor in the years 1717, 1723, and 1731. By indentures of

lease and release of the 19th and 20th November, 1718, the property was settled on their three sons, Thomas, Hydecius, and *John*, in turn, and their heirs. Three butchers' shops are therein referred to as being in the occupation of Edward Brown, John Gamble, and William White, the latter of whom (or someone of the same name) continued his tenancy down to 1781. By indentures of lease and release of the 14th and 15th September, 1784, the premises were conveyed by Mary Trigge and Betty Trigge (wife of Charles Heynes), daughters and coheirs of the last named John Trigge, to John White (the poet's father), "of the Town and County of the Town of Nottingham, Butcher." Edward Swann, referred to as a Grocer, joins in the release as a dower-trustee. The premises consisted of a house in the occupation of Mrs. Ann Else, and four butchers' shops in the occupation of Thomas Pearson, James White, Isaac Stones, and John Williamson. The purchase money was £600, of which £300 was raised by a mortgage to Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor. In subsequent dealings with the property, the description appears only in the recital of the conveyance to John White, so no opportunity arises for the draughtsman to mention his tenancy. It is not, indeed, until 7 June, 1794, when, in a transfer of mortgage to Joseph Healey, Fellmonger, that we find the house stated to be in his occupation. The butchers' shops were then in the respective occupations of William Broadhurst, William White, Isaac Stones, and Widow Williamson. On 23 January, 1810, John White sold the property to his eldest son, John Neville White, described as "of the City of London, Hosier," the purchase money being £1,000. In a certificate of redemption of land tax, dated 26 March, 1810, the premises are described as being in the Shambles and Cheapside. In a mortgage deed of 22 April, 1817, the

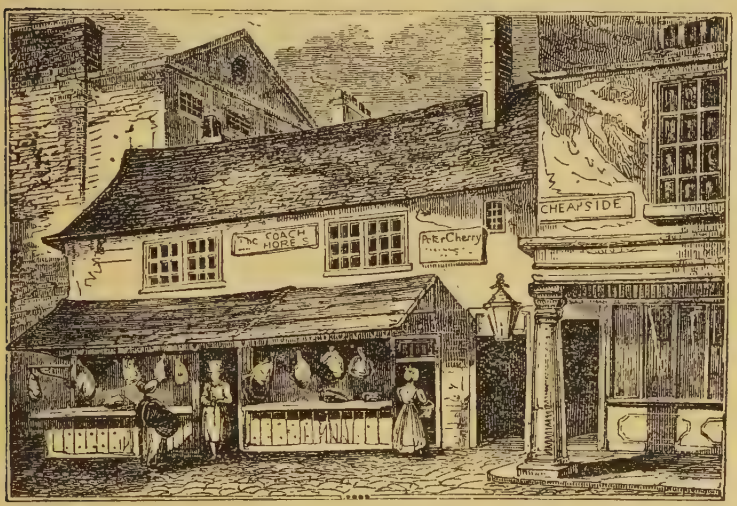
property is described as consisting of a messuage and six butchers' shops in what was formerly called and known by the name of "Rotten Row," but then "Cheapside." On 26 March, 1829, John Neville White, then described as "The Rev. John Neville White of the City of Norwich, Clerk," sold the property, consisting of a messuage and seven butchers' shops, for £2,000, to John Mee, who on the following day executed a mortgage to the vendor, who retained an interest in the property several years later. The premises now consist of a house and five butchers' shops, two of the shops on the north side having apparently been absorbed by the extension of the beer-house in that direction.

In the Nottingham Directory of 1844, John Watchorn appears as a Beerseller in *Cheapside* without a sign to his house, but in the Directory of 1848, he is described as a Beerseller in *Exchange Alley*, the address having been altered in the interval. This beerhouse, which had, until the year 1798, been the private residence of John White, the poet's father, had by 1838 acquired the sign of "The Coach and Horses."

In the "Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction," published on Saturday, August 25th, 1838, there is an illustration of the house, with the following letterpress :—"Fifty-three years have passed away since Henry drew his first breath in the humble dwelling here represented, and the room over the butcher's shop of Mee, to the left of the sign Coach and Horses, was the one then occupied by the poet's father, and where the young aspirant to fame struggled into life."

William Howie Wylie thus describes the premises as they appeared in the year 1853 :—"There is a low and ancient building in Exchange alley divided into three compartments, two of them occupied as butchers' shops

by Richard Watts and John Mee; the third as a beer-house. This antique place of entertainment is called the Coach and Horses: the name of the landlord is Watchorn. Entering the ale-house, the visitor is shown upstairs to a pretty commodious, though low-roofed, apartment—one half of which, that towards the west, has a plaster floor; the other part being composed of wood. There is a lilliputian fireplace in one corner, and an old clock in another nook of the apartment, while the



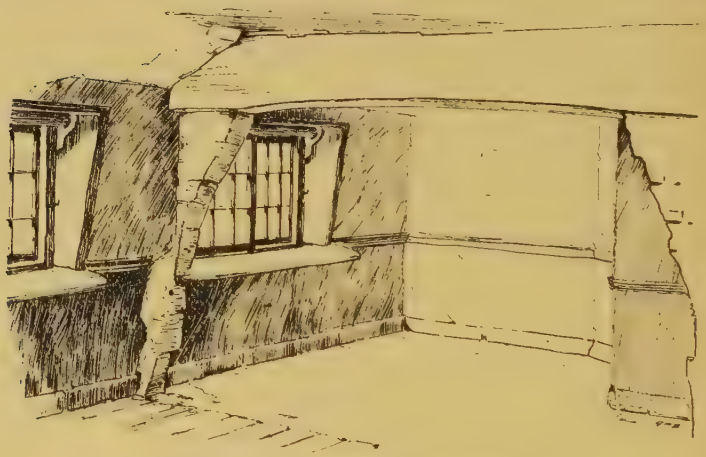
"THE COACH AND HORSES," CHEAPSIDE, NOTTINGHAM.

walls are dotted with tawdry prints. This apartment formerly composed two rooms; and in the one towards the west Henry Kirke White was born on the 21st of March, 1785. In the other apartment he is said to have studied in after years."[1] The sign of the house was subsequently altered to "The Kirke White Tavern," with

(1) Wylie, "Old and New Nottingham," 1853, p. 169.

a portrait of the poet and particulars of his birth and death on the sign-board, and remained in private possession until it was acquired by the Corporation of Nottingham, December 30th, 1899. The licence was abolished under a recent Act, and the building was closed as a beerhouse a few days after the centenary of the poet's death. On the front of the building, near the west end of the upper storey, is a bronze and marble tablet (erected under the "Holbrook Bequest" to commemorate local worthies), inscribed :—

HERE WAS BORN
HENRY KIRKE WHITE,
POET,
MARCH 21ST 1785, DIED AT
CAMBRIDGE, OCTR 19TH 1806.



BIRTHPLACE OF HENRY KIRK WHITE.

The accompanying drawing, kindly made by Mr. William Kiddier, of Nottingham, shows the present appearance of the "birth-place." The farther of the two rooms, which some years ago were thrown into one to

form a club room, is that in which White was born. It has a plaster floor, and is eight feet in height. The room in the foreground is 7 feet 8 inches high, and has a boarded floor. The total length of the two rooms is 24 feet. The width of the far room is 11 feet 7 inches, that of the room in the foreground being 14 feet 3 inches. The windows are 5 feet 5 inches wide, and 3 feet 4 inches high.

The following statement, written in good faith but apparently under a misapprehension, has caused much discussion, and can only be regarded as a juvenile impression, in view of the indisputable evidence we have produced as to the identity of the poet's birthplace :—

"Before leaving this space ['the Flying Horse and the shops reaching to Peck Lane'] let me call your attention to the block of buildings jutting eastwards from the Market Place. The end one is now a shoe-booth; but in my time it was always a butcher's shop, and it was here the poet, Henry Kirke White, the son of a butcher was born. At the entrance to the Shambles you can to-day see a low quaint public-house, the Henry Kirke White Tavern—adorned with the portrait of the poet which is popularly believed to be his birthplace. This is a mistake as I will prove. My old writing-master, Mr. Lee, who taught most of the school-girls of my generation, often used to tell me interesting anecdotes of Henry Kirke White's mother. She kept a school at this butcher's place for a while, afterwards removing to High Pavement. Mr. Lee was writing master there also. It is difficult to believe that in those days writing was an extra in schools, like Music, French and Drawing. Yet so it was, and I was not taught writing till I was eight years old."[1]

(1) "Recollections of Old Nottingham, by Mrs. A. Gilbert," March 1901, p. 31.

Against this statement may be set that of Mr. John Jalland in "Some Account of the Family of Jalland, originally of Whatton, in the County of Nottingham," written by him in the year 1849. He says that, on 22 August, 1795, he "was born in Cheapside, in the parish of St. Mary, Nottingham, in the house adjoining that in which Henry Kirke White was born."

School Days.

FROM his third to his fifth year White attended the school of a Mrs. Garrington, whose portrait, said to be life-like, he has preserved in his poem "Childhood," written when he was fourteen or fifteen years of age:—

"In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
In many a fold, the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school,
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule;
Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien;
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean:
Her neatly border'd cap as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinn'd with decent care;
And pendent ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
A pair of spectacles their want supplies:
These does she guard secure in leathern case
From thoughtless wights in some unweeted place.
Here first I enter'd, though with toil and pain,
The low vestibule of learning's fame—
Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.
Much did I grieve on that ill-fated morn
When I was first to school reluctant borne:

Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried
To sooth my swelling spirits when I sigh'd:
And oft, when harshly she reprov'd, I wept,
To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
And thought of tender home, where anger never kept.
But soon inured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew:
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight:
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talk'd of the honours of my future days.
Oh! had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought!
Could she have seen me when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears,
Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fate
Had been a lowlier, an unletter'd state;
Wish'd that, remote from worldly woes and strife,
Unknown, unheard, I might have passed through life."

An interval of a year occurred in his education, when he was sent to the academy of the Rev. John Blanchard, in Parliament Street, where he was taught writing, arithmetic, and French.

The earliest notice of the Nottingham Academy —to give it its distinctive title—is to be found in Throsby's History of Nottingham (1795), where on page 69, he states, under the date of 1786, "November 4, died Mr. Charles Wilkinson, formerly that eminent master of the academy at Nottingham, which he resigned a few years before his death to the Rev. J. Blanchard. His industry in his profession was scarcely ever equalled; his mathematical knowledge was eminently great, and he excelled in penmanship and drawing. The duties of

his profession he discharged in a way honourable to himself, and satisfactory to the parents of the youth he was entrusted to educate. He was sanctioned and applauded by the learned and ingenious as a teacher of the highest class." In Blackner's "History of Nottingham" (1815), in a notice of the educational establishments in the town, we find (page 128), "There are also about forty academies, and other schools of inferior note, in the town, the principal of which are, that conducted by the Rev. Dr. Nicholson, in Parliament-street, the spacious apartments for which were erected about the year 1777. . . ." The establishment afterwards passed to Dr. Langarth, schoolmaster, who sold it to Mr. George Allcock, lace manufacturer, who resided there prior to the year 1834. Subsequently it was occupied for residential and business purposes. Richard Bonington, a local artist (father of Richard Parkes Bonington, born 25 October, 1802), who removed, in 1802, from Arnold to Nottingham, where he resided for thirteen or fourteen years, made a painting of this establishment which was engraved, presumably for advertising purposes. A fine, and probably unique, impression of this engraving is inserted in a copy of Blackner's "History of Nottingham," formerly in the possession of Mr. Kirk Swann, and now preserved in Bromley House Library, Nottingham. The property was situate on the north side of Parliament Street, but was nearly all demolished in 1901 in forming "King's Walk." The engraving shows the Academy as seen from the south side of Parliament Street. The building to the left was the residential part, and had a two storey Venetian bay towards the street. Beyond the garden was the school house, a three storey building five windows in width, but now demolished. The rude character of

the unformed roadway in front is clearly shown in the illustration. Lord Byron, the poet, was a pupil at this Academy during his residence in Nottingham about the year 1799.

For one whole day—his Saturday holiday—in each week, and his leisure hours on the others, White was doomed to trudge through the streets of the town with the

butcher's basket—an uncongenial, if necessary employment, from which he was only released by the intervention of his mother. To the great astonishment of Mrs. White, who discerning in her son the indications of talent, fostered his desire for knowledge, she was told by one of Blanchard's assistants that Henry was so dull and incorrigible it was impossible to teach him anything. The youth was thereupon promptly removed to the

school of Mr. Henry Shipley.[1] "To a correct knowledge of the English tongue, which he soon learnt under this excellent master, he added the Latin and Greek languages, which he was taught there by M'Cormick, the well known biographer of Burke, and the continuator of Hume and Smollet's History of England."[2]

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(1) Henry Shipley, the eldest surviving son of Henry Shipley, gardener for thirty-six years to John Sherwin, Esq., of St. Mary's Gate, Nottingham, was born 27 June, 1763, and was, at the suggestion of Mr. Sherwin, who had noticed his early developed talents, sent to the Bluecoat School. At the age of thirteen he was articled for seven years to Mr. Wilkinson, proprietor of an academy in Parliament Street. At the end of this period, the Rev. John Blanchard, who had become master of the academy, pronounced Shipley the finest English scholar Nottingham had ever produced. After having been employed in several schools he opened one in Halifax Lane (now Place) where the chapel now stands. He also practised as a land surveyor, and draughtsman, gaining considerable reputation in the latter profession. At the commencement of the French Revolution he inclined strongly to the aristocracy, but quickly changed his views. He wrote numerous petitions in behalf of persecuted persons and others in distress, and was the author of many fugitive political pieces, the publication of which made continual inroads upon his purse. On 12 March, 1789, he married Ann Wibberley at St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, and it is curious to note that the preceding entry in the register is that of the marriage of a John Blanchard and Ann Stanley, on the previous day. Shortly after the death of his wife, by whom he had a family, he married, at the same church, on 11 February, 1798, Dorothy Maltby, sister of Thomas Maltby, lace manufacturer, who strongly opposed the marriage on political grounds. After having borne her husband three children, he again found himself a widower, with a rapidly diminishing fortune, and in the political and convivial club he vainly sought to drown distraction. He died, after a short illness, on the 14th of February, 1808.

(2) "The Nottingham Date-Book," 1880, p. 258. Southey, however, states that it was subsequent to his "entering the law" that White received some instruction in the first rudiments of Latin "from a person who then resided at Nottingham under a feigned name, but was soon obliged to leave it, to elude the search of government, who were then seeking to secure him. Henry discovered him to be Mr. Cormick, from a print affixed to a continuation of Hume and Smollett, and published, with their histories, by Cooke. He is, I believe, the same person who wrote a life of Burke."

Attorneys' Clerk.

MRS. WHITE having apparently "overcome her husband's intention of *breeding him* [H.K.W.] *up* to his own business," to use Southey's West of England expression, " . . . it was now determined to *breed him up* to the hosiery trade, the staple manufacture of his native place, and at the age of fourteen he was placed in a stocking-loom, with the view, at some future period, of getting a situation in a hosier's warehouse. During the time that he was thus employed, he might be said to be truly unhappy; he went to his work with evident reluctance, and could not refrain from sometimes hinting his extreme aversion to it: but the circumstances of his family obliged them to turn a deaf ear." His elder brother, Neville, did not, however, disdain "work," and, as will be seen later on, after commencing life as a *hosier*, became the progenitor of two prominent families. Master Henry, however, required more congenial employment, and his mother succeeded in placing him in the office of Messrs. Coldham and Enfield, attorneys, of Rose Yard (now known as "King John's Chambers), on the east side of Bridlesmith Gate,[1] Nottingham, who agreed to take him without a premium, on the condition that he served two years before being articled. The draft of his apprenticeship indenture exists, and bears date 21 March, 1799. It is made "Between JOHN WHITE of the Town of Nottingham Butcher of the 1st part HENRY KIRK WHITE his son an Infant of the age of 14 years or thereabouts

(1) The accompanying view of Bridlesmith Gate in the old coaching days is reproduced from a drawing by Mrs. William Enfield, the accomplished wife of the Town Clerk of Nottingham mentioned in a footnote on page 33, and published in 1854, in an oblong folio volume of "Sketches in Nottinghamshire." The "Rose Tavern" and "Rose Yard" are shown to the left of the foreground of the view.

BRIDLESMITH GATE, NOTTINGHAM.

of the second part and GEORGE COLDHAM[1] and HENRY ENFIELD[2] of the same place Attorneys of His Majesty's Court of K.B. of the third part," and is an ordinary seven years apprenticeship as a lawyers' clerk with the idea of eventually becoming an attorney, for the draft contains a clause to the effect that if within two years

(1) On the death, in March, 1790, of Robert Seagrave, Town Clerk of Nottingham, Richard Enfield, elder son of the Rev. William Enfield, LL.D., of Norwich, was appointed to that office which he only held for a brief period, dying in December, 1791, at Broad Street Buildings, Moorfields, of a fever contracted during a visit to London. On December 30th in the same year, the Rev. Dr. Enfield, of Norwich, was presented with the freedom of the Corporation of Nottingham, and at the same time *George Coldham*, Gent., of Broad Street, Moorfields, London, received a similar honour, and was immediately afterwards appointed Town Clerk of Nottingham. A marble tablet in the north aisle of St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, is inscribed :—"To . the . memory . of . *George* . *Coldham* . late . Town . Clerk . of . this . place . who . in . the . forty . ninth . year . of . his . age . was . killed . by . the . overturn . of . a . carriage . on . the . 18th . of . Septr . 1815 . at . Brighton . and . was . there . buried. This . tablet . was . erected . by . vote . of . the . Mayor . and . Common . Council . of . Nottingham . in . order . publicly . to . express . their . high . sense . of . the . probity . ability . and . signal . advantage . to . the . Corporation . with . which . for . the . last . twenty . four . years . he . performed . the . several . functions . of . his . office . and . their . warmest . commendation . of . his . meritorious . exertions . in . the . preservation . of . the . peace . of . this . populous . town . during . the . late . threatening . period." The circumstances of the above accident are related in "The Nottingham Date-Book," 1880, page 304.

(2) Henry Enfield, of the firm of Coldham and Enfield, attorneys, succeeded his partner, George Coldham, as Town Clerk of Nottingham, being appointed to that office on 26 September, 1815. He was the younger brother of Richard Enfield, who, as previously stated, was Town Clerk in 1790-1. After filling his office for a period of nearly thirty years, Mr. Enfield died at his residence at Bramcote, Notts. 16 April, 1845, aged 69 years. He was succeeded in the office of Town Clerk by his eldest son, William, who resigned in the year 1870, being succeeded by Mr. (now Sir) Samuel George Johnson, the present Town Clerk. At the first opportunity after his resignation, Mr. William Enfield was elected an Alderman in recognition of the services he had rendered in his official capacity. He took great interest in the charitable institutions of the town, beside which his private benevolence extended over a very wide field. He died at his residence, Low Pavement, Nottingham, 10 March, 1873, aged 71 years.

from the date of the indenture, John White should pay to Coldham and Enfield the sum of fifty pounds, being one half of the stamp duty payable to Government on the Articles of Clerkship to an attorney, the firm would enter into fresh articles with Henry Kirk White to enable him to be admitted an attorney of the Court of King's Bench. It is interesting to note that in this draft the poet was originally called "Henry White" only, and "Kirk" *(sic)* was subsequently added in the writing of Mr. Henry Enfield. John White having provided the necessary fifty pounds, Articles of Clerkship, dated the 6th day of July, 1801, were made "between Henry Kirk White Son of John White of the Town and County of the Town of Nottingham Butcher of the first part the said John White of the second part and George Coldham and Henry Enfield of the said Town and County Gentlemen Attornies of His Majesty's Court of King's Bench at Westminster of the third part" for the term of five years. In these articles we find an attempt being made to alter White's second name from the baptismal form of "Kirk," for in several places in the body of the articles where the name was originally written *Kirke* the final *e* has been erased, showing as distinctly as the signature to the articles (of which we give a facsimile) that the form

Kirke, which the poet subsequently assumed, is incorrect.

At this period Wylie says of White "No mental

loitering marked his leisure hours. He applied himself to his legal studies with amazing industry; not contented with mastering Greek and Latin, he made considerable progress in the living languages; chemistry, electricity, and astronomy were favourite relaxations; drawing and music were not neglected; he became a proficient in practical mechanics; he was an ardent rhymer and a good essayist; in debate he distanced all competitors; he was appointed professor of literature by the young men's society of which he was a member; was at fifteen a steady contributor to the periodicals of the day; at the early age of little more than seventeen published a volume of poems which, obtained for him praise and friends abroad, abuse and enemies at home." [1]

White's published letters commence with his entering the office of Messrs. Coldham and Enfield; a selection from these, chiefly of a personal nature, here follows. With regard to White's letters, Sir N. Harris Nicolas pertinently observes, "so frequently are the allusions to himself in those letters as well as in his poems, that he may be almost considered an autobiographer; and the writer who substitutes his own cold and lifeless sketch for the glowing and animated portrait which these memorials of genius afford, must either be deficient in skill, or be under the dominion of overweening vanity." The first five letters are addressed to his brother Neville:—

"*Nottingham, Sept.* 1799.

DEAR BROTHER,

In consequence of your repeated solicitations, I now sit down to write to you, although I never received an answer to the last letter which I wrote, nearly six months ago; but as I never heard you mentioned it in any of my mother's letters, I am induced to think it has miscarried, or been mislaid in your office.

It is now nearly four months since I entered into Mr.

(1) Wylie, *Old and New Nottingham*, 1853, p. 171.

Coldham's office; and it is with pleasure I can assure you that I never yet found any thing disagreeable, but on the contrary, every thing I do seems a pleasure to me, and for a very obvious reason—it is a business which I like—a business which I chose before all others; and I have two good-tempered, easy masters, who will nevertheless see that their business is done in a neat and proper manner. The study of the law is well known to be a dry, difficult task, and requires a comprehensive, good understanding; and I hope you will allow me (without charging me with egotism) to have a tolerable one: and I trust, with perseverance, and a very large law library to refer to, I shall be able to accomplish the study of so much of the laws of England, and our system of jurisprudence, in less than five years, as to enable me to be a country attorney; and then, as I shall have two more years to serve, I hope I shall attain so much knowledge in all parts of the law, as to enable me, with a little study at the inns of court, to hold an argument on the nice points in the law with the best attorney in the kingdom. A man that understands the law is sure to have business; and in case I have no thoughts—in case, that is, that I do not aspire to hold the honourable place of a barrister, I shall feel sure of gaining a genteel livelihood at the business to which I am articled.

I attend at the office at eight in the morning, and leave at eight in the evening; then attend my Latin until nine, which, you may be sure, is pretty close confinement.

Mr. Coldham is clerk to the commercial commissioners,[1] which has occasioned us a deal of extraordinary work. I worked all Sunday, and until twelve o'clock on Saturday night, when they were hurried to give in the certificates to the bank. We had also a very troublesome cause last assizes—the Corporation versus Gee, which we (the attorneys for the corporation) lost. It was really a very fatiguing day, (I mean the day on which it was tried.) I never got any thing to eat from five in the afternoon the preceding day until twelve the next night, when the trial ended."

(1) In the first *Nottingham Directory*, published in 1799, is a list of "Commissioners for the In-come Tax," divided into three classes—"General Commissioners," five in number; "Commercial Commissioners," three in number; and "Commissioners of Appeal," also three in number.

"*Nottingham, June 25, 1800.*

DEAR NEVILLE,

* * * *

I had a ticket given me to the boxes, on Monday night, for the benefit of Campbell from Drury-lane, and there was such a riot as never was experienced here before. He is a democrat, and the soldiers planned a riot in conjunction with the *mob*. We heard the shouting of the rabble in the street before the *play* was over; the moment the curtain dropped, an officer went into the front box, and gave the word of command; immediately about sixty troopers started up, and six trumpeters in the pit played 'God save the King.' The noise was astonishing. The officers in the boxes then drew their swords and at another signal the privates in the pit drew their bludgeons which they had hitherto concealed, and attacked all indiscriminately that had not a uniform: the officers did the same with their swords, and the house was one continued scene of confusion; one pistol was fired, and the ladies were fainting in the lobby. The outer doors were shut to keep out the mob, and the people jumped on the stage as a last resource. One of these noble officers, seeing one man stand in the pit with his hat on, jumped over the division, and cut him with his sword, which the man instantly wrenched from him, and broke, whilst the officer sneaked back in disgrace. They then formed a troop, and having emptied the play-house, they scoured the streets with their swords, and returned home victorious. The players are, in consequence, dismissed; and we have informations in our office against the officers."[1]

* * * *

(1) The foregoing incident is not mentioned in *The Nottingham Date-Book*. The Theatre in St. Mary's Gate, Nottingham, was built about the year 1760 by Mr. Whiteley, the wealthy manager of an itinerant company of comedians, on land partly the site of a former theatre and partly on land purchased from Alderman Fellows. In 1808 it was nearly purchased by a religious sect. It was closed as a Theatre, 7 April, 1865, with a crowded house for the benefit of Mrs. Saville, the proprietress. It was re-opened on the 17th of the same month as the Alhambra concert room, and continued as a music-hall for several years, but is now occupied for warehouse purposes. The present Theatre Royal was opened 25 September, 1865.

"*Nottingham, June 26, 1800.*

DEAR BROTHER,

* * * *

My mother has allowed me a good deal lately for books, and I have a large *assortment*, (a retailer's phrase.) But I hope you do not suppose they consist of novels:—no—I have made a firm resolution never to spend above one hour at this amusement. Though I have been obliged to enter into this resolution in consequence of a vitiated taste acquired by reading romances, I do not intend to banish them entirely from my desk. After long and fatiguing researches in Blackstone or Coke, when the mind becomes weak through intense application, Tom Jones or Robinson Crusoe will afford a pleasing and necessary relaxation.

Apropos, now we are speaking of Robinson Crusoe, I shall observe, that it is allowed to be the best novel for youth in the English language. De Foe, the author, was a singular character; but as I make no doubt you have read his life, I will not trouble you with any further remarks.

The books which I now read with attention are Blackstone, Knox's Essays, Plutarch, Chesterfield's Letters, four large volumes, Virgil, Homer, and Cicero, and several others. Blackstone and Knox, Virgil and Cicero, I have got; the others I read out of Mr. Coldham's library. I have finished Rollin's Ancient History, Blair's Lectures, Smith's Wealth of Nations, Hume's England, and British Nepos, lately. When I have read Knox I will send it to you, and recommend it to your attentive perusal: it is a most *excellent* work. I also read now the British Classics, the common edition of which I now take in; it comes every fortnight. I dare say you have seen it; it is Cooke's edition. I would recommend you also to read these. I will send them to you. I have got the Citizen of the World, Idler, Goldsmith's Essays, and part of the Rambler. I will send you soon the fourth number of the Monthly Preceptor. I am noticed as worthy of commendation, and as affording an encouraging prospect of future excellence.—You will laugh. I have also turned poet,[1]

(1) In a letter, dated Nottingham, 22 November, 1803, and addressed to his friend, Robert White Almond, White remarks, "I am now bent on

and have translated an ode of Horace into English *verse*, also for the Monthly Preceptor; but unfortunately, when I sent it, I forgot the title, so it wont be noticed."

* * * *

"*Nottingham, April 11, 1801.*

DEAR NEVILLE,

* * * *

James begs leave to present you with Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.[1] Bloomfield has no grandeur or height; he is a pastoral poet, and the simply sweet is what you are to expect from him; nevertheless, his descriptions are sometimes little inferior to Thomson's.

* * * *

How pleased should I be, Neville, to have you with us at Nottingham! Our fireside would be delightful. I should profit by your sentiments and experience, and you possibly might gain a little from my small bookish knowledge. But I am afraid that time will never come: your term of apprenticeship is nearly expired, and, in all appearance the small residue that yet remains will be passed in hated London. When you are emancipated you will have to mix in the bustle of the world—in all probability, also far from home; so that when we have just learnt how happy we might mutually make ourselves, we find scarcely a shadow of a probability of ever having the opportunity. Well, well, it is in vain to resist the immutable decrees of fate."

* * * *

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a higher errand than that of the attainment of poetical fame; poetry, in future, will be my *relaxation*, not my employment.—Adieu to literary ambition!"

(1) Robert Bloomfield (1766-1823) while working as a journeyman shoemaker, composed the *Farmer's Boy*, 1800, a poem descriptive of country life, which obtained a wide and well-deserved popularity, that the *Rural Tales*, 1802, and successive poems of the author, did not by any means belie. White wrote the following

EPIGRAM ON ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

BLOOMFIELD! thy happy omen'd name
Ensures continuance to thy fame;
Both sense and truth this verdict give,
While *fields* shall *bloom*, thy name shall live.

"*Nottingham, April, 1801.*

DEAR NEVILLE,

* * * *

When you wish to read Johnson's Lives of the Poets, send for them; I have lately purchased them. I have now a large library. My mother allows me ten pounds per annum for clothes. I always dress in a respectable, and even in a genteel manner; yet I can make much less than this sum suffice. My father generally gives me one coat in a year, and I make two serve. I then receive one guinea per annum for keeping my mother's books—one guinea per annum pocket-money—and by other means I gain, perhaps, two guineas more per annum; so that I have been able to buy pretty many; and when you come home, you will find me in my study surrounded with books and papers. I am a perfect garreteer; great part of my library, however, consists of professional books. Have you read Burke on the Sublime? Knox's Winter Evenings? Can lend them to you, if you have not."

* * * *

WILFORD CHURCH.

The following letter, addressed to the Editors of "The Beauties of England and Wales," is a somewhat surprising specimen of a business letter written by a

youth only 16½ years of age. The suggested illustrations do not appear in the above-mentioned work, but two views by Thomas Barber—one of "Wilford Church," the other of "Clifton Grove"—engraved by George Cooke, are inserted in Southey's "Remains of Henry Kirke White," and, on a reduced scale, are introduced in these pages. In each of these views the town of Nottingham is seen in the distance, showing (from left to right) Nottingham Castle, and the three ancient parish churches of St. Nicholas, St. Peter, and St. Mary.

"I have just spoken to a painter of great celebrity in . . . . . (Mr. Barber[1]) on the subject of a view of

(1) Thomas Barber, portrait painter, was born at Nottingham, 28 March, 1771, and became a pupil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy. His portrait of Mrs. Siddons was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1819, nine years after his famous picture was shown, in the same place of honour, of Lieutenant-Colonel Desbrowe, M.P., Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Charlotte. He received, time after time, tempting offers to settle in London and qualify for promised admission into the ranks of the Royal Academicians, which his partiality for rural life and dislike of society caused him to decline. A painting representing "Christ's Agony in the Garden," which for some time formed the altar piece in St. Peter's Church, Nottingham, but which now occupies a different position, was painted and presented by him to the church. He was twice married. Thomas Barber, of the parish of St. Peter, Nottingham, and Mary Atherstone, of Brewhouse Yard, an Extraparochial place adjoining this parish, were married, by licence, at St. Nicholas's Church, Nottingham, 9 June, 1795. His eldest son, Thomas (born in 1798, and known in Nottingham as Thomas Barber, Junior) gave great promise as a portrait painter, but died at the age of 28 years. His second wife was Mrs. Anna Bateman, widow of Mr. William Bateman. In 1799 he lived in "Peter's Church-yard," Nottingham. For several years in middle life Barber resided at Derby, but returning to Nottingham, was one of the first residents in Nottingham Park when that estate was opened out for building purposes. Thomas Barber, who was an enthusiastic musician (with some skill as an executant) and an animated and interesting conversationalist, is described as having a "handsome face and fine figure," and possessing "a courtly bearing." He died at Park Side, Nottingham, 12 September, 1843, and was interred in the Nottingham General Cemetery. A "Special Exhibition of works by Thomas Barber, (Portrait Painter), and John Rawson Walker, (Landscape Painter), Natives of Nottingham," was held at the Art Gallery, Nottingham Castle, in February, 1893.

the Town for your work . . . . . says He has not the least objection to furnish you with one or . . . . . paintings, provided they can be returned to him when the plate . . . . . which I believe may be easily done. At the same time he . . . . . view he had already painted of the Town, on the North West, which . . . . . might answer the purpose, but besides its not being taken . . . . . point of view it is too much extended to engrave in the necessary size, without diminishing the principal object, and introducing too much disagreable [*sic*] foreground. He has therefore determined to take another view, more to the East, which besides being better calculated for The Traveller, will make a much finer picture. He tells me however, that it is impossible to give due effect to the two principal objects (the Castle and St. Mary's church) without making *2 pictures*. You will therefore please to inform me whether that will be convenient & whether if his piece itself be too large for the work it will make any difference, being presumed that the sizes may be reduced by the engraver.

I am Gent
Your obed^{t} hble servt
Henry Kirke White

Nottingham
September 27th
1801

P.S. I had forgotten to ask whether the view will be in time if sent in the latter end of next spring the season being now too far advanced to render it convenient or indeed expedient to take it this year.

One page quarto, the upper part of the right hand edge being torn away. Addressed on the back:—

"The Editors of the Beauties of England & Wales
No 18 Wilderness Row
London."

The foregoing letter and the two following letters, addressed to Mr. George Ray, of London, do not appear in any collection of White's correspondence, and for that reason they are here printed in full.

"Dear Sir,

I am not of the number of those who suspiciously

go round a character and cautiously examine the minute features of his disposition before they admit him to their confidence. Ever enthusiastic in my temper and ardent in my attachments I know the person who is fit to be my friend at the first glance and as I give him my hand I offer him my heart. In the correspondence which I wish to establish with you I do not look for laboured and artificial sentences mouthed forth with all the pomposity of eloquence. I expect only and I am sure I shall not be disappointed in my expectation the simple sentiments of a Honest and a warm Heart. Let the cold Tradesman immersed in unfeeling pursuits and tasting only of the sordid pleasure of the accumulation of gain look with contempt upon the sweets of a sentimental correspondence. I would rather be possessed of one true friend than of all his hoards of coin accompanied with a heart like his.

Do not think that I labour my letters because my style is elevated—I am accustomed to writing and it is very difficult to lower one's manner when a habit is gained of writing artificially. At the same time learn to pardon my desultory and unconnected matter. When I write a letter I am as wild as the Lapland rein deer released from the yoke to bound at liberty over its native plains during the short summer. I wander incessantly from topic to topic and consider myself as placed by the side of my correspondent and talking to him free from constraint and endeavouring to enliven discourse with every charm of variety.

The world is one continued scene of care and anxiety. Every day brings its attendant trouble, every moment its apportioned pain. There are few very few things to which we can resort to alleviate the impression of distress and soften the pang of woe. Of those few things however the most efficacious is Friendship. If we fly to pleasure to drown care she leaves a thorn behind which is more than adequate to the temporary suspension of reflection. In the bowl of intoxication float invisible disease despair and death. In the whirling vortex of dissipation the dizzy mind will frequently sink into itself laden with redoubled agony but in the soothing consolations of friendship we find pleasure without attendant pain we pluck the rose without the accompanying thorn. Every friend we make in a more or less

degree throws a ray of light on the gloomy way of our life and dreary and dark as is that way who would not make a friend when the opportunity presents

However you must not infer from all this that I am one of those sentimental gentry who are continually uttering their adorables & divines and so forth yet never know one case which does not arise from a selfish cause. I hate cant and of all cants the cant of Friendship is most insupportable.

I beg your pardon for delaying to write this letter (which you must only look upon as the opening of our correspondence) so long and likewise for not writing you a longer one But we are working night & day about Birch's defence in the House of Commons.[1]

Believe me I am truly yours

H. K. White

(1) Mr. Joseph Birch was elected Member of Parliament for Nottingham in July, 1802, under unusual circumstances. Consequent on a dissolution of Parliament, the late members, Daniel Parker Coke, Esq., and Admiral Sir John Borlase Warren, Bart., offered themselves for re-election, but a journeyman stockingmaker, seconded by a woolcomber, nominated Mr. Joseph Birch, of the Hazles, near Liverpool (father of Sir Thomas Birch, member for Liverpool), a gentleman unknown to the constituency, and nominated without his concurrence. The contest was one of the most remarkable in the annals of Nottingham, and resulted in the overthrow of Coke. In the following March Mr. Birch was unseated on petition, and upon the issue of a new writ Mr. Coke was re-elected after a seven days' poll. Mr. Birch again unsuccessfully contested Nottingham in 1806, but did not offer himself as a candidate in the following year. In 1812 he was again nominated, but declined to come forward, being engaged in a contest at St. Ives. At the election in June, 1818, Mr. Birch, after ten days' polling, was returned at the head of the poll, his colleague being Lord Rancliffe. "The contest was one of the most exciting on record, and both sides exerted themselves to the utmost possible extent. It was attended by a great amount of drunkenness and disorder, breaking of windows, blue and yellow fights in the street, intimidation and other party animosities." *(Nottingham Date-Book.)* In March, 1820, after twelve days poll, Mr. Birch was re-elected, with Mr. Thomas (afterwards Lord) Denman as his colleague. In June, 1826, Mr. Birch and Lord Rancliffe were again returned to represent Nottingham in Parliament. On the dissolution of Parliament in 1830, Mr. Birch retired on the ground of increasing years and infirmities.

Two pages, quarto, undated. At the top of the first page is written "Ans^{d} Dec^{r} 1, 1802." This letter is the commencement of a friendly correspondence with Mr. George Ray, of London.

The preceding letter, together with the following poem and long interesting letter, all addressed to Mr. George Ray, of London, were acquired from Mrs. A. Maud M. Bradshaw, of the Ford House, Alfreton, who in a letter dated July 17th, 1899, says "I am sure you can feel satisfied they are genuine, as they were found among some old papers belonging to my mother and were written to her uncle. Her maiden name was Ray." These three documents, whose authenticity cannot be doubted, were printed for the first time in "Manuscripts relating to the County of Nottingham, in the possession of Mr. James Ward, Nottingham," 1900, pages 62-72.

CLIFTON GROVE.

FRAGMENT.

From scenes of tumult turbulence and strife
From all the jarring sounds of busy life
From smoky cities where by Av'rice led
Pale Manufacture rears her sickly head
A thoughtful wand'rer comes & pensive roves
Romantic Clifton o'er thy nodding groves
Paces deep musing up thy mantled aisles
Where thro' surrounding glens the vista smiles
And chasing from him specious art's control
Gives fondly gives to Nature all his soul

He comes now ev'nings mellowing shades descend
Sequester'd here his studious mind t'unbend
Comes to enjoy in meditation blest
The stated interval of welcome rest

And oh thou unnam'd pow'r who rear'st on high
Thy leafy throne where waving poplars sigh
Genius of Woodland shades whose half-veil'd face,
Soften'd with Melancholy's mildest grace
Steals with resistless witchery to the soul
Bless thou his moments with thy sweet controul
On him descend as falls the sombre night
Veil'd in soft visions of serene delight
Lead him deep pondering to thy wildest seats
And ope for him thy most recluse retreats
Teach him romantic with bold Fancy's aid
T'embody thought and people ev'ry glade
On the Moon's beam let Hosts of Sylphides sail
And Ossian's dim ghosts skim the misty vale
And as he stands transfixed in mute amaze
Teach him to point his extacy to praise

* * * *

This this the moment when the leafy dome
Gives tenfold darkness to the twilight gloom
And silence brooding o'er the tangled glen
Calls to repose the lab'ring sons of men

'Tis Eve 'Tis pensive Eve The hour of rest.
Th'assembling Crows now seek their lofty nest
And loudly clamouring all their broods to bed
Croak in hoarse concert o'er my startled head
'Tis done—Each flies to his accustom'd place
And sleeps soft pinions seal the noisy race
Again does Silence reign save when below
The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow
And save when heard at distance rising oft
The jarring gate of some accustom'd croft
Or the poor wether's bell in distant vale
Sending soft music on the downy gale

Now as I pace where wid'ning prospects grow
Returning light & radiance on me flow ;

'Tis peaceful all—On still unmoving wing
The swallow wheels in many an airy ring
The well-pois'd lark loud trills his parting lay
Exulting vespers to declining day
While the blue Heav'ns in cloudless mildness shine
And peace o'er all erects her throne divine
Congenial calms—More welcome to my breast
Than laughing day in dazzling lustre drest
You I invoke—To you my pray'rs I raise
To bless the peaceful tenor of my days
Far Far retir'd from all the haunts of strife
To lead me down the lowly vale of life
And when grim death her banners black shall wave
To keep your peaceful vigils o'er my grave

* * * *

How heav'nly mild this still retreat appears
When Winter's whirlwinds howl in fancy's ears
When flies destructive o'er the ravag'd waste
Yelling wild discord the devasting blast
When stern December's cheerless glooms arise
And the rude storm the woodland scene destroys
When through the leafless grove loud roars the storm
And snows inclement every gale deform
How lovely in the contrast doubly fair
Do the mild beauties of this scene appear
When heav'nly silence her still mantle throws
O'er the calm world & wooes it to repose
And twilight stealing o'er the deep'ning sky
Gives to the woodland glooms a lovelier dye.

Autograph Poem. Two pages, foolscap octavo, minutely written. These lines were given to Mr. Ray when on a visit to Nottingham, and are referred to in the following letter. Although White says they form part of his projected poem "Clifton Grove, &c.," it will be found that such is not the

case. For although some of the lines express the same idea, e.g.:—

"On the Moon's beam let Hosts of Sylphides sail
And Ossian's dim ghosts skim the misty vale,"

in the above manuscript, as compared with

"The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty vale,
And hosts of Sylphids on the moon-beams sail,"

in the published poem, it is evident that the poem was re-written, and that the foregoing manuscript lines are unique.

CLIFTON GROVE, NEAR NOTTINGHAM.

To Mr. George Ray.

Dear George,

On looking back at the date of your letter I am stricken with shame—How shall I *sufficiently* apologize for a neglect *apparently* so flagrant ! ! !—I have been for the last three months busily engaged in preparing a volume of poems for the press—To this undertaking every moment which I could snatch from business and from sleep has been devoted and I have been necessarily obliged to neglect the correspondence of the few friends who think it worth while to keep one up with me—This undertaking of mine will surprize you no doubt—perhaps you will deem me presumptuous that I venture to appear

before the public at so early an age but I have been encouraged thereto by several men of eminence in the literary world and the publication may be essentially serviceable to me—I am not ashamed to say that I have not the capacity to pursue my studies as I could wish from a narrowness of income—this book if successful will therefore be of a material help to me—I shall publish it by subscription which by the bye is no very genteel mode.

I feel almost palpably an accession to my deafness and this will I fear bring me to your great city this year —I shall procure the best advice London will afford and if I am unsuccessful the Lord help me—It will be an insurmountable progress [*sic*] to me in my profession— It will cast a shade over all my prospects and consign me to eternal inquietude—You can have no conception of the misery attendant on a partial deafness—All Society is a torment to me. If I enter a strange room ESPECIALLY IF LARGE I can hear nothing scarcely—(In our own rooms *which are* SMALL I can hear better) I look round on the Company with terror and anguish for fear *I* should be addressed and I sit mute and vainly endeavour to catch the topic of conversation. If I am appealed to I gaze vacantly on the enquirer and ask of what they are speaking—They say I am absent—I answer "*Yes very.*" They again speak I again say "What?" and at last the reluctant confession that I am very deaf is wrung from me—At other times when I have had a question put thrice to me I guess its purport and answer at random—A Lady very accomplished and very amiable asked me a question the other day almost as soon as I came into the room. I did not hear she repeated it I still could not catch it and then ashamed I guessed and answered "*Tolerable I thank you Ma'am.*" The question was *Is Mrs. Smith near being confined ! !*—The lady burst into a laugh and explained—I blushed like scarlet seized my hat wished her good night and shall never enter the house again———Good God what mortifications can equal such as these———"Poor lad he's as deaf as a post" is the exclamation I dare say of the ladies when they see me—Damn their condolence I want it not——I could almost dash my head against the wall when I reflect on it——The thought is allied to

madness————————It is a vexatious subject and I will quit it.

You may possibly remember when you were at N. some verses I gave you on Clifton Grove—They form part of my publication—The title is "Clifton Grove a sketch in verse with other poems by H K White"—The poem was composed principally in an interval of debility to cheat the mind of its weight and relieve the pressure of pain.

A short time after Neville left us I had a long & tiresome fit of illness in which my friends thought it was all over with me—An immediate and rapid Consumption stared me in the face I could not walk ten yards before

WILFORD CHURCH.

my knees failed me and a ride of a mile quite exhausted me—In this melancholy interval I made up my mind to die and like a romantic visionary as I am I wrote a letter to my mother to be given her after my decease requesting as my last wish that I might be buried in *Wilford church yard* in the spot which I think I pointed out to you next the Trent—But Fate ordained that I

should have another lease of life God knows how long it may extend and my recovery was as rapid as my decline—In this period however I composed the greater part of the miscellaneous poems in my projected volume they of course bear evident marks of dejection and melancholy—I had determined not to leave the world without making myself known in literature—I will die a poet said I—and I will die a man of fortitude—To accomplish the first end I set about collecting all the verses I had already written and writing others—To arrive at the latter I studied my Bible and fortified myself with maxims of philosophy and resignation—Four lines in Rowe's Lucan delighted me—

> Oh! Death thou pleasing end of human woe
> Thou cure for life thou greatest good below
> Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave
> And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.

I then wrote so much in the melancholy style that I even thought it a failing and endeavoured to write cheerfully—Many people will be surprised at the querulous tone of my book when it appears, and judging from themselves they will think it strange that a BOY should indulge in it—To many of the gay sons of Fortune and Happiness it will be utterly inexplicable—Alas one half of the world knows not the miseries of the other half——And every one forms his ideas of human misery on his own standard—The happy can have but few ideas of settled sorrow.

A great number of my poems I have thought too delicate too dejected to publish tho' in my best manner —I have a volume of these which will NEVER see the light—Many very early productions and all very incorrect —As you are fond of Poetry I will send it you—It will amuse a leisure hour at least—You may return it at your pleasure as I shall not want it at all.

You must not however form your ideas of my intended publication from these poems as they are generally much inferior—I enclose you an ode which I think is one of my more successful pieces.

Thus I am clogging you with rhymes which perhaps will little interest you—and troubling you with pieces of information for which you will perhaps not thank me —I was determined however to write and I never

meditate on a subject but send what comes first to my head—Pray excuse the very slovenly way in which I write this and Believe

Very truly your friend

Nottingham H K WHITE

I shall be happy to hear from you soon. The clock just tells me it is 1 in the morn^{g}.

Three pages, quarto, undated, addressed "M^{r} Geo: Ray." At the bottom of the third page is written "Ans^{d} May 7."

Trent Bridge.

The two following letters, addressed to Mr. M. Harris, doubtless identical with Michael Harris, who, in the Nottingham Directory of 1799, is described as a Teacher of Languages on the Middle Pavement, are of interest. In the first, White refers to a visit he had recently made to Chesterfield, where, according to a letter written to his brother Neville, dated 10 February, 1803, he had an uncle living, and where he met Miss Gales, the Sheffield bookseller, who afterwards sent him "a pressing invitation to S——, accompanied with a desire of Montgomery (the Poet Paul Positive) to see me." The chief interest of the letters, however, lies in White's references to the Trent Bridge at Nottingham, which appears to have been one of his favourite "haunts."

"*Nottingham*, ——, *1802.*

Dear Sir,

I must stand self-accused of negligence for not having written to you sooner, on the subject of Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon, which you were so good as to inform me you could obtain for *2l. 2s.*; but at the time you left the note at our house, I was at Chesterfield, from whence I did not return until the ensuing week, and my mother having forgotten to mention the circumstance of your note being written in the Monthly Mirror, I never knew of it, until a considerable time afterwards, when I

casually cast my eye upon it, as I was preparing the numbers to be bound. I have also expected, for some time to hear of your return to Nottingham, as from what you said previous to your departure, I concluded you were not going to bid us a final farewell. I now suppose you have obtained a situation elsewhere, but in what part of this great world, I am totally at a loss to imagine. For any thing I know to the contrary, you may be shivering in Nova-Zembla, or sweltering under the line; quaffing the milk of the cocoa-nut under the broad bananas of the Indies, or breathing the invigorating air of liberty in the half-cultivated wilds of North America. I have some sort of a prepossession, however, that you are not quite so far removed from the fogs of our British atmosphere, but rather think you are concealed amid its vapours. I am the more inclined to favour this latter supposition, though not so *romantic* as the former by half, —because Mr. S***, who will forward this letter, has signified the same to me.

* * * *

I can assure you, I begin to feel your loss severely, and, as the summer approaches, shall do it the more, for I consider the hours I passed with you at the Trent Bridge, as the most delightfully tranquil of my life; though dashed, at intervals, by the recollection that I had to brave all the horrors of the night, the walking spectres, and the lurking assassins in my way home, over the meadows. Seriously, now I wonder, how you could leave so many attractions, to a mind like yours, when you possessed an easy competency, in pursuit of precarious wealth. I can give you a line of Horace to this effect, but my Latinity is very stale—

"Quod satis est, cui contingit, nihil amplius optet."

* * * *

"*Nottingham, March 28, 1802.*

Dear Sir,

I was greatly surprised at your letter of the twenty-seventh, for I had in reality given you up for lost. I should long since have written to you, in answer to your note about the Lexicon, but was perfectly ignorant of the place of your abode. For anything I knew to the contrary, you might have been quaffing the juice of the cocoa-nut under the broad bananas of the Indies,

breathing the invigorating air of liberty in the broad savannas of America, or sweltering beneath the line. I had, however, even then, some sort of a presentiment that you were not quite so far removed from our foggy atmosphere, but not enough to prevent me from being astonished at finding you so near as Leicester.—You tell me I must not ask you what you are doing. I am nevertheless very anxious to know; not so much, I flatter myself, from any inquisitiveness of spirit, as from a desire to hear of your welfare. Why, my friend, did you leave us?—possessing, as you did, if not exactly the *otium cum dignitate*, something very like it, having every comfort and enjoyment at your call which the philosophical mind can find pleasure in; and, above all, blest with that easy competence, that sweet independence, which renders the fatigues of employment supportable, and even agreeable.

Quod satis est, cui contingit, nihil amplius optet.

Certainly, to a man of your disposition, no situation could have more charms than yours at the Trent bridge. I regard those hours which I have spent with you there, while the moon-beam was trembling on the waters, and the harp of Æolus was giving us its divine swells and dying falls, as the most sweetly tranquil of my life.

* * * *

The old Trent Bridge, referred to in the preceding letters was of great historical interest. The site of it was for centuries the means of communication between the South of England and the North. Originally a ferry or ford, and ultimately a bridge of stone, with the village of West Bridgeford (called in some records *Brigeford ad pontem* and *West-brughford*) at its southern end, it enabled Courts, armies, and subjects, to cross the mid-barrier of England, and in the Caroline civil war formed a strong strategical position. Over this bridge, in 1330 Mortimer went to his doom, exactly two hundred years later the unfortunate Wolsey on his mournful journey to Leicester passed this way, as did also, nearly half a

century previously, Richard the Third on his way to Bosworth Field. Over it, too, all the notabilities who have visited Nottingham Castle, and all the great State prisoners who have been taken thence to the Tower of London, have wended their way. In later times, in fact until the introduction of railways, the Judges of Assize were here met by the Sheriffs and other authorities and escorted into the town with great ceremony. The last Sovereign to cross the bridge was Queen Victoria, on her journey, in 1843, from Chatsworth to Belvoir

OLD TRENT BRIDGE, NOTTINGHAM.

Castle. The bridge appears to have been originally built by Edward the Elder (901-925), and is said to have consisted of stone piers and timber beams and framing. In its latter days it was about 668 feet in length, and contained fifteen arches in that portion which may be termed the bridge proper, and varied in width between the parapets from 18 feet 6 inches to 21 feet 6 inches. Such was the famous Trent Bridge as it appeared in the time of Henry Kirk White, and as shown in the

preceding illustration reproduced from a painting by John Rawson Walker.[1] For several years later it stood "in the centre of a peaceful and industrious island, an interesting relic of the past, and unfit for the purposes of its Saxon Founders only by the disturbing elements of nature, and the imperious demands of modern civiliza-

NEW TRENT BRIDGE.

tion," until it was superseded by the present structure, which was opened for public traffic on the 25th of July, 1871. It may be of interest to note that when the

(1) John Rawson Walker was born at Nottingham in the year 1796, and was apprenticed in a large wholesale house of the staple trade of Nottingham. Before his term of apprenticeship had expired, he threw off the yoke of commerce, and commenced an artistic career as a landscape painter. His works were soon recognised as being of a high order. After receiving the Burgess-ship and other favours at the hands of his fellow townsmen, Mr. Walker settled in London. The most important series of pictures he painted was that of "The World before the Flood," illustrative of James Montgomery's poem, published in 1812. Walker married, in 1829, at All Saints' Church, Derby, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. John Hoare, of that town. This lady's portrait, painted, in 1826, by Thomas Barber, of Nottingham, and a portrait of John Rawson Walker, painted, in 1822, by Tom Barber, jun., are exhibited in the Nottingham Castle Art Gallery. Mr. Walker died at Birmingham, 27 August, 1873.

Freedom of the City of Nottingham was "presented to her most famous son,"[1] William Booth, the "General" of the Salvation Army, on November 6th, 1905, the certificate of freedom was appropriately enclosed in a handsome carved oak casket made from one of the last piles of the old Trent Bridge—a piece of timber dating back to the eleventh century. It would appear from the first of the foregoing letters, written by White to his friend Harris, that a century ago the meadows (to which further reference will be made) extending from the Trent to the river Leen, the southern boundary of the old inhabited town, were frequented by footpads. A recent writer informs us that "'The Meadows' where Robin Hood roamed when he took a holiday from his business in Sherwood Forest, have long ago been covered with busy streets, shops, houses, and factories."[2] One of the longest of these streets is "Kirke White Street," generally and wrongly printed and written "Kirkewhite Street." And in this connection, we may mention that as we write, we have before us a picture post-card of KIRKWHITE'S BIRTHPLACE, NOTTINGHAM, published in his native town! White truly wrote—

"Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
Oh! none; another busy brood of beings
Will shoot up in the interim, and none
Will hold him in remembrance" . . . .[3]

to which another line might be added "To spell his name correctly."

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(1) *The War Cry*, November 11th, 1905.

(2) *Ibid.*

(3) "Written in the prospect of death."

AT this period, some of White's poetical productions "which appeared in the Monthly Mirror attracted some notice, and introduced him to the acquaintance of Mr. Capel Lofft, and of Mr. Hill,[1] the Proprietor of the work, a gentleman who is himself a lover of English literature, and who has probably the most copious collection of English poetry in existence. Their encouragement induced him, about the close of the year 1802, to prepare a little volume of poems for the press. It was his hope that this publication might either, by the success of its sale, or the notice which it might excite, enable him to

---

([1]) This gentleman has been described as "that queer Bohemian—queer even for a Bohemian—Mr. 'Tommy' Hill, F.S.A., book collector, newspaper proprietor, literary patron, journalist, man-about-town, and constant inquirer into other folks' affairs; for his predominant characteristic was such an insatiable inquisitiveness that he was immortalised by Poole, the dramatist, as 'Paul Pry,' in the comedy of that name, and by Theodore Hook as 'Hull,' in the novel 'Gilbert Gurney,' and in innumerable literary squibs, sketches and lampoons.

Other writers, however, show that this quaint personality had another side to his nature. Thus Mrs. Anne Mathews in her 'Memoirs of Charles Mathews the Elder':—'Our excellent and kind friend, Mr. Thomas Hill's well-regulated hospitality was the theme of everybody's praise and pleasure whoever visited him . . . his house was the resort of the highest order of intellect and literary acquirement.' And Leigh Hunt, in his autobiography, says, 'I forget who it was introduced me to Mr. Hill, the proprietor of the *Monthly Mirror*, but at his house I used to meet his editor, Du Bois, Thomas Campbell, and the two Smiths, authors of the 'Rejected Addresses.' I also saw there Theodore Hook and Charles Mathews, the comedian. Our host was a jovial bachelor, plump and rosy as an abbot. . . . Mathews, the comedian, I had the pleasure of seeing at Mr. Hill's many times.'

Mr. Hill—who was the patron of Blomfield, and befriended Kirk White when he contributed to the *Monthly Mirror*—died in his James-street Chambers, December 2, 1841, in his eighty-first year. He was thick-skinned on almost every subject except his age, and on that he was particularly tender. It used to be a standing joke with his friends that the registry of his birth was destroyed in the Great Fire of London. He left a large collection of curiosities, among which were a cup and a vase formed from the wood of Shakspere's mulberry tree; and Messrs. Longman, the publishers, bought his books for nearly £4,000, and used them as the nucleus of their 'Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica.'"—*Lloyd's Weekly News*, 21, October, 1906.

prosecute his studies at college, and fit himself for the Church. For though so far was he from feeling any dislike to his own profession, that he was even attached to it, and had indulged a hope that one day or other he should make his way to the Bar, a deafness, to which he had always been subject, and which appeared to grow progressively worse, threatened to preclude all possibility of advancement; and his opinions, which had at one time inclined to deism, had now taken a strong devotional bias."

On these subjects he thus wrote to his brother Neville:—

"*Nottingham*, ——, *1803*.

Dear Neville,

I write you, with intelligence of a very important nature. You had some time ago an intimation of my wish to enter the church, in case my deafness was not removed. About a week ago I became acquainted with a Rev. ———, late of St. John's College, Cambridge; and, in consequence of what he said, I have finally determined to enter myself of Trinity College, Cambridge, with the approbation of all my friends.

Mr. ——— says that it is a shame to keep me away from the university, and that circumstances are of no importance. He says that if I am entered of Trinity, where they are all *select men*, I must *necessarily*, with my abilities, arrive at preferment. He says he will be answerable that the first year I shall obtain a scholarship, or an exhibition adequate to my support. That by the time I have been of five years' standing, I shall of course become a Fellow (£200 a year); that with the Fellowship I may hold a Professorship (£500 per annum), and a living or curacy until better preferments occur. He says that there is *no uncertainty* in the church to a truly pious man, and a man of abilities and eloquence. That those who are unprovided for, are generally men who, having no interest, are idle drones, or dissolute debauchees, and therefore ought not to expect advancement. That a poet, in particular, has the means of patronage in his pen; and that, in one word, no young man can enter the church (except he be of family) with better

prospects than myself. On the other hand, Mr. Enfield has himself often observed that my deafness will be an insuperable obstacle to me as an attorney, and has said how unfortunate a thing it was for me not to have known of the growing defect in my organs of hearing before I articled myself. Under these circumstances, I conceive I should be culpable, did I let go so good an opportunity as now occurs. Mr. —— will write to all his university friends, and he says there is so much liberality there, that they will never let a young man of talents be turned from his studies by want of cash.

Yesterday I spoke to Mr. Enfield, and he, with unexampled generosity, said that he saw clearly what an advantageous thing it would be for me: that I must be sensible what a great loss he and Mr. Coldham would suffer; but that he was certain neither he nor Mr. C—— could oppose themselves to any thing which was so much to my advantage. When Mr. C—— returns from London, the matter will be settled with my mother.

All my mother's friends seem to think this an excellent thing for me, and will do all in their power to forward me.

Now we come to a very important part of the business—*the means*. I shall go with my friend Robert in the capacity of *Sizar*, to whom the expense is not more than £60 per annum. Towards this sum my mother will contribute £20, being what she allows me now for clothes, (by this means she will save my board); and for the residue, I must trust to getting a Scholarship, or Chapel Clerk's post. But, in order to make this residue certain, I shall, at the expiration of twelve months, publish a second volume of poems by subscription.

* * * *

My friend Mr. —— says, that so far as his means will go, I shall never ask assistance in vain. He has but a small income, though of great family. He has just lost two rectories by scruples of conscience, and now preaches at —— for £80 a year. The following letter he put into my hand as I was leaving him, after having breakfasted with him yesterday. He put it into my hand, and requested me not to read it till I got home. It is a breach of trust letting you see it, but I wish you to know his character.

'My dear Sir,

I sincerely wish I had it in my power to render you any essential service, to facilitate your passing through College: believe me, I have the *will*, but not the *means*. Should the enclosed be of any service, either to purchase

CLIFTON GROVE,

A SKETCH IN VERSE,

WITH

Other Poems,

BY

HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

of NOTTINGHAM.

Dedicated (by Permission) to Her Grace the DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE.

Εχιο και κατ' εμαν ιδευ πιτυν, α το μελιχρον
Προς μαλακης εχει κεκλιμενα ζεφυρης.
Ηγι δε και κρηνισμα μελιζαγες, ενθα μελισδων
Ηδυν ερεμαιοις ὑπνον αγω καλαμοις.

ANTHOL. B. I.

LONDON:

Printed by N. Biggs, Crane-court, Fleet-street,

FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

AND SOLD BY E. B. ROBINSON, J. DUNN, AND THE OTHER BOOKSELLERS IN NOTTINGHAM.

1803.

books, or for other pocket expences, I request your acceptance of it; but must entreat you not to notice it, *either* to *myself*, or any living creature. I pray God that you may employ those talents that he has given you to his glory, and to the benefit of his people. I have great

fears for you; the temptations of College are great.

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours.'

The enclosure was 2*l.* 2*s.* I could not refuse what was so delicately offered, though I was sorry to take it. He is truly an amiable character."

* * * *

At this juncture White's volume of poems was published with the preceding title page.

The manner in which the volume was criticised in the "Monthly Review," of February, 1804, will be referred to in a later portion of this book.

Shortly afterwards, according to Southey, White resolved to "leave the law, and, if possible, place himself at one of the universities. Every argument was used by his friends to dissuade him from his purpose, but to no effect; his mind was unalterably fixed, and great and numerous as the obstacles were, he was determined to surmount them all. He had now served the better half of the term for which he was articled: his entrance and continuance in the profession had been a great expense to his family; and to give up this lucrative profession, in the study of which he had advanced so far, and situated as he was, for one wherein there was so little prospect of his obtaining even a decent competency, appeared to them the height of folly or of madness. This determination cost his poor mother many tears; but determined he was, and that

by the best and purest motives. Without ambition he could not have existed; but his ambition now was to be eminently useful in the ministry.

It was Henry's fortune through his short life, as he was worthy of the kindest treatment, always to find it. His employers, Mr. Coldham and Mr. Enfield, listened with a friendly ear to his plans, and agreed to give up the remainder of his time, though it was now become very valuable to them, as soon as they should think his prospects of getting through the university were such as he might reasonably trust to; but till then, they felt themselves bound, for his own sake, to detain him. Mr. Piggott, and Mr. Dashwood,[1] another clergyman, who at that time resided in Nottingham, exerted themselves in his favour: he had a friend at Queen's College, Cambridge, who mentioned him to one of the fellows of St. John's, and that gentleman, on the representations made to him of Henry's talents and piety, spared no effort to obtain for him an adequate support."

The four following letters were written by White while making arrangements to proceed to Cambridge. The first is addressed to Mr. Robert White Almond, who was afterwards White's fellow student when reading with a clergyman at Winteringham, in North Lincolnshire:—

"*Nottingham, April 18. 1804.*

MY DEAR ROBERT,

I have just received your letter. Most fervently do I return thanks to God for this providential opening; it has breathed new animation into me, and my breast expands with the prospect of becoming the minister of Christ where I most desired it, but where I almost feared all probability of success was nearly at an end. Indeed I had begun to turn my thoughts to the Dissenters, as

(1) The Rev. S. Piggott and the Rev. John Dashwood were fellow curates of St. Mary's, Nottingham.

people of whom I was destined, not by choice, but necessity, to become the pastor. Still, although I knew I should be happy any where, so that I were a profitable labourer in the vineyard, I did by no means feel that calm, that indescribable satisfaction which I do when I look towards that church which I think, in the main, formed on the apostolic model, and from which I am decidedly of opinion there is no positive ground for dissent. I return thanks to God for keeping me so long in suspense, for I know it has been beneficial to my soul, and I feel a considerable trust that the way is now about to be made clear, and that my doubts and fears on this head will in due time be removed.

Could I be admitted to St. John's, I conclude, from what I have heard, that my provision would be adequate, not otherwise. From my mother I could depend on 15*l.* or 20*l.* a year, if she live, towards college expenses, and I could spend the long vacation at home. The 20*l.* per annum from my brother would suffice for clothes, &c.; so that if I could secure 20*l.* a year more, as you seem to think I may by the kindness of Mr. Martyn, I conceive I might, with economy be supported at college: of this, however, you are the best judge.

You may conceive how much I feel obliged by Mr. Martyn on this head, as well as to you for your unwearying exertions. Truly friends have risen up to me in quarters where I could not have expected them, and they have been raised, as it were, by the finger of God . . . . I believe I must copy the old divines in rising at four o'clock; for my evenings are so much taken up with visiting the sick, and with young men who come for religious conversation, that there is but little time for study."

* * * *

To Mr. Benjamin Maddock, of Nottingham, White wrote as follows:—

"*Nottingham, April 24, 1804.*

My Dear Ben,

* * * *

I have received intelligence, since writing the above, which nearly settles my future destination. A —— —— informs me that Mr. Martyn, a fellow of St. John's, has

about £20 a year to dispose of towards keeping a religious man at college; and he seems convinced that if my mother allows me £20 a year more, I may live at *St. John's*, provided I could gain admittance, which, at that college, is difficult, unless you have previously stood in the list for a year. Mr. Martyn thinks, if I propose myself immediately, I shall get upon the foundation, and by this day's post I have transmitted testimonials of my classical acquirements. In a few days, therefore, I hope to hear that I am on the boards of St. John's.

Mr. Dashwood has informed me that he has also received a letter from a gentleman, a magistrate near Cambridge, offering me all the assistance in his power towards getting through the college, so as there be no obligation. My way, therefore, is now pretty clear.

I have just risen from my knees, returning thanks to our heavenly Father for this providential opening—my heart is quite full. Help me to be grateful to him, and pray that I may be a faithful minister of his word."

* * * *

The third letter is addressed to Robert White Almond:—

"*Nottingham, May 9, 1804.*

My Dear Friend,

I have not spoken as yet to Messrs. Coldham and Enfield. Your injunction to suspend so doing has left me in a state of mind which I think I am blameable for indulging, but which is indescribably painful. I had no sleep last night, partly from anxiety, and partly from the effects of a low fever, which has preyed on my nerves for the last six or seven days. I am afraid, Robert, my religion is very superficial. I ought not to feel this distrust of God's providence. Should I now be prevented from going to college, I shall regard it as a just punishment for my want of faith.

I conclude Mr. Martyn has failed in procuring the aid he expected. Is it so?

* * * *

On these contingencies, Robert, you must know from my peculiar situation, I shall never be able to get to college. My mother, at all times averse, has lately been

pressed by one of the deacons of Castlegate Meeting to prevail on me to go to Dr. Williams. This idea now fills her head, and she would feel no small degree of pleasure in the failure of my resources for college. Besides this, her natural anxiety for my welfare will never allow her to permit me to go to the university depending almost entirely on herself, knowing not only the *inadequacy*, but the great *uncertainty* of her aid. Coldham and Enfield must likewise be satisfied that my way is clear. I tremble, I almost despair. A variety of contending emotions, which I cannot particularize, agitate my mind. I tremble lest I should have mistaken my call: these are solemn warnings:—but no—I cannot entertain the thought. To the ministry I am devoted, I believe, by God: in what way, must be left to his providence.

* * * *

The following letter is addressed to his brother Neville:—

"*Cambridge, 25th May, 1804.*

DEAR NEVILLE,

I scarcely know what to say on the score of coming to London. You may be sure I should have no objection, but as it is an expence without answering any end, I cannot but hesitate. If you think it may possibly be at all serviceable to me, so far as relates to the University, I will certainly come, and stay two or three days, otherwise I think it will be my duty to deny myself this pleasure. I shall stay here till Wednesday next, in case I do not go to town, and till Monday, if I do. So, if you will write by return of post, and say whether you think I may do good in London, I shall be better able to decide.

I am truly gratified by your brotherly offer with regard to the expences, but I am by no means inclined to make that an inducement to come to town, because if the cost be *unnecessarily* incurred, it is no matter whether it come out of your pocket, or my own.

I have not been able to do any good here yet; indeed I have not seen Mr. Simeon, but I am admitted of St. John's, and I shall certainly reside, if I trust only to my own resources, as there is a man of *that* college, who has only 20*l.* per annum; and I have been assured

by one of the principals, that, (while the sizarships are so very advantageous,) I may live with frugality for that sum.

* * * *

I find one great objection to me here, is, that I am of dissenting family, and am rather inclined that way myself, (which latter is *by no means true*,) so I have no very sanguine expectations; but I shall make no concessions, nor at all attempt to ingratiate myself with men who may be thus prejudiced. I thank God, I am independent enough to need no artifices of obsequiousness or conciliation.

I am glad you heard Mr. Simeon, he is a truly pious man, and an excellent preacher.

When I get to Nottingham I shall continue my letters on the Christian religion, of which my last was only an introduction, and shall show how exactly the doctrine of the church coincides with the scriptures.

* * * *

Wilford.[1]

WE must now revert to Southey's narrative where we left it on page 63 :—

"As soon as these hopes were laid out to him, his employers gave him a month's leave of absence, for the benefit of uninterrupted study, and of change of air, which his health now began to require. Instead of going to the sea-coast, as was expected, he chose for his retreat the village of Wilford, which is situated on the banks of the Trent, and at the foot of Clifton Woods. These woods had ever been his favourite place of resort, and were the subject of the longest poem in his little volume, from which, indeed, the volume was named. He delighted to point out to

(1) Wilford acquired its designation from the dedication of the church to St. Wilfrid, Bishop of York, 669-709, and an ancient ford of the River Trent—"St. Wilfrid's Ford."

his more intimate friends the scenery of this poem; the islet to which he had often forded when the river was not knee-deep;[1] and the little hut wherein he had sate

THE ISLET.

for hours, and sometimes all day long, reading or writing, or dreaming with his eyes open. He had sometimes wandered in these woods till night far advanced, and used to speak with pleasure of having once been overtaken there by a thunder storm at midnight, and watching the lightning over the river and the vale towards the town.

In this village his mother procured lodgings for him, and his place of retreat was kept secret, except from his nearest friends."

Two letters written by White during his temporary residence at Wilford have been preserved. Both are addressed to his brother Neville:—

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(1) The above illustration is reproduced from an engraving entitled "The Islet to which he had often forded when the river was not knee-deep," from a drawing by T. Barber, of Nottingham, and which forms the frontispiece to Southey's "Remains," vol. II., eighth edition, 1819.

"*Wilford, near Nottingham* ——, *1804.*

DEAR NEVILLE,

I now write to you from a little cottage at Wilford, where I have taken a room for a fortnight, as well for the benefit of my health, as for the advantage of uninterrupted study. I live in a homely house, in a homely style, but am well occupied and perfectly at my ease.

* * * *

"*Wilford, near Nottingham* ——, *1804.*

DEAR NEVILLE,

* * * *

I have run very much on the wrong side of the post here; for having sent copies round to such persons as had given me in their names as subscribers, with compliments, they have placed them to the account of presents!

* * * *

And now, my dear Neville, I must give you the most ingenious specimen of the invention of petty envy you perhaps ever heard of. When Addison produced 'Cato,' it was currently received that he had bought it of a vicar for £40. The Nottingham gentry, knowing me too poor to buy my poems, thought they could do no better than place it to the account of family affection; and, lo, Mrs. Smith[1] is become the sole author, who has made use of her brother's name as a feint! I heard of this report *first* covertly: it was said that Mrs. Smith was the principal writer: next it was said that I was the author of one of the inferior smaller pieces only, ('My Study';) and lastly, on mentioning the circumstances to Mr. A—, he confessed that he had heard several times that my 'sister was the sole quill-driver of the family, and that Master Henry in particular was rather shallow;' but that he had refrained from telling me, because he thought it would vex me. Now, as to the vexing me, it only has afforded me a hearty laugh. I sent my compliments to one great lady whom I heard propagating this ridiculous report, and congratulated her on her ingenuity; telling her, as a great secret, that neither my sister nor

(1) Hannah White, the eldest of the family (see page 5 *ante*) was married to Joshua Smith, at St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, 14 January, 1799, and had issue four daughters. She died suddenly in the year 1813.

myself had any claim to any of the poems, for the right author was the Great Mogul's cousin-german. The best part of the story is, that my good friend Benjamin Maddock found means to get me to write verses extempore, to prove whether I could tag rhymes or not, which, it seems, he doubted.

VERSES REFERRED TO IN THE FOREGOING LETTER.

Thou base repiner at another's joy,
Whose eye turns green at merit not thine own,
Oh, far away from generous Britons fly,
And find on meaner climes a fitter throne.
Away, away, it shall not be,
Thou shalt not dare defile our plains;
The truly generous heart disdains
Thy meaner, lowlier fires, while he
Joys at another's joy, and smiles at other's jollity.

Triumphant monster! though thy schemes succeed—
Schemes laid in Acheron, the brood of night,
Yet, but a little while, and nobly freed,
Thy happy victim will emerge to light;
When o'er his head, in silence that reposes,
Some kindred soul shall come to drop a tear,
Then will his last cold pillow turn to roses,
Which thou hadst planted with the thorn severe;
Then will thy baseness stand confess'd, and all
Will curse the ungen'rous fate that bade a Poet fall.

* * * *

Yet, ah! thy arrows are *too* keen, too sure:
Couldst thou not pitch upon another prey?
Alas! in robbing him thou robbs't the poor,
Who only boast what thou wouldst take away.
See the lone Bard at midnight study sitting,
O'er his pale features streams his dying lamp;
While o'er fond Fancy's pale perspective flitting,

Successive forms their fleet ideas stamp.
Yet say, is bliss upon his brow impress'd;
Does jocund Health in Thought's still mansion live?
Lo, the cold dews that on his temples rest,
That short quick sigh—their sad responses give.

And canst thou rob a Poet of his song—
Snatch from the bard his trivial meed of praise?
Small are his gains, nor does he hold them long:
Then leave, oh, leave him to enjoy his lays
While yet he lives—for to his merits just,
Though future ages join, his fame to raise,
Will the loud trump awake his cold unheeding dust?

* * * *

Matthew Henry Barker, in an account of Wilford, published in 1835, says:—"The first house on the right (from the avenue) standing immediately on the banks of the river, is the Manor House, now in the occupation of Mr. Richardson, under whose roof Kirke White resided for some time. It is probably two centuries old, but from its situation, and other circumstances, I conjecture that it stands upon the site of the ancient habitation of the Clifton family, though I could find no trace of former times. Here also is a ford for cattle and carts."

Here Barker falls into an error in describing this Manor House as the house "under whose roof Kirke White resided for some time," and it is probably on the strength of this statement that numerous pictures have been painted by local artists, and picture post-cards published, of this house, and erroneously styled "Kirke White's Cottage, Wilford." It will be observed that in the following illustration the poet's name is given in one word, the distinctive surname being practically ignored.

White stated that he had "taken a room for a

fortnight" in "a *little cottage* at Wilford," a description which cannot apply to a manor house. A few pages further on in his account of Wilford, and apparently forgetful of his first statement, Barker gives the following

THE MANOR HOUSE, WILFORD.

detailed description of the position and appearance of the cottage where White undoubtedly stayed during his brief sojourn at Wilford in the summer of 1804.

"Beyond this [the Infants'] school, on the right hand, are two farm houses . . . . Beyond this we

come to four cross roads, that on the left leading to the Nottingham turnpike road, the one in front goes to Ruddington, and that on the right to the banks of the Trent and Clifton. The corner house on the right is of ancient date, and was formerly an ale house under the sign of the Star. The house adjoining, having a garden in front and a trellised bower over the door, is the place where Kirke White resided, when preparing himself for College. The room he occupied is on the ground floor, the farthest from the entrance, but as it has since been turned into an infant's school room, (whilst the present one was erecting) a door way was broken through into the garden. The house was then tenanted by a Mr. Abbott, (who is still living in the village near to Mr. Robinson's school,) and it was in this room that Kirke White wrote several of his poems; and a pencilled sketch by his hand long remained over the mantel piece, but has been obliterated by painting over it.

A short time since a gentleman from Derby called on Mr. Abbott, and made some inquiries respecting the young poet. On being shown the table at which Kirke White was accustomed to write, he expressed a wish to become its purchaser—the wish was complied with, and he put the table into his gig, and drove off with what he deemed a prize."[1]

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(1) "Walks round Nottingham, by A Wanderer," 1835, pages 56 and 60. Matthew Henry Barker, son of a dissenting minister, was born at Deptford in the year 1790. At an early age he joined an East Indiaman, and afterwards served in the Royal Navy, where, as he was without influence, he only rose to the rank of master's mate. Retiring from the service, he commanded a hired armed schooner, and was employed in carrying despatches to the English squadrons on the southern coasts of France and Spain. On one occasion he fell into the enemy's hands, and was detained for some months as a prisoner of war. In 1825 he became editor of a West Indian newspaper, and was afterwards engaged, from 1827 to 1838, as editor of "The Nottingham Mercury." Under the name of "The Old Sailor," he wrote a number of lively and spirited sea-tales,

THE OLD "STAR," WILFORD.

The preceding illustration shows, on the right, the old thatched building which was many years ago known as the "Star" ale-house, and occupied for several generations by the Beecroft family. On the left are seen modern brick cottages, the back part of which are said to stand on the site of the cottage where White spent part of his vacation in the summer of 1804. The cottage was then occupied by Mr. Thomas Abbott, who, as stated by

ABBOTT'S COTTAGE, WILFORD.[1]

Barker, afterwards resided near the village school. This latter cottage, in consequence of its association with the

very popular in their day. Most of his works were illustrated by Cruikshank, with whom he was on intimate terms, and to whose "Omnibus" he was the chief contributor. While residing in Nottingham, Barker published, in 1835, under the *nom de plume* of "A Wanderer," his "Walks round Nottingham," descriptive of the several villages he visited. He returned from Nottingham to London, and died in harness June 29th, 1846.

(1) The above illustration is reproduced from a painting on porcelain in the possession of Mr. William Beecroft, of Wilford, who was born in the old "Star."

Abbott family, came in its turn to be erroneously regarded as "Kirk White's Cottage." It was pulled down in the year 1899, and the last tenant, Mr. Richard Abbott (grandson of Thomas Abbott), chopped up the bedstead on which White slept when staying at the cottage adjoining the "Star" ale-house. It will thus be seen that in the village of Wilford there is now no cottage which can properly be associated with the name of Henry Kirk White.

Thirty years after the death of Henry Kirk White, Nottingham was the residence of a more brilliant literary circle than was ever drawn together in a town of the like extent. Wylie, writing in 1853, remarked:—"Amid the bustle and roar of machinery the merry lay of the ancient forester has still a charm for true Nottingham hearts, whose love of poesy has generated in their midst a formidable host of bards among whom are names that have already rushed to the antipodes. Indeed, from the days of Robin Hood down to the present moment, Nottingham has been pre-eminently the land of song. . . . 'It was once observed to a distinguished writer of the present day,' says Dr. Spencer Hall, 'that Nottingham was remarkable for having *turned out* many excellent authors.' 'Aye,' was the ready reply 'there may be a good deal of truth in that; but I scarcely ever knew it to *keep* one!' . . . Hark to the Sherwood Forester's reminiscence of the bygone age"—in his description of the village of Wilford:—

"Some villages seem to have been made for winter comfort, and others for summer and its lovelier delights. Of the latter is Wilford, on the south bank of the Trent, about a mile from Nottingham—not less famous for its sweet rural aspect than for having once been the frequent resort of Henry Kirk White, in his hours of relaxation,—

and of many poets since. The church is a neat and retired little temple; and in time past there was a favourite tree of Kirk White's, near the chancel end. But it has been long felled, though the spot where it grew is still pointed out in association with his name; and from the end of the village-green to Clifton Grove (the scene of his best known poems, and of the popular story of 'The Fair Maid of Clifton,') is one of the most delightful walks imaginable—having the river on one side, with a regular and majestic row of elms on the other, extending the whole distance. Of the view from this walk excellent sketches have been taken by Mrs. Enfield,[1] Barber,[2] and (I think) Mr. Robinson,[3] the village schoolmaster, who has a good artistic taste; and it includes the 'Old Manor House,' which has a terrace jutting into the water, as it gracefully bends round, near the Lower Ford. At that old house I resided for some time myself, in the scanty hours of repose snatched from

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(1) This lady is referred to in a footnote on page 31 *ante*.

(2) Thomas Barber, artist, has been noticed on page 41 *ante*.

(3) A view of Wilford Church, "Drawn on the spot by Charles Robinson in July 1825," and reproduced in aquatint by J. Reeve, was published by George Simons, Chapel Bar, Nottingham. Barker, previously quoted, in his reference to Wilford School, says "The present master is Mr. Robinson, who has shewn his skill as an artist by an exceedingly well executed drawing of the church, from which a coloured engraving was taken. It is but justice to state, that to this engraving we are indebted for the view of Wilford Church which appears in this work." At the east end of the chancel an upright slate is inscribed—"Sacred to the memory of an affectionate and much beloved parent, Charles Robinson, who for upwards of thirty years, was Master of the Free School in this village. He was born at Kingston upon Hull 11th May 1793, and died at Wilford 14th August 1852." Another slate is inscribed to the memory of Eliza, wife of Charles Robinson, of Wilford (and daughter of Richard Wells, of Nottingham), who died 14 February 1836, aged 36 years; of Charles Espin Robinson, their first born child, who died 13 March 1831, aged 20 months; and of Ellen Sutton Robinson, their only daughter, who "died at the age of 10 months on the third day after her lamented mother and lies buried in her arms."

a life of public toil:—

'Hours more dear than drops of gold.'

And how pleasant is the memory of those hours now, stealing upon me so far from the scene! The village green, with its noble trysting tree in the midst; the church and rectory standing back in the deep shade; the white villas; the low, thatched cottages; the lapsing river, and the slow-crossing ferry boat; the gay holiday groups and lonely anglers along its banks; and the gipsies camping in the retired and winding lanes: how quietly but freshly the pictures all yet glow in one's imagination! And then, my sweet, rustic little study within doors! where Philip Bailey,[1] the author of 'Festus'; Edmund Larken, the country rector, 'whose parish had no bound, except the bound of human sorrow'; Frederick Enoch, author of 'Songs of Universal Brotherhood'; John Atkinson, a master in the school where Shakspere learnt penmanship; Richard Howitt, after returning from his wanderings in Australia Felix; old Henry Wild, grave and gentle teacher of teachers, and other dear and worthy friends, would sometimes visit me; while Henry Sutton,[2] author of 'Eugene,' might occa-

(1) Philip James Bailey, LL.D., the distinguished author of the world-famed "Festus," published in 1839, was born on the Middle Pavement, Nottingham (the site of the house is indicated by a tablet erected under the "Holbrook Bequest"), 22 April, 1816, was called to the Bar in 1840, and died at his residence on the Ropewalk, Nottingham, 6 September, 1902. His portrait, painted by John Edgar Williams, was presented in 1884, to the Nottingham Castle Art Museum, where also a bust in bronze, mounted in the pedestal of which is a bronze bas-relief illustrating a passage from "Festus," and executed by Albert Toft, was placed, in 1902, under the terms of the "Holbrook Bequest."

(2) Henry Septimus Sutton, son of Richard Sutton, proprietor of the "Nottingham Review," was born in Bottle Lane, Nottingham, in February, 1825. After serving an apprenticeship of three years to a Nottingham druggist, and being articled to a surgeon in good practice at Chatteris, in Cambridgeshire, he abandoned the latter profession for

sionally be seen musing along the opposite bank of the river:

'A sage in youth,
Hand-in-hand walking
With Beauty and Truth.'

That most pleasant of calenders, 'The Book of the Seasons,' was partly written in one of the cottages of Wilford; and Thomas Miller,[1] Miss Willans,[2] and other

journalism. In June, 1847, he published his "Evangel of Love," in November, 1848, a small volume of poems including "Clifton Grove Garland," and later "Quinquenergia." Mr. Sutton ended a successful and honourable literary career at his residence in Manchester, 2 May, 1901.

(1) Thomas Miller, the basket maker, born at Gainsborough, 31 August, 1808, playmate and friend of Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, and author of "Gideon Giles, the Roper," "Godfrey Malvern," "Lady Jane Grey," "The Old Town," and over forty other well-known works in prose and verse, including a "History of the Anglo-Saxons," a work which in Bohn's Illustrated Library has gone through several editions, resided in Nottingham for three or four years in the early thirties. There his literary acquaintances were Spencer T. Hall, the Howitts, Matthew Henry Barker, Thomas Bailey, Philip James Bailey, and Robert Millhouse. "Not long after the publication of his 'Songs of the Sea Nymphs' Miller departed for London, where, after surmounting difficulties enough to damp and discourage a less ardent spirit, he placed himself in a position to live genteely on the fruits of his pen. On the strength of his success he even became a publisher; but literary men are not generally successful in selling books, and he formed no exception to the rule." This highly talented author died, of paralysis, at his residence, New Street, Kennington Park Road, on October 25th, 1874. Thomas Cooper, in his last work, "Thoughts at Fourscore," thus wrote: "I must not forget to record that I have lost my old playmate, Thomas Miller. Such are the vicissitudes of a literary life in too many instances that, although he had written more than 50 books, he fell into the deepest poverty in his last days. Mr. Disraeli compassionately sent him £100 from the Treasury whilst he was on his death-bed, but it nearly came too late. Two orphans survive him, and they are the heirs to his poverty." In recognition of his brief sojourn in Nottingham, a bas-relief in bronze on a plaque of Hopton Wood stone, executed by Ernest George Gillick under the terms of the "Holbrook Bequest," was, in 1904, placed in the Nottingham Castle Art Museum.

(2) Possibly a printer's error, Sarah Johanna Williams, author of "Sherwood Forest, A Poem," printed by George Stretton, Long Row, Nottingham, in 1832, being probably intended. This lady was a friend of the Wakefield family, who resided for many years in a large mansion on the Low Pavement, Nottingham.

distinguished writers, have made it an occasional retreat, for the sake of its quietude. As the river has no bridge here, and the ferry-boat ceases to ply at an early hour of the night, the rural manners of the inhabitants have been preserved in a great degree from the leaven of the town; and nothing can be more striking than the contrast of life in so short a transition. There is nothing—

WILFORD FERRY.

absolutely nothing—in the village itself to denote its proximity to a town, except the great number of dairymen and boys, who, mounted with their milk-pails on ponies, and dressed in the grotesque style of ancient days, form curious, primitive looking groups in the lanes and meadows, as, morning and evening, they depart for and return from Nottingham. Wilford, to have full justice done it, would require a Mary Russell Mitford, or a Mrs.

Southey, who to a native heart and a poet's fancy, could add a limner's skill: for it has much of the character such writers would rejoice in delineating.

"I was there in February, 1846, and left one morning when the whole landscape was wrapt in snow and mist. The trees were, of course, without foliage,—the river 'dark and drumlie,' as Burns would say,—its opposite bank scarcely distinguishable,—and if a solitary wayfarer were met in the meadows, it would seem more like the passing of a ghost or a shadow. My return was on the following Whit-Monday,—a bright, warm, and beautiful holiday, as ever shown on the creation. Standing in front of my dwelling, over which the trees, now in full foliage, waved their leaves in the light, and threw their trembling shadows on the wall and window, I became aware of a boat moored under the out-flung tresses of a willow, at one corner of the terrace; while, down at the other corner, a number of villagers were washing their sheep. The church reared its venerable head among the elms, at a bend of the stream below; and from the rooks congregated there, were occasionally sent such deliberate calls, it seemed as they were at ease and keeping holiday too. On the other side of the river might be seen here and there an angler, too far from the rest for conversation, but near enough for companionship, as ever and anon glanced his line on the sparkling water, or a fish leaped up in mid-stream and sent the light eddies circling to the shore. In the meadows opposite, hundreds of frolicsome children were scattered among the flowers at their games; a hundred pairs were wandering about in maturer communion. Nottingham, with its castle and its spires; Lenton, Wollaton, Beeston, Bramcote, with their villas and woody uplands, stretched away beyond. Farther off still struck up the spire of Sawley

towards the sun; and down over all came a flood of clear but soft and golden light, that gave every single object in the landscape its due distinctness and effect. Just at the moment when all this had taken its full possession of the soul, was it that a thrilling and ecstatic finish was imparted, by what in painting would be called 'an accident.' Lending my attention for a moment to a herd of cattle, crossing the river at the ford and slowly followed by a rustic on horseback, my ear unexpectedly caught a strain of music from a contrary quarter; and looking up the river, in the direction of Clifton Grove, I saw, gaily coming thence, over the fair broad bosom of the waters, a procession of beautifully decorated craft, with the crews dressed in sailors' uniform and streamers floating free, as they returned triumphantly with a band of musicians from a boat-race at the Ryelands. Some of the earlier companions of my youth were amongst the rowers. Brightly sparkled the feathery spray at every dip of their oars; swiftly shot each prow down the stream and out of sight below; softly and sweetly died the music and their voices in the distance: the sheep-washers were gone, and their flocks were at rest; the mantle of evening descended gently on the scene; and all at length was hushed, save the river's light ripple, and the louder beat of my own swelling heart, as I retired for the night to my quiet room. Who ever saw Wilford without wishing to become an inmate of one of its peaceful woodbined homes?"[1]

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(1) "The Peak and the Plain: Scenes in Woodland, Field, and Mountain." By Spencer T. Hall, The Sherwood Forester, 1853. pp. 143-147.

Spencer Timothy Hall, PH.D., M.A., born at Sutton-in-Ashfield, 16 December, 1812, of Quaker parentage, ran away from home in 1829, and went to Nottingham, where he became an out-door apprentice on the "Mercury," a local newspaper which ceased to exist in 1852. On

In the chapter entitled "Recreations—Past and Present" in Wylie's "Old and New Nottingham" (1853) that author writes :—

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completing his apprenticeship he married and returned to his native village, where he established a printing press, and became postmaster. In 1839 or 1840 he went to York, where he superintended the offices of the "Herald" and "Courant" newspapers, and brought out his "Forester's Offering," which gained him an unexpected reputation. Soon afterwards he became co-editor of the "Sheffield Iris," and resident governor of the Hollis Hospital in Sheffield. While at Sutton he had contributed to the "Metropolitan Magazine" and "Dearden's Miscellany," and at York he received from a brother poet the *soubriquet* of "The Sherwood Forester," by which he was afterwards so widely known. In 1842 his "Rambles in the Country by the Sherwood Forester" was published in London by Thomas Miller referred to in a previous note. From 1841 to 1845 he lectured on Mesmerism in London, Edinburgh, and elsewhere, his first lectures at Nottingham, in January, 1843, creating much excitement. He resided at Wilford, and lectured in Liverpool and elsewhere, in 1846-7, and in the latter year published "The Upland Hamlet, and other Poems," in which he gives a description of the picturesque charms of Wilford. The summer of 1848 saw him resume his mesmeric soirees in Bloomsbury Square, London, but he relinquished them at the close of that year. During his mesmeric career he edited the "Phreno-Magnet" and published a volume of "Mesmeric Experiences." After a visit to the Emerald Isle during the "Famine Year" he published, in 1850, his "Life and Death in Ireland, as witnessed in 1849." In 1853 appeared "The Peak and the Plain," and ten years later his "Days in Derbyshire." At this time he devoted himself to the study and homœopathic practice of medicine, and in his leisure hours to lecturing on physiological or psychological questions and to literature. After residing for some time at Derby, he removed in 1866 to Westmoreland, and four or five years later to Burnley, where he dated the preface to his largest, and probably most important, volume, his "Biographical Sketches of Remarkable People, chiefly from Personal Recollections," which was published in 1873. In 1880, to benefit his failing energies, he went to reside at Lytham, but shortly removed to Blackpool. Shortly before his death he was the recipient of a grant from the Government of £100. He died at Blackpool on April 26th, 1885, and was interred in the Cemetery of that popular breezy resort. In middle life Dr. Hall was heard to say "that he could dig, plough, reap, stack, thresh, and winnow, make a stocking and a shoe, write a book and print and bind it, or give a lecture, or take stock of a man's body and mind, and furnish him with an inventory of the same—and that there was not one of those earlier occupations at which he would not gladly work again were it to happen in the line of his duty to do so."

"The rural haunts of the people are numerous—so numerous that we must barely chronicle their names. First of all, there is WILFORD, famous for its cherry-eatings, so delightfully situated on the south bank of the river. This village has been the favorite resort of poets ever since poor Kirke White set the example of seeking repose and inspiration in its delicious retirement. In the old Manor house, close by the lower ford of the river, Spencer Hall, the Sherwood Forester, has occasionally resided, in the hours 'snatched from a life of toil and endeavour.' In one of its cottages William and Mary Howitt[1] wrote a portion of their delightful

(1) William Howitt, one of the six sons of Thomas Howitt, a member of the Society of Friends, was born at Heanor, in Derbyshire, in December, 1792, but was of Nottinghamshire extraction. From his tenth to his fourteenth year, he was a pupil at the famous Friends' Public School at Ackworth, near Pontefract, and he subsequently studied for a short time at Tamworth, where chemistry and natural philosophy became special subjects in his educational course. He early showed a predeliction for poetry, for to a periodical entitled "Literary Recreations," he contributed some lines on Spring, to which he subscribed himself "William Howitt, a boy thirteen years of age." In 1821, he married Mary Botham (born at Coleford, Gloucestershire, 1790), of Uttoxeter, also a member of the Society of Friends, and a woman of kindred tastes and aspirations with himself. After touring on foot through the north of England and Scotland—actually tramping upwards of five hundred miles—they settled, in 1823, in an old house at the corner of Lower Parliament Street and Newcastle Street, Nottingham. Here they issued "The Forest Minstrel, and other Poems." On removing to Timber Hill, now South Parade, in the Market Place, they produced "The Desolation of Eyam," "The Seven Temptations," and various contributions to periodical literature. Mr. Howitt conducted the business of an apothecary. In 1831, he produced "The Book of the Seasons," in 1833 "The History of Priestcraft," and in 1835 "Pantika, or Traditions of Ancient Times." The publication of the work on priestcraft drew the author from his privacy, and secured him such popularity, that he was, in 1835, elected an alderman of the town. This accession to prominence caused him to remove, in 1836, from Nottingham, where he had resided for twelve years, to Esher, in Surrey. But before leaving Nottingham, his fellow townsmen presented him with a silver inkstand as a token of their esteem. After living for three years at Esher, he resided at Heidelberg on the Rhine, and on returning to England in 1843, fixed his abode at The Elms, Clapton, in the neigh-

'Book of the Seasons'; in another, Thomas Miller enjoyed rural quietude; Miss Willans made it an occasional retreat; Henry Sutton and Edward Hind[1] have woven many of their fine fancies in the old church-yard; while, in Hall's term of residence, his rustic study was frequented by Philip Bailey; Edmund Larken, the worthy Lincolnshire rector; Frederick Enoch; Richard Howitt[2]; John Atkinson, a master in the school

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bourhood of London. In 1852, he went to Australia for literary purposes, and finally settled in Rome, where he died March 3rd, 1879. Mrs. Howitt was baptized into the Roman Catholic Church. May 26th, 1882. She died at Rome, January 30th, 1888, aged nearly 89 years, and was buried at Rome with her husband. Of the great number of works produced by William and Mary Howitt we have not space to speak. Their portraits, painted on ivory by Margaret Gillies, were presented in 1897, by their daughter, Miss Margaret Howitt, to the Nottingham Castle Art Museum, where also a bas-relief in bronze, life size, on a granite pedestal, by George Frampton, R.A., was placed, in 1902, under the "Holbrook Bequest."

(1) Edward Hind, born at Nottingham, November 7th, 1817, published, through the medium of the metropolitan and local journals, a vast quantity of prose and verse. In 1848 he published a pamphlet entitled "Reason's Remonstrance," and later an address to "The Stars." "His local sketches abound in curious, out-of-the-way knowledge, acquired by the author in his rambles around the borough." He was also the author of "Prometheus Bound: a Life-Drama," of which Wylie says—"This poem is understood to be an autobiographical fragment, and coming generations, we believe, will regard it as one of the most remarkable works ever produced in that town which first saw 'Festus' given to a wondering world."

(2) Richard Howitt, a younger brother of William Howitt, referred to in a previous note, spent his early years as a druggist in Nottingham, first with his brother William, and later on his own account at the old corner shop in Parliament Street, also previously mentioned, where he was visited by William Wordsworth, James Montgomery, and all the local men of letters. His principal works are "Antediluvian Sketches," "The Gipsy King," and "Wasps' Honey: Poetic Gold, or Gems of Poetic Thought," in addition to which he wrote numerous lyrics and sonnets. In 1839 in company with his brother, Dr. Godfrey Howitt, he emigrated to Australia, pitched his tent near Melbourne, and christened it Wilford. On his return in 1844 he published his "Impressions of Australia Felix during Four Years' Residence in that Colony." After residing some time in Nottingham, he took a small farm at Halam, and afterwards bought one at Edingley, near Southwell, where he lived until his death, unmarried, in the year 1869.

where Shakspeare learned penmanship; and 'old Henry Wild, grave and gentle teacher of teachers.' . . . . . But to reach Wilford . . . . . by the common route, the pilgrim must pass through the MEADOWS, in which public works and dwellings are now quickly rising, but which are still, during the summer season, clothed with the *crocus nudiflorus*,[1] which is indigenous to England only here, in Sussex, and near Halifax. Mary Howitt is the author of one of the sweetest compositions on these floral visitors . . . . . Thomas Miller seemed to think that the love of rural pleasures was dying out in Nottingham, when he exclaimed: 'Where are the famous cherry eatings of Wilford now? The poetry around the neighbourhood is fast fading. The flower-sellers who used to stand under the sunny rocks of Sneinton have vanished. The green footpath that led along the river bank to Colwick is closed; even the pathway that leads to the old ballad-haunted grove is altered, and all old things seem to be passing away.'"

Since the days of Hall and Wylie, Wilford has lost much of its pristine beauty. Fire and tempest, devastating floods, and the decay of nature, have, at divers times, wrought sad havoc. Picturesque old thatched cottages have given place to modern brick buildings which do not fail to offend the artistic eye; the majestic

(1) The crocus formerly indigenous to the Nottingham meadows was that described by Dr. Deering in his "Catalogus Stirpium," 1738, as the *Crocus vernalis cæruleus*, or blue Spring crocus. A modern writer (1876) states "The *Crocus vernus* (or spring crocus) flourishes in very unusual luxuriance in the Nottingham meadows, where it grows in such abundance that it has the appearance rather of having been sown for a crop than being of wild natural growth. Formerly many acres were completely covered with these beautiful flowers, but a great part of the meadows has now been built over, and year by year the dimensions of this famous crocus-bed become more and more curtailed." The *crocus nudiflorus* was unknown to Deering as a plant growing in the neighbourhood of Nottingham.

elms have been decimated, although due provision has been made for their succession in some future generation; a colliery which works its way beneath the meadows on the opposite side of the river rears its hideous Hydra-like head just opposite to Wilford Church; while an iron bridge,[1] of utilitarian character, which may only be used on payment of certain tolls, has replaced the ancient ferry boat, of which, in 1848, a local bard, in a poem on "Wilford Boat," expressed this fervent hope—

> "Be its solid timbers long
> Serviceably hale and strong;
> And the fates its final date
> To old age procrastinate;
> Guarding safe its privileges
> From upstart usurping bridges!"

Wilford Church, previously alluded to, with the rectory close by, is approached from the village green by an avenue of lofty elm trees, and in like manner the churchyard is enshrouded in a dense mass of foliage. The secluded position of the church near a broad bend of the river is still singularly beautiful, but the erection

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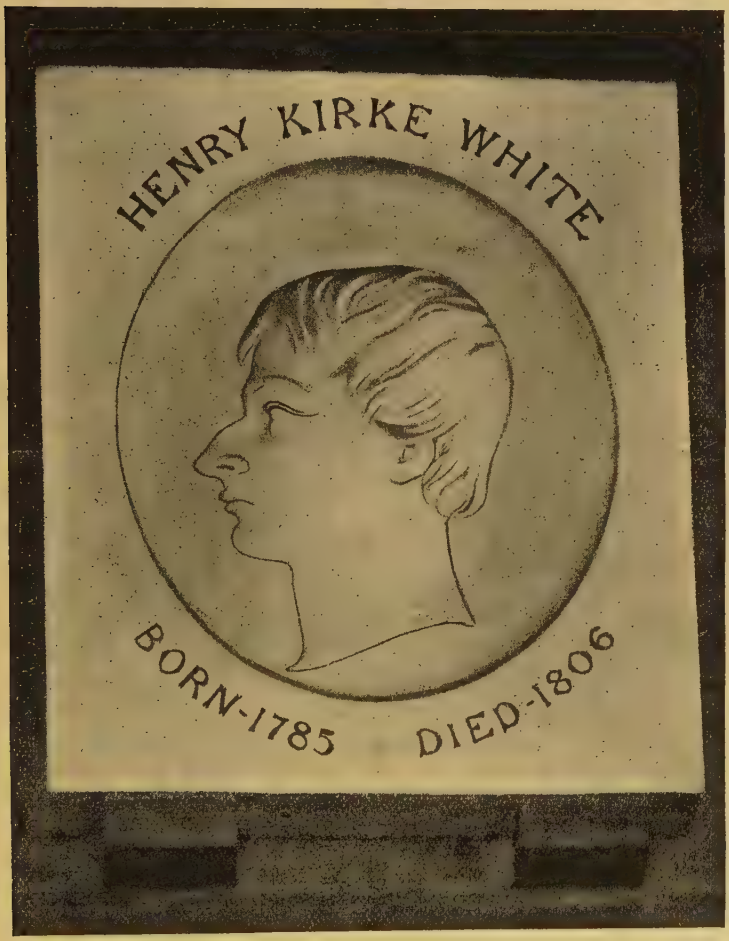
(1) The present Wilford Bridge, an iron structure of three main spans with six flood arches on either side, was commenced in 1863 by Sir Robert Juckes Clifton, Bart. (then M.P. for the borough of Nottingham, as he also was at the time of his death on May 30th, 1869), the owner of the Wilford and Clifton Estates, and the first pile was driven on May 1st in that year. On September 18th, 1864, the ancient ferry boat was superseded by a temporary wooden bridge for foot passengers and horses, which continued in use during the erection of the new iron bridge. The construction of the bridge was, however, suspended for a considerable period, but was opened on the same day as the Clifton Colliery (on the north side of the Trent, but in that part of Wilford parish which is opposite to Wilford Church), on June 16th, 1870, by Lady Clifton, the widow of Sir Robert. The announcement that Lady Clifton, who was a popular favourite, would open the bridge and colliery created great interest, and the double ceremony passed off in the presence of from 20,000 to 30,000 spectators in a manner in every way worthy of the importance of the occasion.

MEMORIAL WINDOW, WILFORD.

of the unsightly colliery works, just referred to, upon the opposite bank of the river have sorely marred and disfigured one of the most peculiarly picturesque spots of which Nottinghamshire could boast. The chancel,



which is a fine specimen of Perpendicular architecture, and has a somewhat remarkable turret enclosing the newel staircase to the old rood-loft, contains at the

eastern end of the south wall, a two-light square-headed window, filled with stained glass representing the Offerings of the Magi, and inscribed beneath ✠ IN· MEMORIAM·H·K·W. This window was inserted, over thirty years ago, by public subscription. Another memorial to the poet, which before the somewhat recent restoration of the church was also appropriately placed in the chancel on the south side of the arch, where it could be readily inspected, but which is now fixed high up in the centre of the north wall of the north aisle, where it has an insignificant appearance, is a well-executed white marble medallion bust of Henry Kirke White. The face is in profile to the left. Above appears the name HENRY·KIRKE·WHITE, and below BORN·1785+ DIED·1806.

In connection with the churchyard an interesting relic exists in a portion of an oak rail, which formed part of a fence at the west end of the graveyard. This fence was superseded some years ago by a stone wall, when the old timber was given to the rector's churchwarden, who discovered upon one of the pieces the initials H.K.W. cut with a knife. As the initials were found on the under side of the rail, it is conjectured that at some time the rail had been turned, thus preserving the initials of the poet. This "cherished relic," as its owner proudly describes it, is in the possession of a lady residing at Wilford.

Southey thus concludes his reference to White's month's holiday, part of which he spent at Wilford:— "Soon after the expiration of the month, intelligence arrived that the plans which had been formed in his behalf had entirely failed. He went immediately to his mother: 'All my hopes,' said he, 'of getting to the university are now blasted; in preparing myself for it,

I have lost time in my profession ; I have much ground to get up, and as I am determined not to be a *mediocre* attorney, I must endeavour to recover what I have lost.' The consequence was, that he applied himself more severely than ever to his studies. He now allowed himself no time for relaxation, little for his meals, and scarcely any for sleep. He would read till one, two, three o'clock in the morning ; then throw himself on the bed, and rise again to his work at five, at the call of a *larum* which he had fixed to a Dutch clock in his chamber. Many nights he never lay down at all. It was in vain that his mother used every possible means to dissuade him from this destructive application. In this respect, and in this only one, was Henry undutiful, and neither commands, nor tears, nor entreaties, could check his desperate and deadly ardour. At one time she went every night into his room, to put out his candle: as soon as he heard her coming upstairs, he used to hide it in a cupboard, throw himself into bed, and affect sleep while she was in the room ; then, when all was quiet, rise again, and pursue his baneful studies.

" 'The night,' says Henry in one of his letters, 'has been everything to me ; and did the world know how I have been indebted to the hours of repose, they would not wonder that night images are, as they judge, so ridiculously predominant in my verses.' During some of these midnight hours he indulged himself in complaining, but in such complaints that it is to be wished more of them had been found among his papers."

" His health soon sunk under these habits ; he became pale and thin, and at length had a sharp fit of sickness. On his recovery he wrote the following lines in the churchyard of his favourite village."

LINES

WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCH-YARD,
ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

HERE would I wish to sleep.—This is the spot
Which I have long mark'd out to lay my bones in;
Tir'd out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this yew I would be sepulchred.
It is a lovely spot! The sultry sun,
From his meridian height, endeavours vainly
To pierce the shadowy foliage, while the zephyr
Comes wafting gently o'er the ripling Trent,
And plays about my wan cheek. 'Tis a nook
Most pleasant: such a one perchance did Gray
Frequent, as with a vagrant Muse he wanton'd.

Come, I will sit me down and meditate,
For I am wearied with my summer's walk,
And here I may repose in silent ease;
And thus, perchance, when life's sad journey's o'er,
My harass'd soul, in this same spot, may find
The haven of its rest—beneath this sod
Perchance may sleep it sweetly, sound as death.

I would not have my corpse cemented down
With brick and stone, defrauding the poor earth-worm
Of its predestin'd dues; no, I would lie
Beneath a little hillock, grass o'ergrown,
Swath'd down with osiers, just as sleep the cotters.
Yet may not *undistinguish'd* be my grave;
But there at eve may some congenial soul
Duly resort and shed a pious tear,
The good man's benison—no more I ask.
And, oh! (if heavenly beings may look down
From where, with cherubim, inspir'd they sit,
Upon this little dim-discovered spot,
The earth,) then will I cast a glance *below*
On him who thus my ashes shall embalm;

And I will weep too, and will bless the wanderer,
Wishing he may not long be doom'd to pine
In this low-thoughted world of darkling woe,
But that, ere long, he reach his kindred skies.

Yet 'twas a silly thought, as if the body,
Mouldering beneath the surface of the earth,
Could taste the sweets of summer scenery,
And feel the freshness of the balmy breeze!
Yet nature speaks within the human bosom,
And, spite of reason, bids it look beyond
His narrow verge of being, and provide
A decent residence for its clayey shell,
Endeared to it by time. And who would lay
His body in the city burial-place,
To be thrown up again by some rude Sexton,
And yield its narrow house another tenant,
Ere the moist flesh had mingled with the dust,
Ere the tenacious hair had left the scalp,
Expos'd to insult lewd, and wantonness?
No, I will lay me in the *village* ground;
There are the dead respected. The poor hind,
Unlettered as he is, would scorn to invade
The silent resting-place of death. I've seen
The labourer, returning from his toil,
Here stay his steps, and call his children round,
And slowly spell the rudely sculptur'd rhymes,
And, in his rustic manner, moralize.
I've mark'd with what a silent awe he'd spoken.
With head uncover'd, his respectful manner,
And all the honours which he paid the grave,
And thought on cities, where ev'n cemeteries,
Bestrew'd with all the emblems of mortality,
Are not protected from the drunken insolence
Of wassailers profane, and wanton havoc.
Grant, Heav'n, that here my pilgrimage may close!
Yet, if this be deny'd, where'er my bones

May lie—or in the city's crowded bounds,
Or scatter'd wide o'er the huge sweep of waters,
Or left a prey on some deserted shore
To the rapacious cormorant,—yet still,
(For why should sober reason cast away
A thought which soothes the soul?)—yet still my spirit
Shall wing its way to these my native regions,
And hover o'er this spot. Oh, then I'll think
Of times when I was seated 'neath this yew
In solemn rumination; and will smile
With joy that I have got my long'd release.

Law abandoned.

SOUTHEY resumes his narrative by stating that White's friends were "of opinion that he never thoroughly recovered from the shock which his constitution had sustained. Many of his poems indicate that he thought himself in danger of consumption; he was not aware he was generating or fostering in himself another disease, little less dreadful, and which threatens intellect as well as life. At this time youth was in his favour, and his hopes, which were now again renewed, produced perhaps a better effect than medicine. Mr. Dashwood obtained for him an introduction to Mr. Simeon,[1] of King's College, and with this

(1). The Rev. Charles Simeon, fourth son of Richard Simeon, of Reading, by Elizabeth Hutton, was born at Reading, 24 September, 1759. On his father's side he was descended from the Simeons of Pyrton, Oxfordshire, the house from which John Hampden took his wife in 1619. His mother was of the same family as Matthew Hutton, Archbishop of York (1595), and the later Matthew Hutton, who became Archbishop of York in 1747, and Archbishop of Canterbury ten years later. His elder brother was Sir John Simeon, first Baronet, M.P., and senior Master of the Court of Chancery. As a schoolboy Simeon was mainly distinguished for a love of dress, and of athletics. He was educated at Eton, and at King's College, Cambridge, of which he

he was induced to go to Cambridge. Mr. Simeon from the recommendation which he received, and from the

REV. CHARLES SIMEON.

became a fellow in 1782, and ten years later vice-provost. He was appointed to the living of Holy Trinity, Cambridge, in 1783, and there he remained until his death. His love of horses was noted, and his charity extensive. Simeon was one of the founders of the Church Missionary Society in 1797. He was the author of "Horæ Homilecticæ,"

conversation he had with him, promised to procure for him a sizarship at St. John's, and, with the additional aid of a friend, to supply him with 30l. annually. His brother Neville promised twenty; and his mother, it was hoped, would be able to allow fifteen or twenty more. With this, it was thought, he could go through college. If this prospect had not been opened to him, he would probably have turned his thoughts towards the orthodox dissenters."

The following letter written by White to Southey shows the position of the former:—

"*Nottingham, July 9, 1804.*

* * * *

I can *now* inform you that I have reason to believe my way through college is clear before me. From what source I know not; but through the hands of Mr. Simeon I am provided with 30*l.* per annum; and while things go on so prosperously as they do now, I can command 20*l.* or 30*l.* more from my friends, and this in all probability, until I take my degree. The friends to whom I allude are my *mother* and *brother*.

My mother has, for these five years past, kept a boarding-school in Nottingham; and, so long as her school continues in its present state, she can supply me with 15*l.* or 20*l.* per annum without inconvenience; but should she die, (and her health is, I fear, but infirm,) that resource will altogether fail. Still I think my prospect is so good, as to preclude any anxiety on my part; and perhaps my income will be more than adequate to my wants, as I shall be a Sizar of St. John's, where the college emoluments are more than commonly large.

In this situation of my affairs, you will perhaps agree with me in thinking that a subscription for a

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for the copyright of which he received £5,000, upwards of three-fifths of which he devoted to missionary purposes. His influence upon evangelical thought was rendered the more lasting by his foundation of a body of trustees for acquiring church patronage, and administering it in accordance with his own views. He died at Cambridge on 13 November, 1836, and was buried in the chapel of his college.

volume of poems will not be necessary; and certainly that measure is one which will be better avoided if it may be. I have lately looked over what poems I have by me in manuscript, and find them more numerous than I expected; but many of them would perhaps be styled *mopish* and *mawkish*, and even *misanthropic*, in the language of the world; though, from the latter sentiment, I am sure I can say no one is more opposite than I am. These poems, therefore, will never see the light, as, from a teacher of that word which gives all strength to the feeble, more fortitude and Christian philosophy may, with justice, be expected than they display. The remainder of my verses would not possess any great interest; mere description is often mere nonsense; and I have acquired a strange habit, whenever I do point out a train of moral sentiment from the contemplation of a picture, to give it a gloomy and querulous cast, when there is nothing in the occasion but what ought to inspire joy and gratitude. I have one poem, however, of some length, which I shall preserve; and I have another of considerable magnitude in design, but of which only a part is written, which I am fairly at a loss whether to commit to the flames, or at some future opportunity to finish. The subject is the death of Christ. I have no friend, whose opinion is at all to be relied on, to whom I could submit it, and perhaps, after all, it may be absolutely worthless.

With regard to that part of my provision which is derived from my unknown friend, it is of course conditional; and as it is not a provision for a *poet*, but for a *candidate for orders*, I believe it is expected, and indeed it has been hinted as a thing advisable, that I should barter the muses for mathematics, and abstain from writing verses, at least until I take my degree. If I find that all my time will be requisite in order to *prepare* for the important office I am destined to fill, I shall certainly do my duty, however severely it may cost me; but if I find I may lawfully and conscientiously relax myself at intervals with those delightful reveries which have hitherto formed the chief pleasure of my life, I shall without scruple indulge myself in them."

* * * *

Southey, writing to his friend Richard Duppa, on

May 23rd, 1807, in referring to the "most cruel and insulting" criticism of White's "little volume of poems of very great merit," says "I was provoked, and wrote to encourage the boy, offering to aid him in a subscription for a costlier publication. I spoke of him in London, and had assurances of assistance from Sotheby, and by way of Wynn, from Lord Carysfort. His second letter to me, however, said he was going to Cambridge, under *Simeon's* protection. I plainly saw that the Evangelicals had caught him; and as he did not want what little help I could have procured, and I had no leisure for new correspondences, ceased to write to him, but did what good I could in the way of reviewing, and getting him friends at Cambridge."[1]

The following letter written to Mr. [John] Charlesworth throws some light on White's plans:—

"*Nottingham, 21st Aug. 1804.*

My dear C——,

* * * *

You must know, then, in the first place, (to begin methodically,) that, as I have a year to spare between the time when I should take my degree (were I to go to college now), and the period when I should be old enough to be ordained, it has been thought, that were I to delay going to Cambridge another twelve months, it would not retard any of my plans; at the same time that it would provide me with much better means of cutting a figure. Almond[2] stands *in eodem prædicamentô*,

(1) *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, iii., 91.

(2) The Rev. Robert White Almond, M.A., F.R.A.S., F.R.S., (White's fellow student at Winteringham) was born 25 December, 1786, and married at St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, Sarah Maria Russell, of the parish of St. Nicholas in that town. He was instituted to the Rectory of St. Peter's, Nottingham, in 1814, and held that benefice until his death. Mr. Almond greatly interested himself in the promotion of science. He died at his residence in Russell Street, Nottingham, 24 September, 1853, and was buried on the 30th of the same month, in the north-east angle of the chancel of St. Peter's Church. Tablets to the memory of himself, his wife, and family, are fixed on the north wall of the chancel.

(this is logical Latin), so we have agreed to go and study together under some able classic, and then to take all the University honours by storm.

I am advised to make Scotland the seat of my preparatory labours, not only on account of its being a learned soil, but on account of the cheap rate at which I may there live, and be taught. The largest sum I can afford to give for a year's board and tuition being 40*l.*, I believe it will be worth a man's while in Scotland, to take me and my friend for 80*l.*, and the only difficulty is, in finding a respectable man, and well-grounded classic, who will undertake the important task.

Almond conceives, that your good father is the surest source to obtain this information from, and we may, perhaps, trouble him to give us some intelligence, or directions to guide our applications, through your hands."

Matters having been satisfactorily arranged, White left Messrs. Coldham and Enfield in October, 1804.

How much he had conducted himself to the satisfaction of his masters will appear by the subsequent testimony of Mr. Enfield to his diligence and uniform worth. "I have great pleasure," says this gentleman, "in paying the tribute to his memory, of expressing the knowledge which was afforded me, during the period of his connection with Mr. Coldham and myself, of his diligent application, his ardour for study, and his virtuous and amiable disposition. He very soon discovered an unusual aptness in comprehending the routine of business, and great ability and rapidity in the execution of everything which was entrusted to him. His diligence and punctual attention were unremitted, and his services became extremely valuable a considerable time before he left us. He seemed to me to have no relish for the ordinary pleasures and dissipations of young men; his mind was perpetually employed either in the business of his profession, or in private study. With his fondness for literature we were well acquainted, but had no reason

to offer any check to it, for he never permitted the indulgence of his literary pursuits to interfere with the engagements of business. The difficulty of hearing, under which he laboured, was distressing to him in the practice of his profession, and was, I think, an inducement, in co-operation with his other inclinations, for his resolving to relinquish the law. I can, with truth, assert that his determination was matter of serious regret to my partner and myself."

Halloughton.

HALLOUGHTON, a small retired village occupying an eminence one and a half miles south-west from Southwell, and twelve and a half miles north-east from Nottingham, was, we are credibly informed, one of the favourite haunts of Henry Kirk White, a fact which we have not hitherto seen recorded.

In the early part of the last century there resided in the second farm-house to the west of the church a family named Tongue, whom White visited on several occasions after the publication of his "Clifton Grove," and presumably prior to his residence at Winteringham. As the Tongue family retired to bed early, White would, on mild, moonlight nights, go out after supper and spend half the night meditating in solitude in Halloughton church-yard. There is a very ancient yew in the spacious grave-yard—of the latter it has been stated that "the enormous extent of churchyard was striking in a parish where the population had always been so small."[1]

Facing the church are the remains of the manor house formerly belonging to the Prebend of Halloughton

(1) *Transactions of the Thoroton Society*, 1898. page 39.

in the Collegiate Church of Southwell. The principal surviving building, of the latter part of the fourteenth century may "be described as a low stone tower, of which the basement formed a storeplace, and above that a pleasant chamber facing south with one more room at the top."[1] Adjoining is a spacious farm-house in the

occupation of Mr. Daft. To the east of this manor house is a large field, in which, against the bend of the road leading to Thurgarton, stands a large tree, known as the "elephant tree," from the similarity of its curious roots to the head and trunk of an elephant.

Halloughton Church, as seen by Henry Kirk White, was a small Early English edifice, consisting simply of a nave and chancel, which in the year 1879-80 had become so dilapidated that almost entire re-building was necessary. The old lines were followed, with the addition of a small north vestry and south porch, and the substitution of a bell-cote (containing two bells) for a

(1) *Ibid.*, p. 40.

quaint cupola. The east wall of the chancel, with its two lancet windows, was found solid enough to stand, and all other ancient features have been carefully preserved. All that remained of the rood screen, a beautiful specimen of fifteenth century woodwork, has been preserved and replaced in its original position.

The picturesque situation of Halloughton is quite suggestive of poetry—in fact old Mr. T. Daft, of the Prebend House Farm, some years since, published a book of poems, not remarkable, except as showing his wonderful love of nature.

Winteringham.

SOUTHEY thus continues his narrative of White's career at the point where he left Messrs. Coldham and Enfield's office in October, 1804:—

"Mr. Simeon had advised him to *degrade* for a year, and place himself, during that time, under some scholar. He went accordingly to the Rev. — Grainger, of Winteringham, in Lincolnshire, and there, notwithstanding all the entreaties of his friends, pursuing the same unrelenting course of study, a second illness was the consequence. When he was recovering, he was prevailed upon to relax, to ride on horseback, and to drink wine; these latter remedies he could not long afford, and he would not allow himself time for relaxation when he did not feel its immediate necessity. He frequently, at this time, studied fourteen hours a day: the progress which he made in twelvemonths was indeed astonishing: when he went to Cambridge, he was immediately as much distinguished for his classical knowledge as his genius: but the seeds of death were in him, and the place to which he had so long looked on with hope, served unhappily as

a hot-house to ripen them."

Southey states, in a footnote, "During his residence in my family, says Mr. Grainger, his conduct was highly becoming and suitable to a Christian profession. He was mild and inoffensive, modest, unassuming, and affectionate. He attended with great cheerfulness, a Sunday school which I was endeavouring to establish in the village, and was at considerable pains in the instruction of the children; and I have repeatedly observed, that he was most pleased, and most edified, with such of my sermons and addresses to my people, as were most close, plain, and familiar. When we parted, we parted with mutual regret; and by us his name will long be remembered with affection and delight."

The following letters, and selected extracts from letters, written by White during his stay at Wintering-ham, are of great interest. They describe, in vivid language, the topography of the district, refer in pleasing terms to his tutor and his wife, to his studies, his illnesses, amusements, family interests, and religious convictions, to his isolation with regard to literary information, and to his adventures by water when visiting Hull and other neighbouring places. It will be observed that White visited Nottingham during a vacation in the months of June and July, 1805. The first letter is apparently addressed to the Rev. Charles Simeon.

"*Wintringham, ——, 1804.*

DEAR SIR,

In consequence of your letter of the 8th August last, I took the liberty of writing to Mr. Atkinson, requesting his advice and directions, as you signified your wish that I should. I received, in answer, the letter which I have copied *first* on the other side. Since I had myself written to Mr. Atkinson, stating, that in pursuance of your

advice, I declined the assistance, for the offer of which I was indebted to the Society; and as I also understood you had written to the same effect, I did not exactly understand the purport of this letter. Mr. Dashwood was of opinion, that I had no time to lose; and at the recommendation of the Rev. Mr. Cocker,[1] of Bunny, near Nottingham, *he* procured me a tutor in the Rev. L. Grainger, of Wintringham, Lincolnshire, who was once an usher in Mr. Joseph Milner's school at Hull. With this gentleman I have now been three weeks. I have this evening received from Mr. Atkinson, the letter which is *last* copied on the other side; and unless the steps Mr. A. has taken are in consequence of some arrangement between him and you, and of which I am ignorant, I am at a loss to account for the intelligence it contains. I take it for granted, however, that things remain in their former train, and that a misunderstanding has arisen from the want of sufficient explicitness in my letters.

I feel particularly uneasy with regard to this apparent misunderstanding. As Mr. Atkinson, for whose friendly offices I am greatly indebted, may think I am making an unhandsome return for the trouble he has taken on my behalf; and the Society may, with seeming justice, be displeased at my taking up their time and attention to no purpose, I am anxious to remove any ill impression which may be made in the minds of these gentlemen; and if I might hope that you would take the trouble of making the necessary explanations to Mr. Atkinson, I should be happy in the confidence, that all has been done which is necessary to clear up the mistake."

* * * *

(1) The Rev. William Bayley Cocker, M.A., was instituted to the Vicarage of Bunny, Notts., 12 November, 1801, on the presentation of Sir Thomas Parkyns, Bart. On the same day he was instituted to the adjoining Vicarage of Ruddington, on the presentation of William, Duke of Devonshire, and held both benefices until his death 25 April, 1823, aged 50 years. He was buried in the chancel of Bunny Church where a floorstone states, or stated, after recording his death, that "The following words are inscribed by his own desire 'In the day of judgment it will be seen what he was.'" There is also a small marble tablet to his memory in Ruddington Church. He was succeeded in the latter benefice by the Rev. Edward Selwyn, B.A., on the presentation of the Rev. Charles Simeon, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and four others. Simeon's Trustees are still patrons of this living.

It is difficult to understand the date (August 3rd, 1804) of the following letter written by White to his friend Benjamin Maddock, of Nottingham. Southey states that White "quitted his employers in October, 1804;" on October 20th, 1804, White wrote from Winteringham to Kirke Swann—"We are safely arrived, and comfortably settled in the parsonage of Winteringham;" and, on September 10th, 1805, White wrote from Winteringham to Capel Lofft—"Your letter has at length reached me at this place, where I have been for the last ten months employed in classical reading with Mr. Grainger." It will be observed that many of White's letters are undated (a culpable omission on the part of a lawyer's clerk), which may account for a wrong date having been inadvertently assigned to the following missive.

To Mr. Benjamin Maddock.

"*Winteringham, Aug. 3, 1804.*

My dear Ben,

I am all anxiety to learn the issue of your proposal to your father. Surely it will proceed; surely a plan laid out with such fair prospects of happiness to you, as well as me, will not be frustrated. Write to me the moment you have any information on the subject.

I think we shall be happy together at Cambridge; and in the ardent progress of Christian knowledge, and *Christian* virtue, we shall be doubly united. We were before friends!—now, I hope, likely to be still more emphatically so. But I must not anticipate.

I left Nottingham without seeing my brother Neville, who arrived there two days after me. This is a circumstance which I much regret; but I hope he will come this way when he goes, according to his intention, to a watering-place. Neville has been a good brother to me; and there are not many things which would give me more pleasure than, after so long a separation, to see him again. I dare not hope that I shall meet you and him together in October at Nottingham.

My days flow on here in an even tenor. They are indeed studious days, for my studies seem to multiply on my hands, and I am so much occupied with them that I am becoming a mere book-worm, running over the rules of Greek versification in my walks, instead of expatiating on the beauties of the surrounding scenery. Winteringham is indeed now a delightful place; the trees are in full verdure, the crops are browning the fields, and my former walks are become dry under foot, which I have never known them to be before. The opening vista, from our church-yard, over the Humber, to the hills and receding vales of Yorkshire, assumes a thousand new aspects. I sometimes watch it at evening, when the sun is just gilding the summits of the hills, and the lowlands are beginning to take a browner hue. The showers partially falling in the distance, while all is serene above me; the swelling sail rapidly falling down the river; and, not least of all, the villages, woods, and villas on the opposite bank, sometimes render this scene quite enchanting to me; and it is no contemptible relaxation, after a man has been puzzling his brains over the intricacies of Greek chorusses all the day, to come out and unbend his mind with careless thought and negligent fancies, while he refreshes his body with the fresh air of the country."

* * * *

To Mr. Kirke Swann.[1]

"*Winteringham, Oct. 20, 1804.*

Dear Kirke,

We are safely arrived, and comfortably settled in

(1) Kirk Swann was the eldest son of Alderman Edward Swann, Grocer, of Long Row, Nottingham (one of the Sheriffs of that town in 1784, and Mayor in 1805 and 1812), and his wife, Mary Maddock, whom he married at St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, on the First of March, 1780. A monumental inscription in the burial ground adjoining Castle Gate Chapel, Nottingham, states that Alderman Swann died in London 26 December 18[ ], aged [60] years, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. The date of death is worn away, but as his name occurs in the Nottingham Directory of 1815, but is omitted from that of 1818, it may be assumed that he died between those years. Mrs. Swann (Mary Maddock) died 14 November, 1799, aged 44 years, and was buried in Castle Gate Chapel-yard, where also several of her children are interred. Kirk Swann was baptized at the Independent Chapel in Castle Gate, Notting-

the parsonage of Winteringham. The house is most delightfully situated close by the church, at a distance

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ham, 24 July, 1784, as "Kirk, son of Edward & Mary Swann," and with the same fore-name was appointed to the office of First Chamberlain of the Corporation of Nottingham on 29 September, 1808. Before this date he had, like Henry Kirk*e* White and John Nevill*e* White, tacked the letter *e* on to Kirk, and became Kirk*e* Swann. He carried on the business of a hosier, first in Mount Street and afterwards in St. James's Street. He was one of the Sheriffs of Nottingham in 1809 and again in 1827. He was also a Captain in the Nottinghamshire Local Militia, and devoted much of his time to the study of archæology. He purchased a garden at the corner of Church Street and Priory Street, Lenton, which contained the only remains of the once great Priory of Lenton solely with the object of their preservation. Mr. Swann died at his residence on St. James's Terrace, Nottingham, in March, 1858. His son, the Rev. Samuel Kirke Swann, M.A., who was for many years Curate of Gedling, Notts., was baptized at Castle Gate Chapel, Nottingham, 12 April, 1816, the entry [No. 2018] in the register being "Samuel Kirke, son of Kirke Swann and of Lucy his wife, born in the parish of St. Nicholas, March 27, 1816, baptized by R. Alliott." Mr. Swann, who was a voracious book-worm, for many years owned, and zealously guarded, the remains of Lenton Priory previously referred to. These, with some adjacent property, he bequeathed to the late Lieut.-Col. A. E. Lawson Lowe, F.S.A., eldest son of his cousin, Edward Joseph Lowe, Esq., F.R.S., the eminent meteorologist. Mr. Swann, who possessed an estate at Forest Hill, Warsop, died at Carlton, near Nottingham, 20 November, 1886, aged 70 years, and was buried at Warsop on the 25th of that month.

Mr. John C. Warren, of Nottingham, solicitor, has in his possession some notes written by Mr. John Crosby, many years since Postmaster of Nottingham, which show that Henry Kirk White's mother was the niece of Samuel Kirk, of Long Row, Nottingham, Grocer, who also had another niece, Mary Maddock, married as above stated, to Ald. Edward Swann. From this it appears that Henry Kirk White and Kirk Swann were second cousins, and accounts for each bearing the name of Kirk. The above Samuel Kirk, of the parish of St. Mary, Nottingham, married at St. Peter's Church in the same town, 8 January, 1740, Ann Smith, of the latter parish. He died 23 January, 1780, aged 66, and his wife died 22 January, 1774, aged 74 years. Both are buried in Castle Gate Chapel-yard. It has been observed on page 69 *ante* that Henry Kirk White's eldest sister married Joshua Smith, of Nottingham. Possibly he was some relation of the above Ann Smith. A curious association of the names of *Kirk* and *White* occurs in the marriage, on 25 April, 1793, at St. Nicholas's Church, Nottingham, of Thomas Kirk, of that parish and Mary White, of the parish of St. George, Westminster, in the County of Middlesex, but whether any relationship existed between these persons and the families of the same name previously referred to is unknown to us.

from the village, and with delightful gardens behind, and the Humber before. The family is very agreeable, and the style in which we live is very superior. Our tutor is not only a learned man, but the best pastor, and most pleasing domestic man, I ever met with. You will be glad to hear we are thus charmingly situated. I have reason to thank God for his goodness in leading me to so peaceful and happy a situation."

* * * *

To His Mother.

"*Winteringham, Dec. 16, 1804.*

My Dear Mother,

Since I wrote to you last, I have been rather ill, having caught cold, which brought on a slight fever. Thanks to excellent nursing, I am now pretty much recovered, and only want strength to be perfectly re-established. Mr. Grainger is himself a very good physician; but when I grew worse, he deemed it necessary to send for a medical gentleman from Barton; so that, in addition to my illness, I expect an apothecary's bill. This, however, will not be a very long one, as Mr. Grainger has chiefly supplied me with drugs. It is judged absolutely necessary that I should take wine, and that I should ride. It is with very great reluctance that I agree to incur these additional expences, and I shall endeavour to cut them off as soon as possible. Mrs. and Mr. Grainger have behaved like parents to me since I have been ill: four and five times in the night has Mr. G. come to see me; and had I been at home, I could not have been treated with more tenderness and care. Mrs. Grainger has insisted on my drinking their wine, and was very angry when I made scruples; but I cannot let them be at all this additional expence—in some way or other I must pay them, as the sum I now give, considering the mode in which we are accommodated, is very trifling. Mr. Grainger does not keep a horse, so that I shall be obliged to hire one; but there will be no occasion for this for any length of time, as my strength seems to return as rapidly as it was rapidly reduced. Don't make yourself in the least uneasy about this, I pray, as I am quite recovered, and not at all apprehensive of any consequences. I have no cough, nor any symptom

which might indicate an affection of the lungs. I read very little at present.

I thought it necessary to write to you on this subject now, as I feared you might have an exaggerated account from Mr. Almond's friends, and alarm yourself."

* * * *

To His Brother Neville.

"*Winteringham, Dec. 27, 1804.*

My dear Brother,

I have been very much distressed at the receipt of your letter, accompanied by one from my mother, one from my sister, and from Mr. Dashwood, and Kirke Swann, all on the same subject; and greatly as I feel for all the kindness and affection which has prompted these remonstrances, I am quite harassed with the idea that you should not have taken my letter as a plain account of my illness, without any wish to hide from you that I had been ill somewhat seriously, but that I was indeed better.

I can now assure you that I am perfectly recovered, and am as well as I have been for some time past. My sickness was merely a slight fever, rather of a nervous kind, brought on by a cold, and soon yielded to the proper treatment. I do assure you, simply and plainly, that I am now as well as ever.

With regard to study, I do assure you that Mr. Grainger will not suffer us to study at all hard; our work at present is mere play. I am always in bed at ten o'clock, and take two walks in the day, besides riding, when the weather will permit.

Under these circumstances, my dear brother may set his mind perfectly at ease. Even change of air sometimes occasions violent attacks, but they leave the patient better than they found him.

I shall continue to drink wine, though I am convinced there is no necessity for it. My appetite is amazingly large—much larger than when at Nottingham.

I shall come to an arrangement with Mr. Grainger immediately, and I hope you will not write to him about it. If Mr. Eddy, the surgeon, thinks it at all necessary for me to do this constantly, I declare to you that I will; but remember, if I should form a habit of this now, it

may be a disadvantage to me when possibly circumstances may render it inconvenient—as when I am at college.

My spirits are completely knocked up by the receipt of all the letters I have at one moment received. My mother got a gentleman to mention it to Mr. Dashwood, and still representing that my illness was occasioned by study—a thing than which none can be more remote from the truth, as I have, from conscientious motives, given up hard study until I find my health better.

I cannot write more, as I have the other letters to answer. I am going to write to Barton, expressly to get advantage of the post for this day, in order that you may no longer give yourself a moment's uneasiness, where there is in reality no occasion.

Give my affectionate love to James,
And believe me, my dear Neville,
Your truly affectionate Brother,
H. K. White."

To Mr. Kirke Swann.

"*Wintringham, December, 1804.*

My dear Kirke,

The affection of my friends cannot fail to give me pleasure, and, I assure you, this testimony of your's has occasioned me no little satisfaction; but I must still assure you, that I am perfectly recovered, and as well as I ever felt myself in my life. My disorder was a slight fever of the nervous kind, brought on by a cold, and although I was for a time very ill, I hope the event, like all other seeming evils in the hand of Providence, will turn out for my advantage. I assure you, you would not despair of me *if you saw me eat*. I have already a good *stock* of appetite, and can hew my way through a piece of bread and cheese with considerable agility and effect. Seriously, I have from conscientious motives given up too intense study; and as the great end which I set before me is not the attainment of learning, but utility in the ministry of Christ, I shall take especial care not to let the pursuit of letters interfere with the prospect of ministerial usefulness.

With regard to your visit to these parts of the world, I will give you the same advice as I gave to my friend

. . . '*Let it be, till the summer months.*' You cannot well conceive the bleak and uncomfortable state of the country here at this season; the plains are either under water, or so intersected with drains, that walking in the lowlands is almost impracticable. Wintringham has now few charms even for us, fond as we are of it. Glad as I should be to see you again, I should feel almost a pride in showing you the village in all its beauty, rather than at its greatest disadvantage."

* * * *

To Mr. John Charlesworth.

(Translated from the Latin.)

Winteringham, ——, 1804.

Dear Friend,[1]

I should be ashamed of the infrequency of my letters if I did not feel that it was partly due to you. I did not receive your letters before the 1st of December, a delay which was distressing to me, easier however to bear so long as it was made quite evident that I had not slipped entirely out of your recollection.

I was pleased when I heard from your letter addressed to friend Robert that you had been applying yourself, and intended to apply yourself, to Greek, at which you must continue to work hard with your highly cultured tutor. I am quite sure that, under his guidance, you will turn out a learned man and a finished scholar in all sound learning, not however resting satisfied with these accomplishments, but aiming at higher things, namely, the salvation of mankind and a knowledge of the holy mysteries of the word of God.

I am only just recovering, my friend, from the serious illness from which I have been suffering: only just beginning to drag into the open air my drooping and enfeebled limbs. Touched by the parching hand of fever I have spent long weary nights in tears and groans. I saw when I was brought face to face with death, then I saw all things made clearer: I became aware that I had

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(1) This letter is not to be considered as a specimen of Henry's Latinity. It was written when he was only beginning those classical studies in which he afterwards made such progress. — *(Southey's footnote.)*

not sufficiently kept the faith of Christ, that I had not faithfully lived my life as a servant of God. My illness revealed many things before hidden from me. This is what I felt and all, be they indeed religious and good, will feel the same. But I especially have had reason for humbling myself and throwing myself submissively at the foot of the cross. Nay more, I even shed floods of tears and sometimes the comfort of the Holy Spirit calmed the tumult of my soul. O! that I may always keep in mind the impression made in my recent danger!

I have no doubt you will be pleased to hear something of our ways and studies. Our tutor, named Grainger, had not a college education, for all that he is a man of no inconsiderable learning and pre-eminent for piety. He was an assistant master in the school of that learned and much to be respected man Joseph Milner, who loved and honoured him. His manners are pleasing and affable, agreeably tempered with courtesy and grace, though at times his face wears a look of forbidding sternness. Gentle towards the good, to the bad he behaves rather hardly. He is in almost an equal degree a careful pastor, an excellent man, and a good tutor. With him we read in Greek Homer, Demosthenes, and the Holy Scriptures, in Latin Virgil, Cicero, and occasionally in school Terence. We also write Latin for the sake both of syntax and style; however (witness this letter) I need not tell you what small progress I make. In writing Latin, contrary to my usual experience in English, I am slow, dull and clumsy. The words ooze out ah! how slowly, and when at last they have emerged how inelegant they are! I hope however by practice and careful attention and then by Latin conservations to obtain some facility, at present I generally have to be satisfied to long and toil, achieving little though attempting great things.

You are aware, no doubt, that we are living in the small town of Winteringham situated on the banks of the Humber, but perhaps you have not yet realized that it is a country spot, very charming with streams, hills, fields, and every beauty. Our house is close to the church; behind are delightful gardens, and a terrace thickly planted with trees, on which we usually take our walk. All round are country villages to which at holiday times we go after breakfast. There is a village called

Whitton, where from a high rock you can see the river Trent flowing into the spacious Humber, and a little further up the river Ouse.

Below at the foot of shady rocks is a spring which has the power of turning other materials into stone; from a very high rock it runs down to the shore changing into stone on its way, moss, shells, and the lighter branches of trees. Within view of the house rise on the other side of the Humber the Yorkshire Hills, thickly studded with woods and villages, at one time smiling in the rays of the sun, at another frowning with clouds and storms. Vessels with their sails filled with the wind glide by in front of the windows at a little distance away; while above in the air high overhead huge flocks of geese fly to and fro with long-drawn clamour.

* * * *

Farewell. Yours, while life shall last,

H. K. White.

To His Brother James.

"Midway between Winteringham and Hull, Jan. 11, 1805.

Dear James,

You will not be surprised at the style of this letter, when I tell you it is written in the Winteringham Packet, on a heap of flour-bags surrounded by a drove of 14 pigs, who raise the most hideous roar every time the boat rolls. I write with a silver pen, and with a good deal of shaking, so you may expect very bad scribbling. I am now going to Hull, where I have a parcel to send to my mother, and I would not lose the opportunity of writing.

* * * *

I must not conceal from you that I am very sorry you do not attend some eminent minister in the church, such as Mr. Cecil, or Mr. Pratt, or Mr. Crowther, in preference to the meeting; since I am convinced a man runs less danger of being misled, or of building on false foundations, in the establishment, than out, and this too for plain reasons—Dissenters are apt to think they are religious, *because* they are dissenters—'for,' argue they, 'if we had not a regard for religion, why should we leave

the establishment at all? The very act of leaving it shows we have a regard for religion, because we manifest an aversion to its abuses.' Besides this, at the meeting-house you are not likely to hear plain and unwelcome truths so honestly told as in the church, where the minister is not so dependent on his flock; and the prayers are so properly selected, that you will meet with petitions calculated for all your wants, bodily and spiritual, without being left at the mercy of the minister to pray for what and in what manner he likes. Remember these are not offered as reasons why you should always attend the church, but to put you in mind that there are advantages there which you should avail yourself of, instead of making invidious comparisons between the two institutions."

* * * *

To Mr. Benjamin Maddock.

"*Winteringham, Jan. 31, 1805.*

Dear Ben,

* * * *

I continue to be better in health, although the weather is a great obstacle to my taking a proper proportion of exercise. I have had a trip to Hull of late, and saw the famous painter R——[1] there, with

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(1) John Russell, R.A., is the artist referred to. He was born in March, 1745, at Guildford, being the son of John Russell, book and print seller in Guildford, and five times Mayor of that town. He was educated at the Guildford Grammar School, and at an early age apprenticed by his father to Francis Cotes, of Cavendish Square, London. When nineteen years of age he was converted by the Methodists, and his evangelical ardour caused disputes with his master and his own family. At home or abroad, in season and out of season, he never ceased from preaching and disputation. He endeavoured to convert as well as paint his sitters, and excited such ill-feeling that, in 1767, he was refused accommodation at all the inns at Midhurst. He was shortly afterwards, in 1768, the cause of a riot at Guildford. In 1788 he was elected a Royal Academician, and was later commissioned by the King to paint portraits of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Russell was in good circumstances, commanding about the same prices as Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was also an astronomer, and made, with the assistance of his daughter, a lunar map, which he engraved on two plates which formed a globe showing the visible surface of the moon. It took twenty years to finish, and is now in the Radcliffe Observatory at Oxford. He died at Hull, of typhus fever, 20 April, 1806, and was buried under the choir of Holy Trinity Church, in that town.

whom I had a good deal of talk. He is a pious man, and a great astronomer ; but in manners and appearance a complete artist. I rather think he is inclined to Hutchinsonian principles, and entertains no great reverence for Sir Isaac Newton.

* * * *

"*Winteringham, Feb. 5, 1805.*

DEAR MOTHER,

* * * *

The spectacles for my father, are I hope, such as will enable him to read with ease, *although they are not set in silver*. If they hurt him through stiffness, I think the better way will be to wear them with the *two end joints shut to*, and with a piece of riband to go round the back of the head, &c. The Romaine's Sermons, and the Cheap Tracts, are books which I thought might be useful. You may think I am not privileged to make presents, since they will in the end come out of your pocket; but I am not in want of cash at present, and have reason to believe, from my own calculations, I shall not have occasion to call upon you for what I know you can so ill spare. I was quite vexed afterwards that I did not send you all the volumes of the Cheap Repository, as the others, which are the *general tracts*, and such as are more entertaining, would have been well adapted to your library. When I next go to Hull, I purpose buying the remaining volumes; and when I next have occasion to send a parcel you will receive them. The volume you have got contains all the *Sunday* reading tracts, and on that account I send it separately. As I have many things to remind me of my sister Smith, I thought (though we neither of us need such mementos) that she would not be averse to receive the sermons of the great and good, though in some respects singular Romaine, at my hands, as what old-fashioned people call *a token of a brother's love*, but what in more courtly phrase is denominated *a memento of affection*."

TO MR. SERJEANT ROUGH.

"*Winteringham, Feb. 17, 1805.*

MY DEAR SIR,

* * * *

In this remote corner of the world, where we have

neither books nor booksellers, I am as ignorant of the affairs of the literary world as an inhabitant of Siberia. Sometimes the newspaper gives me some scanty hints; but as I do not see a review, I cannot be said to hold converse with the *Republic*. Pray, is the voice of the Muses quiet suspended in the clang of arms, or do they yet sing, though unheeded? *All* literary information will be to me quite new and interesting; but do not suppose I hope to intrude on your more valuable time with these things. When you shall have leisure, I hope to hear from you; and whatever you say, coming from you, it cannot fail to interest.

Believe me, Dear Sir,
Very sincerely yours,
H. K. White."

To Mr. Benjamin Maddock.

"*Winteringham, March 1, 1805.*

My Dear Ben,

* * * *

Sadness is in itself sometimes infinitely more pleasing than joy; but this sadness must be of the expansion and generous kind, rather referring to mankind at large than the individual; and this is a feeling not incompatible with cheerfulness and a contented spirit. There is difficulty, however, in setting bounds to a pensive disposition; I have felt it, and I have felt that I am not always adequate to the task. I sailed from Hull to Barton the day before yesterday, on a rough and windy day, in a vessel filled with a marching regiment of soldiers, the band played finely, and I was enjoying the many pleasant emotions which the water, sky, winds, and musical instruments excited, when my thoughts were suddenly called away to more melancholy subjects. A girl genteelly dressed, and with a countenance which, for its loveliness, a painter might have copied for Hebe, with a loud laugh seized me by the great coat, and asked me to lend it her; she was one of those unhappy creatures who depend on the brutal and licentious for a bitter livelihood, and was now following in the train of one of the officers. I was greatly affected by her appearance and situation, and more so by that of another

female who was with her, and who, with less beauty, had a wild sorrowfulness in her face, which showed she knew her situation. This incident, apparently trifling, induced reflections which occupied me fully during a walk of six or seven miles to our parsonage. At first I wished that I had fortune to erect an asylum for all the miserable and destitute;—and there was a soldier's wife, with a wan and haggard face, and a little infant in her arms, whom I would also have wished to place in it:—I then grew out of humour with the world, because it was so unfeeling and so miserable, and because there was no cure for its miseries; and I wished for a lodging in the wilderness, where I might hear no more of wrongs, affliction, or vice; but, after all my speculations, I found there was a reason for these things in the gospel of Jesus Christ, and that to those who sought it there was also a cure: so I banished my vain meditations, and knowing that God's providence is better able to direct the affairs of men than our wisdom, I leave them in his hands"

* * * *

To Mr. Kirke Swann.

"*Winteringham, March 16, 1805.*

Dear Kirke,

* * * *

I was affected by the death of young B——. He once called upon me with Mr. H——when I was very ill, and on that occasion Mr. H—— said to us both, '*Young men, I would have you both pack off to Lisbon, for you won't last long if you stay here.*' Mr. H—— was then about to set out for Hamburgh; and he told me afterwards that he never expected to see me again, for that he thought I was more desperately gone in consumption than B——. Yet you see how the good providence of God has spared me, and I am yet living, as I trust, to serve him with all my strength. Had I died then, I should have perished for ever; but I have now hope, through the Lord Jesus, that I shall see the day of death with joy, and possibly be the means of rescuing others from a similar situation. I certainly thought of the ministry at first with improper motives, and my views of Christianity were for a long time very obscure; but I have, I trust, gradually been growing out of dark-

ness into light, and I feel a well-grounded hope that God has sanctified my heart for great and valuable purposes. Woe unto me if I frustrate his designs!"

* * * *

To Mr. R. Wortley.[1]

"Winteringham, 8th April, 1805.

My Dear Sir,

From the hand-writing, I apprehend I am indebted to you for a '*Nottingham Journal*,' which has brought intelligence most interesting to Almond and myself.

The subscription for the chapel of ease[2] is a very spirited one; and I think you are beginning with the most prosperous omens. I hope the undertaking will meet with yet higher protection than that of great men and rich; and that, what is designed for the honour of God, will not be destitute of his all-powerful aid. Humanly speaking, there is only one impediment in your way, and that is the clause vesting the presentation in the hands of *trustees*. There is a bishop in the house who makes it a rule to oppose every bill of this kind, where the appointment of the minister is not placed in the hands of the vicar or rector of the parish. The chapel in which Mr. Atkinson preaches at Leeds, was highly favoured, for the *second* presentation was vested in Mr. Atkinson and his representatives.

It may be, that as this clause is inserted with the express concurrence of the vicar, and as he and the patron have both of them votes, this objection may be

(1) Probably identical with "Wortley R. *Warehouse-man*, High-pavement," who occurs in the Nottingham Directory of 1799.

(2) On 5 April, 1805, a public meeting was held at Thurland Hall, Nottingham, D. P. Coke, Esq., M.P., in the chair, at which it was unanimously resolved, "That, owing to the very great increase of inhabitants, a new church in the parish of St. Mary, Nottingham, is indispensably necessary." A very liberal subscription was immediately commenced. In consequence, however, of the determined opposition of the vicar of the parish, seconded by the patron of the living, the design, promising as it at first appeared, was in the course of a few weeks, abandoned. (*Nottingham Date-Book*, 1880, p. 253). In August, 1807, however, the same promoters obtained an Act of Parliament to erect the present church of St. James, on extra-parochial land called Standard Hill, just without the boundary of the town and which was consecrated 13 June, 1809.

in some measure obviated; but I should think the committee will rather choose that an amendment should be made, than the bill be thrown out in the Upper House. Mr. Grainger thinks this is a serious objection, and, indeed, he has had experience of its being so, for the chapel wherein Mr. D . . . preaches at H . . ., is confined in the same manner, and for the same reasons, to the vicarage.

Mr. Dashwood's[1] departure will, I doubt not, occasion you all much regret. I have no doubt his reasons for the step are very cogent. His place will not speedily be supplied, and even if you are very fortunate, you will be obliged, in all probability, to put up with a much less attractive, if not a less powerful preacher. His ministry has been blessed, as we can all testify, with uncommon success.

For my own part, slow as have been my advances in the wisdom of the gospel, and small as in comparison they at this moment continue to be, I still owe to Mr. Dashwood more than the most unbounded gratitude can adequately express: nothing less than my all.

* * * *

To His Brother.

"Winteringham, April 1805.

Dear Neville,

* * * *

Almond and I took a small boat on Monday, and set out for Hull, a distance of thirteen miles, as some compute it, though others make it less. We went very merrily with a good pair of oars, until we came within four miles of Hull, when, owing to some hard working, we were quite exhausted; but as the tide was nearly down, and the shore soft, we could not get to any villages on the banks. At length we made Hull, and just arrived in time to be grounded in the middle of the harbour, without any possible means of getting ashore till the flux of flood. As we were half famished, I determined to wade ashore for provisions, and had the satisfaction of getting above the knees in mud almost every step I made. When I got ashore, I recollected I had given

(1) Curate of St. Mary's, Nottingham, referred to in a previous note.

Almond all my cash. This was a terrible dilemma: to return back was too laborious, and I expected the tide flowing every minute. At last I determined to go to the inn where we usually dine when we go to Hull, and try how much credit I possessed there, and I happily found no difficulty in procuring refreshments which I carried off in triumph to the boat. Here new difficulties occurred; for the tide had flowed in considerably during my absence, although not sufficiently to move the boat, so that my wade was much worse back than it had been before. On our return, a most placid and calm day was converted into a cloudy one and we had a brisk gale in our teeth. Knowing we were quite safe, we struck across from Hull to Barton; and when we were off Hazel Whelps, a place which is always rough, we had some tremendous swells which we weathered admirably, and (bating our getting on the side of a bank, owing to the deceitful appearance of the coast) we had a prosperous voyage home, having rowed twenty-six miles in less than five hours.

* * * *

"*Winteringham, April 12, 1805.*

My Dear Mother,

* * * *

I have constructed a planetarium, or *orrery*, of a very simple kind, which cannot fail to give even children an idea of the order and course of the heavenly bodies. I shall write a few plain and simple lectures upon it, with lessons to be got off by heart by the children, so that you will be able, without any difficulty, to teach them the rudiments of astronomy. The machine, simple as it may seem, is such that you cannot fail to understand the planetary system by it; and were it not that I cannot afford the additional expence, I could make it much more complete and interesting. You must not expect anything striking in the instrument itself, as it only consists of an index-plate, with rods and balls.—It will explain the situation of the planets, their courses, the motion of the earth and the moon, the causes of the seasons, the different lengths of day and night, the season of eclipses, transits, &c. When you have seen it, and read the explanatory lectures, you will be able to judge of its

plainness; and if you understand it, you may teach geography scholars its use. Should it fail in other points of view, it will be useful to Maria and Catherine.[1]

* * * *

Remember to keep up the plan of family worship on Sundays with strictness until I come, and it will probably pave the way for still further improvements, which I may perhaps have an opportunity of making while I stay with you. Let Maria and Catherine be more particularly taught to regard Sunday as a day set apart from all worldly occupations. Let them have every thing prepared for the sabbath on the preceding day; and be carefully warned, on that day in particular, to avoid paying too great an attention to dress. I know how important habits like these will be to their future happiness even in this world, and I therefore press this with earnestness."

* * * *

To His Brother.

"Winteringham, May 20. 1805

Dear Neville,

* * * *

My first business must be to thank you for the ———, which I received by Mr. K. Swann. You must not suppose that I feel reluctance to lie under obligations to so affectionate a brother, when I say that I have felt uneasy ever since, on more accounts than one. I am convinced, in the first place, that you have little to spare; and I fear, in the second, that I shall prove an hindrance to a measure which I know to be necessary for your health—I mean your going to some watering-place for the benefit of sea-bathing. I am aware of the nature of injuries received at the joints, especially the knee; and I am sure nothing will strengthen your knee more for the present, and prevent the recurrence of disease in it for the future. I would have you, therefore,

(1) Frances Moriah White became the wife of the Rev. Benjamin Cubitt, M.A., Lord of the Manor and Rector of Sloley, Norfolk, and died in 1854, aged 63 years. Catherine Bailey White became the wife of the Rev. Thomas Mack, M.A., Lord of the Manor and Vicar of Tunstead, Norfolk, and died at Tunstead Hall in 1889, aged 94 years.

if by any means you can be spared in London, go to one of the neighbouring coasts, and take sufficient time to recover your strength. You may pitch upon some pleasant place, where there will be sufficient company to amuse you, and not so much as to create bustle, and make a toil of reflection and turn retirement into riot. Since you must be as sensible as I am that this is necessary for your health, I shall feel assured, if you do not go, that I am the cause—a consideration I would gladly spare myself."

* * * *

To His Brother Neville.

"*Nottingham, June 1805.*

My Dear Brother,

I wrote you a long letter from Winteringham some time ago, which I now apprehend you have never received ; or if you have, some more important concerns have occupied your time than writing to me on general subjects. Feeling, however, rather weary to-night, I have determined to send this sheet to you, as a proof that if I am not a punctual, I am certainly far from a ceremonious correspondent.

Our adventure on the Humber you should have learned from K. Swann, who, with much minuteness, filled up three sides of a letter to his friend with the account. The matter was simply this: He, Almond, and myself, made an excursion about twelve or fourteen miles up the Humber ; on our return ran aground, were left by the tide on a sand-bank, and were obliged to remain six hours in an open boat, exposed to a heavy rain, high wind, and piercing cold, until the tide rose, when two men brought a boat to our assistance. We got home about twelve o'clock at night. No evil consequences ensued, owing to our using every exertion we could think of to keep warmth in our bodies."

* * * *

To Mr. John Charlesworth.

"*Nottingham, July 6. 1805.*

Dear Charlesworth,

* * * *

I beg you will admire the elegance of texture and

shape of the sheet on which I have the honour to write to you, and beware lest, in drawing your conclusion, you conceive that I am turned exciseman ;—for I assure you I write altogether in character ;—a poor Cambridge scholar, with a patrimony of a few old books, an ink-horn, and some sundry quires of paper, manufactured as the envelopes of pounds of tea, but converted into repositories of learning and taste.

The classics are certainly in disrepute. The ladies have no more reverance for Greek and Latin than they have for an old peruke, or the ruffles of Queen Anne. I verily believe that they would hear Homer's Greek without evidencing one mark of terror and awe, even though spouted by a university orator, or a Westminster Stentor. *O tempora ! O mores !* the rural elegance of the twanging *French horn*, and the vile squeak of the *Italian fiddle*, are more preferred than all the energy, and all the sublimity of all the Greek and Roman orators, historians, poets, and philosophers put together. Now, Sir, as a classic, I cannot bear to have the honourable fame of the ancients thus despised and contemned, and therefore I have a controversy with all the beaux and belles, Frenchmen and Italians. When they tell me that I walk by rule and compass, that I balance my body with strict regard to the centre of gravity, and that I have more Greek in my pate than grace in my limbs, I can bear it all in sullen silence, for you know it must be a libel, since I am no mathematician, and therefore cannot have learned to walk ill by system. As for grace, I do believe, since I read Xenophon, I am become a very elegant man, and in due time shall be able to spout Pindar, dancing in due gradation the advancing, retrograde, and medium steps, according to the regular progress of the strophe, antistrophe, and epode. You and I will be very fashionable men, after the manner of the Greeks : we will institute an orchestra for the exercise of the *ars saltandi*, and will recline at our meals on the legitimate Triclinium of the ancients—only banish all modern beaux and belles, to whom I am a professed and declared enemy.

So much for flippancy—
Vale ! S.R.V.B.E.E.Q.V.

H. K. White."

To His Brother.

"*Winteringham, Aug. 20. 1805.*

Dear Neville,

* * * *

I am very sensible of all your affection, in your anxiety that I should not diminish my books; but I am by no means relieved from the anxiety which, on more accounts than one, I am under as to my present situation, so great a burden to the family, when I ought to be a support. My father made some heavy complaints when I was at home; and though I am induced to believe that he is enough harassed to render it very excusable, yet I cannot but feel strongly the peculiarity of my situation, and at my age feel ashamed that I should add to his burdens. At present I have my hands completely tied behind me. When I get to college, I hope to have more opportunities of advantage, and, if I am fortunate, I shall probably relieve my father and mother from the weight which I now lay upon them. I wish you, if you read this letter to my mother, to omit this part."

* * * *

To Capel Lofft, Esq.

"*Winteringham, Sept. 10, 1805.*

Dear Sir,

Your letter has at length reached me at this place, where I have been for the last ten months employed in classical reading with Mr. Grainger. It gives me pleasure to hear of you, and of poetry; for, since I came here, I have not only been utterly shut out from all intercourse with the world, but have totally laid aside the pen of inspiration. I have been actuated to this by a sense of duty; for I wish to prove that I have not coveted the ministerial office through the desire of learned leisure, but with an ardent wish to do my duty as a teacher of the truth. I should blush to present myself as a candidate for that office in an unqualified and unprepared state; and as I have placed my idea of the necessary qualifications very high, all the time between now and my taking my degree will be little enough for these purposes alone. I often, however, cast a look of fond regret to the darling occupations of my younger hours, and the tears rush into my eyes, as I fancy I see the

few wild flowers of poetic genius, with which I have been blessed, withering with neglect. Poetry has been to me something more than amusement, it has been a cheerful companion when I have had no other to fly to, and a delightful solace when consolation has been in some measure needful. I cannot, therefore, discard so old and faithful a friend without deep regret, especially when I reflect that, stung by my ingratitude, he may desert me for ever!

* * * *

With regard to your intended publication, you do me too much honour by inserting my puerilities along with such good company as I know I shall meet there. I wish I could present you with some sonnets worthy of your work. I have looked back amongst my old papers, and find a few verses under that name, which were written between the time when 'Clifton Grove' was sent to the press, and its final appearance. The looking over these papers has recalled a little of my old warmth, and I have scribbled some lines, which, as they owe their rise to your letter, I may fairly (if I have room) present you. I cannot read the sonnets which I have found amongst my papers with pleasure, and therefore I shall not presume to show them to you. I shall anxiously expect the publication of your work.

I shall be in Cambridge next month, being admitted a Sizar at St. John's. Trinity would have suited my plans better, but the expenses of that college are greater.

With thanks for your kind remembrance of me, I remain,

Dear Sir,
Very respectfully and thankfully yours,
H. K. White.

Yes, my stray steps have wander'd, wander'd far
From thee, and long, heart-soothing Poesy!
And many a flower, which in the passing time
My heart have register'd, nipped by the chill
Of undeserved neglect, hath shrunk and died.
Heart-soothing Poesy!—Though thou hast ceased
To hover o'er the many-voiced strings

Of my long silent lyre, yet thou canst still
Call the warm tear from its thrice-hallowed cell,
And with recalled images of bliss
Warm my reluctant heart—Yes, I would throw,
Once more would throw, a quick and hurried hand
O'er the responding chords.—It hath not ceased—
It cannot, will not cease; the heavenly warmth
Plays round my heart, and mantles o'er my cheek—
Still, though unbidden, plays.—Fair Poesy!
The summer and the spring, the wind and rain
Sunshine and storm, with various interchange,
Have marked full many a day, and week, and month,
Since by dark wood, or hamlet far retired,
Spell-struck, with thee I loiter'd.—Sorceress!
I cannot burst thy bonds!—It is but lift
Thy blue eyes to that deep-bespangled vault,
Wreath thy enchanted tresses round thy arm,
And mutter some obscure and charmed rhyme,
And I could follow thee, on thy night's work,
Up to the regions of thrice-chastened fire,
Or in the caverns of the ocean flood,
Thrid the light mazes of thy volant foot.
Yet other duties call me, and mine ear
Must turn away from the high minstrelsy
Of thy soul-trancing harp—unwillingly
Must turn away; there are severer strains—
(And surely they are sweet as ever smote
The ear of spirit, from this mortal coil
Released and disembodied)—there are strains,
Forbid to all, save those whom solemn thought,
Through the probation of revolving years,
And mighty converse with the spirit of truth,
Hath purged and purified.—To these my soul
Aspireth; and to this sublimer end
I gird myself, and climb the toilsome steep
With patient expectation.—Yea, sometimes

Foretaste of bliss rewards me; and sometimes
Spirits unseen upon my footseps wait,
And minister strange music, which doth seem
Now near, now distant, now on high, now low,
Then swelling from all sides, with bliss complete,
And full fruition—filling all the soul.
Surely such ministry, though rare, may soothe
The steep ascent, and cheat the lassitude
Of toil; and but that my fond heart
Reverts to day-dreams of the summer gone,
When by clear fountain, or embowered brake,
I lay a listless muser, prizing, far
Above all other love, the poet's theme.
But for such recollections, I could brace
My stubborn spirit for the arduous path
Of science, unregretting; eye afar
Philosophy upon her steepest height,
And, with bold step and resolute attempt,
Pursue her to the innermost recess,
Where throned in light she sits—the Queen of Truth.

These verses form nearly the only poetical effort of this year. Pardon their imperfections."

WINTERINGHAM is an old corporate town (which formerly had a market), on the south bank of the Humber, seven and a half miles west of Barton-on-Humber. Dr. Stukeley, writing from the then village inn, or Ferry-house, on 24 July, 1724, stated:—"The present Winteringham is still a corporation, and the mayor is chosen only out of one street, next the old town. . . . The church stands on the end of the Lincolnshire Alps."[1]

(1) "The History of Winterton and the Adjoining Villages, in the Northern Division of Manley, in the County of Lincoln," by W. Andrew, 1836, page 87.

Winteringham Church, dedicated to All Saints, is of the Norman and Early English periods, and comprises a nave with north and south aisles, south porch, transepts, chancel, and western embattled and pinnacled tower containing five bells. In the south aisle is the recumbent effigy of a knight in chain mail, in a very good state of preservation. This effigy is supposed to represent a member of the Marmion family.

Many of the windows in the church are of stained glass. At the west end of the south aisle is a single lancet filled with stained glass, divided into three stages. In the centre is a representation of the Offerings of the Magi. An angel is depicted above, and in the lower division is a figure writing, by whose side stands an angel. Across the window and dividing these subjects,are the words—✠ IS ANY MERRY LET HIM SING PSALMS and ✠ I AM THE BRIGHT &

MORNING STAR. At the foot of the window is the following inscription :—

✠ IN MEMORIAM HENRICI KIRKE WHITE
AMICI EJVS HANC FENESTRAM POSVIT
EDWARDVS WESTOBY A : D : 1860

Edward Westoby, the donor of this interesting little window, who appears to have formed a close friendship with White, was born at Winteringham 29 September, 1784 (being thus six months older than the poet), was baptised 29 October in the same year, and died there 4 August, 1873. He left to the poor of Winteringham the sum of £90, the interest to be distributed in bread at Christmas. His tombstone and those of some of his relations are in Winteringham churchyard. Westoby was an amateur artist and etcher. He drew a portrait of White during his residence at Winteringham, from which he subsequently made an etching on copper, here reproduced. Beneath are the words "Henry Kirke White born at Nottingham March 21 : 1785 Died at Cambridge Oct 19 1806." On the back of a book is "E Westoby 1814." He also etched a similar portrait, and a full page plate of "Winteringham Church & Rectory House," for

Winter's "History of Winterton," referred to on page 127, and in which the author states "We are indebted to Mr. Edward Westoby for the accompanying view of Winteringham Church and the Rectory-house, which was taken from the rising ground a little to the east of the church; we are likewise obliged to the same gentleman for his etching of H. K. White, made during the poet's residence at Winteringham." In dealing with the topography of Winteringham, the same author states:—

"To the south of the church is the Hall-close-hill, and the road leading to it is still called Yerle, or Earl's Gate; and if these names did not sufficiently point out the situation of Lord Marmion's residence, a circumstance which occurred lately places the matter in question almost beyond doubt. About forty or fifty years ago, not only were extensive foundations discovered on the hill side, but a leaden pipe was also found, which lead to a very beautiful well, formed of free stone, and finished in such style as would be no discredit to a workman of the present day. Here then has been the residence of several of the families mentioned in the former part of our history; and truly few of the nobility could possess a seat enjoying more splendid prospects. From the summit, which is called 'Beacon-hill,' lying southward, the eye may have one of the most perfect panoramic views in this county. On the other three quarters the prospect is equally extensive, beautiful, and varied. The west of Winteringham is terminated by woodlands bordering on the Trent, which are considerably below the height whence they are viewed, whilst 'the hill-side villages' as they are called, form an elevated boundary to the east.

Immediately in front, and looking over the parsonage and church, is the broad expanse of the Humber, whose

shores are thickly studded with villages and seats; whilst the very distant line of the Yorkshire hills, forms a noble horizon for the picture. The beauty of the scene is considerably increased when the tide is rapidly bearing upon its mighty current a crowd of sailing vessels and numerous steam boats, which at once give life and animation to the picture."[1]

CHURCH AND OLD RECTORY, WINTERINGHAM.[2]

Immediately adjoining the church is the Old Rectory-house, where White stayed, which appears to have been built at different periods, and has the peculiarity of possessing a gable end directed to each of the four cardinal points. The building is kept in repair, but is now used as stables and outhouses.

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(1) "History of Winterton," pages 103-104.

(2) The above illustration is reproduced from an old lithograph by W. Bevan, from a drawing by the Rev. W. Lloyd.

The Rev. Lorenzo Grainger, born at Howden in the East Riding of York, after acting as usher in Mr. Joseph Milner's school at Hull, "in 1799 became the zealous, laborious, and charitable curate of Winteringham." [1] He resided at the Rectory house, the Rector in those days being non-resident. His characteristics are thus summed up in the Latin letter written by Henry Kirk White, in 1804, to his friend, John Charlesworth—"His manners are pleasing and affable, agreeably tempered with courtesy and grace, though at times his face wears a look of forbidding sternness. Gentle towards the good, to the bad he behaves rather hardly." His wife, Mrs. Mary Grainger, to whom White several times refers, died September 4th, 1809, aged 44 years, and was interred at Winteringham. From this date Mr. Grainger's only sister, Lavinia, presided over the parsonage. Among Mr. Grainger's many pupils during his residence as curate-in-charge of Winteringham were the two elder sons of Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., of Luss, N.B., who probably joined Mr. Grainger's "unique establishment" about the year 1820. The younger of these, John Colquhoun,[2] who

(1) "History of Winterton," p. 109.

(2) John Colquhoun, of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, J.P., D.L., second of the three sons of Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., of Luss, N.B., and his wife Janet (whose life, written by the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, was published in London in 1847), daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart., was born at 6, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, 6 March, 1805. He married, in 1834, Frances Sarah (who, when only fourteen years of age, completed Henry Kirk White's hymn "Much in sorrow, oft in woe," which formed the first piece in her *Rhymes and Chimes*, published in 1876 by Macmillan), fourth daughter of E. Fuller Maitland, Esq., of Park Place, near Henley-on-Thames, Stansted Hall, Essex, and Garth House, co. Brecknock, by whom he had four sons (all officers in the army) and five daughters. Mr. Colquhoun died in 1885, his wife having predeceased him in 1877. The elder brother, Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., born in 1804, was Chief of the Colquhoun Clan and Lord Lieutenant of Dumbartonshire, which he represented in Parliament from 1837 to 1841. He married, in 1843, Jane, second daughter of Sir Robert

became a keen sportsman and naturalist, and who was, moreover, a capable writer, has left striking descriptions of Mr. Grainger and his sister, which, so far as the former is concerned, corroborates Henry Kirk White's opinion of that gentleman :—

"My father took us himself to the Rev. Mr. Grainger's of Winteringham, in Lincolnshire, and after introducing us, left immediately. We felt bitterly forlorn, never having been from home before, and hardly understanding the lingo of the Sassenachs, whose ways and habits we could not endure. Our master was a thorough pedagogue—what in Scotland is called a 'dominie'—and fancied that being a first-class man at Oxford, or among the top wranglers at Cambridge, was, in his own phrase, the *summum bonum* of human bliss. He tried to imbue his pupils with the same idea, and taught them that the love of field-sports was ruin to boys, while those who entered the army were irreclaimable. The *physique* of Mr. Grainger was certainly peculiar. He had a bald head and square body; shapeless legs, and long, splay feet, without a vestige of instep, giving one the idea of a toad standing on its hind-legs; but his eye was the very reverse of the full mild orb of that reptile. It is said that the toad and the lark have exchanged eyes; but our governor's was a severe, prying eye, quite unlike that birds; and when in a passion (no seldom occurrence), it glared on its victim with the malignity of an incensed viper.

"Mr. Grainger's only sister, who kept his house, may be described as the primmest of prim old maids. Her gown was a hundred years out of date, waist up to

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Abercromby, Bart., of Birkenbog, and by her (who died in 1844,) had a son, James, the fifth and present baronet. Sir James died 18 December, 1873. His "tragic death in his own Loch Lomond called forth deep sympathy and sorrow."

her shoulders, without a morsel of padding, natural (!) or acquired, surmounted by a mob-cap white as snow, under which wriggled a few curls like the wires of a mouse-trap. Behold her as Jehu-ine in a high, brimless straw-bonnet, seated in a little basket-carriage the size of a wheel-barrow. It was drawn by a pair of small brown donkeys—the longest-legged Sunday-school boy, with his precocious knee-breeches and calfless legs, tearing in front as running footman! Can I ever behold the like again?

"This grotesque brother and sister were branded by their mother (an admirer of Young) with the euphonious names of Lorenzo and Lavinia; and Miss Lavinia was persuaded that 'bruther' was the wisest, most learned, nay even the greatest man in the world. This was scarcely wonderful, considering the dogmatic bumptious way in which he settled the most profound questions of politics or theology. "Let a man answer me Paley's 'Evidences' and then *I'll* speak to him," said he of a noted infidel, at that time lecturing in the village.

"The only point on which the eccentric couple were not agreed was the discipline of the school. The fair Lavinia thought her brother was too severe on the tricky rogues, and too lenient to the quiet, reserved boys. When she caught a mischievous rascal in a scrape, she dealt a reproof so absurdly caricaturing what she thought 'bruther' would have said, that the scape-grace was only kept from explosive laughter by the certainty that she had but to speak the word to let loose on him the fiery Lorenzo's cutting cane.

" . . . . To do 'old Lorry' justice, he was a painstaking and laborious teacher, so that the years we passed in his unique establishment were anything but thrown away."[1]

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(1) "The Moor and the Loch," by John Colquhoun, fifth edition (1880), i. 3-6.

Miss Lavinia Granger died at Winteringham, December 24th, 1830, aged 56 years, and was buried there. Mr. Granger was instituted, in 1833, to the Vicarage of Bartnetby-le-Wold (about eleven miles south-east of Winteringham), where he died, March 19th, 1839, aged 70 years, and was buried at the latter place on the 25th of the same month.

A white marble tablet on the north wall of the chancel of Winteringham Church is inscribed :—

Sacred
To the Memory of the
Rev. Lorenzo Grainger,
Late Vicar of Barnetby-le-Wold, and
Formerly Curate of this Parish 33 years,
Faithful and affectionate in the
Discharge of his Ministerial Duties,
He fed the Flock of Christ, of which
The Holy Ghost had made him Overseer,
And, in the full assurance of a blissful
Immortality through the Atoning Blood
Of his Divine Redeemer, he fell asleep
In Jesus March 19th 1839, aged 70 years.
His remains are deposited near the door
of this Church.

Whitton.

WHITTON, referred to by White in his letter to John Charlesworth, printed on page 113 *ante*, is situated on the Humber about two miles from Winteringham, and eleven miles west from Barton.

"The Parsonage-house stands on the bank of the Humber and affords many a pleasing sight, of objects 'on the wide waste of waters.' Steam packets and other

vessels, have frequently to sail within a short distance of the shore, though not without some peril; for the shifting quicksands here are so dangerous and uncertain, that many fine and valuably-freighted ships have been irrecoverably lost."[1]

In "The Mirror of Literature, Amusement and Instruction," of Saturday, March 12, 1836, is an interesting contribution, signed "W. Andrew, Winterton," with a wood engraving of "Henry Kirke White's Tree," on which is boldly incised H K W and the date 1805. The writer states:—"The tree so favoured by the young poet, grows on a dark, shelving bank, a stone's throw from Whitton, a village near Winteringham, where White sojourned for some time. It has a twisting root, on which he frequently used to rest himself: probably from this point he pictured Gondoline, who

> 'Plung'd her in; the torrent moan'd,
> With its accustom'd sound;
> And hollow peals of laughter loud
> Again rebellow'd round.'

Some years ago, in the recollection of the villagers, were the following lines by White, placed upon the tree:—

> 'Don't you see the silvery wave;
> —Don't you hear the voice of God?'

These have, however, long been defaced. Like the tree of Pope, in Berkshire, numerous visiters have cut their names surrounding that of White's; and this probably, or the too frequent dashing of the briny sea upon its base, has withered its upper branches. As the surge ere long may totally uproot this tree, to preserve it as a memorial of the young and pious bard,

(1) "History of Winterton," p. 82.

I send the accompanying sketch, which may be interesting to the readers of the *Mirror*."

The same writer, William Andrew, in his previously quoted "History of Winterton and the Adjoining Villages," the preface to which is dated May 24th, 1836, says:—

"During the few hours that Kirke White allowed

himself for relaxation, one of his favourite pursuits was to stray along the banks of the Humber, and there contemplate the beauties of nature, of which he was so ardent an admirer. He frequently directed his footsteps to the village of Whitton, distant from Winteringham about two miles. This place seems to have been gener-

ally resorted to by him; and on the sands there, until very lately, stood his favourite tree, whereon he had cut 'H. K. W., 1805.' An engraving of this tree was given in the '*The Mirror*' for the month of March, 1836; and since that publication, the tree, which might have withstood a little longer the storms of the elements, has been cut down by the woodman's axe. But in veneration for the respected memory of our Nottinghamshire poet, the initials have been carefully taken from the tree, and are now placed as a curiosity in an elegant gilt frame!" In a footnote we are informed that "Near the tree just alluded to, was *another* which grew higher up the bank, on which White engraved the following words"—the two lines which, in *The Mirror*, were stated to be on the same tree as the initials and date.

Cambridge.

WE are informed in the letter written by White to his brother, Neville (printed on page 66) dated from Cambridge, May 25th, 1804, that he had then been "admitted of St. John's" College in that University. After leaving Winteringham White appears to have lost no time in making his arrangements to proceed to Cambridge, as appears from the following letter addressed to his friend, Benjamin Maddock:—

"*St. John's, Oct. 18th, 1805.*

My Dear Ben,

I am at length finally settled in my rooms, and, according to my promise, I write to you to tell you so. I did not feel quite comfortable at first here; but I now begin to feel at home, and relish my silent and thoughtful cup of tea more than ever. Amongst our various occupations, that of attending chapel is to me not the

least irksome, for the service is read in general below the span of my auditory nerve; but when they chaunt, I am quite charmed, for our organ is fine, and the voices are good. This is, however, only on high days and festivals, in which number the present day is to be reckoned (St. Luke's).

My mathematical studies do not agree with me, and you may satisfy yourself I shall never be a senior wrangler.—Many men come up with knowledge enough for the highest honours, and how can a man be expected to keep up with them who starts without any previous fund? Our lectures begin on Monday, and then I shall know more of college difficulties.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

My rooms are in the top story of the farthest court of St. John's, (which you perhaps remember) near the cloisters.[1] They are light and tolerably pleasant; though, as there was no furniture in them, and I have not yet bought many necessary articles, they look very bare. Your phiz over the chimney-piece has been recognized

(1) The rooms are now known as No. 8 on Letter F in the Third Court, on the south side, the side facing the College Library.

by two of my fellow-students; the one recollected its likeness to Mr. Maddock of Magdalene; and the other said it was like a young man whom he had seen with Mr. Maddock, and whom he supposed to be his brother.

Of my new acquaintances; I have become intimate with a Mr. ——, who I hope, will be senior wrangler. He is a very serious and friendly man, and a man of no common *mathematical* talents. He lives in the same court with me. Besides him, I know of none whose friendship I should value, and *including* him, no one whose hand I would take in preference to that of my old friend, so long as I see my old friend with his old face. When you have learned to be other than what you are, I shall not regret that B. M. is no longer my friend, but that my former friend is now no more.

* * * *

I walked through Magdalene the other day, and I could not help anticipating the time when I should come to drink your tea, and swallow your bread and butter, within the sacred walls. You must know our college was originally a convent for Black Friars; and if a man of the reign of Henry the Sixth were to peep out of his grave in the adjoining church-yard, and look into our portals, judging by our dress and appearance, he might deem us a convent of Black Friars still. Some of our brethren, it is true, would seem of very unsightly bulk; but many of them, with eyes sunk into their heads, from poring over the mathematics, might pass very well for the fasting and mortified shadows of penitent monks.

With regard to the expenses of our college, I can now speak decisively; and I can tell you, that I shall be here an independent man. I am a Senior Sizar, under very favourable circumstances, and, I believe, the profits of my situation will nearly equal the actual expenses of the college. But this is no rule for other colleges. I am on the *best side* (there are two divisions) of St. John's, and the expenses here are less than any where else in the university.

I have this week written some very elaborate verses for a college prize, and I have at length learned that I am not qualified for a competitor, not being a Lady Margaret's scholar, so that I have lost my labour. Compared with the other men of this large college, I find I am a

respectable classic, and if I had time to give to the languages, I think I should ultimately succeed in them in no small degree; but the fates forbid; mathematics I must read, and in mathematics I know I never shall excel. These are harassing reflections for a poor young man gaping for a fellowship!

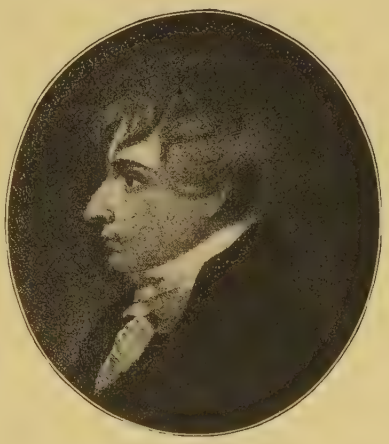
If I chose, I could find a good deal of religious society here, but I must not indulge myself with it too much. Mr. Simeon's preaching strikes me much.

* * * *

I beg you will answer a thousand such questions as these without my asking them.

This is a letter of intelligence;—next shall be sentiment (or Gothic arch, for they are synonymous according to Mr. M.)"

An anonymous writer states:—"My acquaintance with Kirke White commenced in the lecture-room of St. John's, towards the end of the October Term of 1805. His constitutional deafness, and the distance at which he sat from the lecturer, rendered a neighbour with sharp ears of some benefit to him; and there was an air of humility and patience in his countenance, which never failed to interest a stranger. An acquaintance thus casually begun ripened into a friendship, which I enjoyed only long enough to deplore with a deeper sorrow its abrupt and melancholy termination. The first morning I called upon him is now fresh in my remembrance. He kept, as you know, in the corner of the further court of St. John's; and I never pass the spot, even after a lapse of thirty years, without a melancholy reflection upon his fate.



"He came to meet me with an open letter in his hand. The tears were in his eyes, and grasping my hand with great earnestness, he said 'I have just heard from my mother, and all the recollections of home and home-scenes are thronging into my mind. Alas! it will be long before I take root in this place. The first morning I awoke, I seemed to be in a dream. My eyes involuntarily turned to the spot where my little book-stand used to hang, and that table on which I wrote so many of my early poems, during the few hours of my release from the drudgery of an attorney's office. I listened for the sounds which were wont to greet my ears; the lingering step at the chamber-door; the creeping of feet, interrupted by frequent pauses, to my bed-side; the partial unfolding of a shutter, and then the anxious and half-doubting scrutiny, while I perchance lay in feigned slumber with my arm across my eyes, pleased with bewildering love for a moment.'"[1]

The following extracts from White's letters are selected solely on account of their personal and family interest.

To His Mother.

"*St. John's, Oct. 26th, 1805.*

Dear Mother,

* * * *

You seem to repose so little confidence in what I say with regard to my college expenses, that I am not encouraged to hope you will give me much credit for what I am about to say, namely, that had I no money at all, either from my friends or Mr. Simeon, I could manage to live here. My situation is so very favourable, and the necessary expenses so very few, that I shall want very little more than will suffice for clothes and books. I have got the bills of Mr. ——, a Sizar of this college, now before me, and from them and his own

(1) "Conversations at Cambridge," 1836, p. 51.

account I will give you a statement of what my college bills will amount to.

* * * *

Thus my college expenses will not be more than £12 or £15 a-year at the most. I shall not have any occasion for the whole sum I have a claim upon Mr. Simeon for; and if things go well, I shall be able to live without being dependent on anyone. The Mr. ——, whose bills I have borrowed, has been at college three years. He came over from ——, with £10 in his pocket, and has no friends, or any income or emolument whatever, except what he receives for his Sizarship; yet he does support himself, and that, too, very genteelly. It is only men's extravagance that makes college life so expensive. There are Sizars at St. John's who spend £150 a-year; but they are gay, dissipated men, who choose to be Sizars in order that they may have more money to lavish on their pleasures. Our dinners and suppers cost us nothing; and if a man choose to eat milk breakfasts, and go without tea, he may live absolutely for nothing; for his college emoluments will cover the rest of his expenses. Tea is indeed almost superfluous, since we do not rise from dinner till half-past three, and the supper bell rings a quarter before nine. Our mode of living is not to be complained of, for the table is covered with all possible variety; and on feast-days, which our fellows take care are pretty frequent, we have wine.

You will now, I trust, feel satisfied on this subject, and will no longer give yourself unnecessary uneasiness on my account.

* * * *

I was unfortunate enough to be put into unfurnished rooms, so that my furniture will cost me a little more than I expected; I suppose about £15, or perhaps not quite so much. I sleep on a hair mattress, which I find just as comfortable as a bed; it only cost me £4, along with blankets, counterpane, and pillows, &c. I have three rooms—a sitting-room, a bed-room, and a kind of scullery or pantry.—My sitting-room is very light and pleasant, and what does not often happen, the walls are in good case, having been lately stained green.

I must commission my sister to make me a pair

of letter racks, but they must not be fine, because my furniture is not very fine. I think the old shape (or octagons, one upon another) is the neatest, and white the best colour. I wish Maria would paint vignettes in the squares, because then I should see how her drawing proceeds. You must know that these are not intended as mere matters of show, but are intended to answer some purpose; there are so many particular places to attend on particular days, that unless a man is very cautious, he has nothing else to do than to pay forfeits for non-attendance. A few cards, and a little rack, will be a short way of helping the memory.

I think I must get a supply of sugar from London; for, if I buy it here, it will cost me 1s. 6d. per pound, which is rather too much. I have got tea enough to last the term out.

* * * *

Although you may be quite easy on the subject of my future support, you must not form splendid ideas of my success at the university, for the lecturers all speak so low, and we sit at such a distance, that I cannot hear a syllable. I have therefore no more advantage than if I were studying at home.

I beg we may have no more doubts and fears, at least on my score. I think I am now very near being off your hands; and since my education at the university is quite secure, you need not entertain gloomy apprehensions for the future. My maintenance will, at all events be decent and respectable; and you must not grieve yourself because I cannot be as rich as an alderman.

* * * *

Do not show this letter to *all comers*, nor leave it about, for people will have a very mean idea of university education when they find it costs so little; but if they are saucy on the subject, tell them—I have a Lord just under me.

* * * *

To Mr. Benjamin Maddock.

"*St. John's College, Cambridge, Nov. 10, 1805.*

My Dear Ben,

* * * *

The reasons why I said mathematical studies did

not agree with me, were these—that I am more inclined to classical pursuits, and that, considering what disadvantages I lie under in being deaf, I am afraid I cannot excel in them. I have at present laid them aside, as I am reading for the university scholarship, which will soon be vacant; there are expected to be 13 or 14 candidates, some of whom are of great note from *Eton;* and I have as much expectation of gaining it, as of being elected supreme magnus over the mysteries of Mithra. The scholarship is of no value in itself adequate to the labour of reading for it, but it is the greatest classical honour in the university, and is a pretty sure road to a fellowship. My classical abilities here have attracted some attention, and my Latin themes, in particular, have drawn forth inquiries from the tutors as to the place of my education. The reason why I have determined to sit for the scholarship is this, that to have simply been a candidate for it establishes a man's character, as many of the first classics in the university have failed of it.

* * * *

I begin now to feel at home in my little room, and I wish you were here to see how snugly I sit by my blazing fire in the cold evenings. College certainly has charms, though I have a few things rankling at my heart which will not let me be quite happy.—*Ora, ora, pro me.*

* * * *

To His Brother.

"*St. John's College, Cambridge, 10th Dec.. 1805.*

Dear Neville,

I am so truly hurt that you should again complain of my long silence, that I cannot refrain from sending this by the post, although I shall send you a parcel to-morrow. The reason of my not having sent you the cravats sooner, is the difficulty I have found in getting them together, since part were in the hands of my laundress, and part dirty. I do not know whether you will find them right, as my linen is in other respects deficient, and I have a cause at issue with my washerwoman on that score. This place is literally a den of thieves; my bed-maker, whom we call a *gyp,* from a Greek

word signifying a vulture, runs away with everything he can lay his hands on, and when he is caught, says he only borrows them. He stole a sack of coals a-week, as regularly as the week came, when first I had fires; but I have stopped the run of this business, by a monstrous large padlock, which is hung to the staple of the bin. His next trick was to bring me four candles for a pound instead of six; and this trade he carried on for some time, until I accidentally discovered the trick; he then said he had always brought me right until that time, and then he had brought me *fives*, but had given Mr. H. (a man on the same staircase) one, because *he thought* he understood I had borrowed one of him; on inquiring of Mr. H., he had not given him one according to his pretence; but the gentleman was not caught yet, for he declared he had *lent* one to the bed-maker of Lord B.[1] in the rooms below. His neatest trick is going to the grocer every now and then for articles in your name, which he converts to his own use. I have stopped him here too by keeping a checkbook. Tea, sugar, and pocket-handkerchiefs are his natural perquisites, and I verily believe he will soon be filling his canister out of mine before my face. There is no redress for all this; for, if you change, you are no better off; they are all alike. They know you regard them as a pack of thieves, and their only concern is to steal so dexterously that they may not be confronted with direct proof.

* * * *

Do not be surprised at my apparent negligence in my letters: my time has so many calls for it, that half my duties are neglected. Our college examination comes on next Tuesday, and it is of the utmost moment

(1) "Lord B." here referred to was Lord Bernard. He was the eldest son of Francis Bernard, Lord Bandon, advanced in succession to the dignity of Viscount Bandon and Earl of Bandon, and his wife Catherine Henrietta, only daughter of the second Earl of Shannon. James, second Earl of Bandon, D.C.L., F.R.S., lord-lieutenant and custos rotulorum of the co. of Cork, recorder of Bandon, and a representative peer, was born 14 June, 1785, married in 1809 a daughter of the Archbishop of Cashel (by whom he had, in addition to his successor, a second son who became Bishop of Taum, and a third son who was M.P. for Bandon) and died 31 October, 1856.

that I acquit myself well there. A month after will follow the scholarship examination. My time, therefore, at present will scarcely permit the performance of my promise with respect to the historical papers; but I have them in mind, and I am much bent on perfecting them in a manner superior to their commencement.

I would fain write to my brother James, who must by no means think I forget him; but I fear I shall see him before I write to him, on the accounts above stated. The examination for the scholarship is distinct from that of our college, which is a very important one; and while I am preparing for the one, I necessarily neglect the other.

* * * *

Remember, and let my mother know, that I have no chance for the university scholarship, and that I only sit for the purpose of letting the university know that I am a decent proficient in the languages.

There is one just vacant which I can certainly get, but I should be obliged to go to Peter-house in consequence, which will not be advisable; but I must make inquiries about it. I speak with certainty on this subject, because it is restricted to candidates in their first year, amongst whom I should probably be equal to any. The others are open to bachelors."

* * * *

"*St. John's, Dec. 16, 1805.*

DEAR NEVILLE,

In consequence of an alteration in my plans, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at the latter end of the week, and I wish you so to inform my aunt. The reason of this change is this, that I have over-read myself, and I find it absolutely necessary to take some relaxation, and to give up study entirely for a short time, in order that I may go on better hereafter.

This has been occasioned by our college lectures, which I had driven too late, on account of my being occupied in preparations for the university scholarship examination, and then I was obliged to fag so hard for the college lectures, as the time drew on, that I could take no exercise. Thus I soon knocked myself up, and I now labour under a great general relaxation, and much nervous weakness.

Change of air and place will speedily remove these symptoms, and I shall certainly give up the university scholarship, rather than injure my health.

Do not mention these things to my mother, as she will make it a cause of unnecessary uneasiness."

* * * *

"*St. John's, Dec. 19, 1805.*

DEAR NEVILLE,

I was sorry to receive your letter, desiring me to defer my journey; and I am sorry to be forced to tell you the reason of my coming to town sooner than you wish me. I have had an attack of my old nervous complaint, and my spirits have been so wretchedly shattered, that my surgeon says I shall never be well till I have removed somewhere, where I can have society and amusement. It is a very distressing thing to be ill in college, where you have no attendance, and very little society. Mr. Catton, my tutor, has prevailed upon me, by pressing wishes, to go into the hall to be examined with the men of my year; I have gone through two examinations, and have one to come; after that is over, he told me I had better go to my friends directly, and relieve myself with complete relaxation from study. Under these circumstances, the object of my visit to London will be answered by the mere residence in my aunt's family and by a cessation from reading. While I am here I am wretched; I cannot read, the slightest application makes me faint; I have very little society, and that is quite a force upon my friends. I am determined, therefore, to leave this place on Saturday morning and you may rest satisfied that the purpose of my journey will be fully accomplished by the prattle of my aunt's little ones, and her care. I am not an invalid, since I have no sickness or ailment, but I am weak and low-spirited, and unable to read. The last is the greatest calamity I can experience of a worldly nature. My mind preys upon itself. Had it not been for *Leeson* of Clare Hall,[1] I could not have gone through

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(1) William Leeson became fourth Wrangler in 1809, and was elected Fellow of Clare on March 18 of the same year. *The Nottingham Date-Book*. under the date August 19th, 1824, states:—"The Rev. W. Leeson, a Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, brother of Mr. R. Leeson,

this week. I have been examined twice, and almost without looking over the subjects, and I have given satisfaction; but I am obliged to be kept up by strong medicines to endure this exertion, which is very great.

I am happy, however, to tell you I am better; and Mr. Farish, the surgeon, says a few days will re-establish me when I get into another scene, and into society."

* * * *

To His Mother.

"London, Dec. 24, 1805.

My dear Mother,

You will, no doubt, have been surprised at not having heard from me for so long a time, and you will be no less so to find that I am writing this at my aunt's in this far-famed city. I have been so much taken up with our college examination of late, that I could not find time to write even to you, and I am now come to town in order to give myself every relaxation and amusement I can; for I have read so much at Cambridge that my health was rather affected, and I was advised to give myself a respite of a week or a fortnight, in order to recover strength, I arrived in town on Saturday night, and should have written yesterday, in order to remove any uneasiness you might feel on my account; but there is no post on Sunday.

I have now to communicate some agreeable intelligence to you. Last week being the close of the Michaelmas term, and our college examination, our tutor, who is a very great man, sent for me, and told me he was sorry to hear I had been ill; he understood I was low-spirited, and wished to know whether I frightened myself about college expenses. I told him that they did contribute some little to harass me, because I was as yet uncertain what the bills of my first year would

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solicitor, of this town, and well known from his occasionally performing duty at St. Peter's and Wilford Churches, committed suicide. The rev. gentleman left his brother's house at Wilford, in the morning, and was not seen again till the 23rd, when his body was observed in the Trent, by a framework knitter named Johnson, who happened to be fishing near the Wilford upper ford. At the inquest the following day, it was clearly ascertained that the unfortunate gentleman had been labouring under insanity, and the jury brought in a verdict accordingly."

amount to. His answer was to this purpose:—'Mr. White, I beg you will not trouble yourself on this subject; your emoluments will be very great, very great indeed, and I will take care your expenses are not very burdensome.—Leave that to me!' He advised me to go to my friends, and amuse myself with a total cessation from reading. After our college examination (which lasted six days) was over, he sent for me again, and repeated what he had said before about the expenses of the college; and he added, that if I went on as I had begun, and made myself a good scholar, I might rely on being provided for by the college; for if *the county should be full*, and they could not elect me a fellow, they would recommend me to another college, where they would be very glad to receive a clever man from their hands; or, at all events, they could *always* get a young man a situation as private tutor in a nobleman's family, or could put him into some handsome way of preferment. 'We make a rule (he said) of providing for a clever man, whose fortune is small; and you may therefore rest assured, Mr. White, that after you have taken your degree, you will be provided with a genteel competency *by the college*.' He begged I would be under no apprehensions on these accounts; he shook hands with me very affectionately, and wished me a speedy recovery. These attentions from a man like the tutor of St. John's are very marked; and Mr. Catton is well known for doing more than he says. I am sure, after these assurances from a principal of so respectacle a society as St. John's, I have nothing more to fear; and I hope you will never repine on my account again:—according to every appearance, my lot in life is certain."

* * * *

To Mr. Benjamin Maddock.

"*London, Xmas, 1805.*

My Dear Ben,

You would have had no reason to complain of my long silence had I preferred my self-justification to your ease. I wrote you a letter, which now lies in my drawer at St. John's, but in such a weak state of body, and in so desponding and comfortless a tone of mind, that I knew it would give you pain, and therefore I chose not to

send it. I have indeed been ill; but thanks to God, I am recovered. My nerves were miserably shattered by over application, and the absence of all that could amuse, aud the presence of many things that weighed heavy upon my spirits. When I found myself too ill to read, and too desponding to endure my own reflections, I discovered that it is really a miserable thing to be destitute of the soothing and supporting hand when nature most needs it. I wandered up and down from one man's room to another, and from one college to another, imploring society, a little conversation, and a little relief of the burden which pressed upon my spirits; and I am sorry to say, that those who, when I was cheerful and lively, sought my society with avidity, now, when I actually needed conversation, were too busy to grant it. Our college examination was then approaching, and I perceived with anguish that I had read for the university scholarship, until I had barely time to get up our private subjects, and that I was now too ill to read, all hope of getting through the examination with decent respectability was at an end. This was an additional grief. I went to our tutor with tears in my eyes, and told him I must absent myself from the examination,—a step which would have precluded me from a station among the prize-men until the second year. He earnestly entreated me to run the risk. My surgeon gave me strong stimulants and supporting medicines during the examination week; and I passed, I believe, one of the most respectable examinations amongst them. As soon as ever it was over, I left Cambridge, by the advice of my surgeon and tutor, and I feel myself now pretty strong. I have given up the thought of sitting for the university scholarship, in consequence of my illness, as the course of my reading was effectually broken. In this place I have been much amused, and have been received with an attention in the literary circles which I neither expected nor deserved. But this does not affect me as it once would have done: my views are visibly altered: and I hope that I shall in time learn to lay my whole heart at the foot of the cross.

I have only one thing more to tell you about my illness; it is, that I have found in a young man, with whom I had a little acquaintance, that kind care and attention, which I looked for in vain from those who

professed themselves my nearest friends. At a time when . . . could not find leisure to devote a single evening to his sick friend, even when he earnestly implored it, William Leeson constantly, and even against my wishes, devoted *every* evening to the relieving of my melancholy, and the enlivening of my solitary hours. With the most constant and affectionate assiduity, he gave me my medicines, administered consolation to my spirits, and even put me to bed."

* * * *

Southey states "On his return [from London] he relaxed a little from his studies, but it was only a little. I found among his papers the day thus planned out:—"Rise at half-past five. Devotions and walk till seven. Chapel and breakfast till eight. Study and lectures till one. Four and a half clear reading. Walk, &c., and dinner, and Wollaston, and chapel to six. Six to nine, reading—three hours. Nine to ten, devotions. Bed at ten."

Among his latest writings are these resolutions:—

"I will never lie in bed after six.

I will not drink tea out above once a week, excepting on Sundays, unless there appear some good reason for so doing.

I will never pass a day without reading some portion of the Scriptures.

I will labour diligently in my mathematical studies, because I half suspect myself of a dislike to them.

I will walk two hours a day, upon the average of every week.

'*Sit mihi gratia addita ad hæc facienda.*'"

To His Aunt.

"*St. John's College, Cambridge, Jan. 6, 1806.*

My Dear Aunt,

I am at length once more settled in my rooms at Cambridge; but I am growing so idle and so luxurious,

since I have been under your hands, that I cannot read with half my usual diligence.

I hope you concluded the Christmas holidays on Monday evening with the customary glee; and I hope my uncle was well enough to partake of your merriment. You must now begin your penitential days, after so much riot and feasting; and, with your three little prattlers around you, I am sure your evenings will flow pleasantly by your own fire-side. Visiting and gaiety are very well by way of change; but there is no enjoyment so lasting as that of one's own family. Elizabeth will soon be old enough to amuse you with her conversation, and I trust you will take every opportunity of teaching her to put the right value on things, and to exercise her own good sense . . . . I admire all your little ones, and I hope to see Elizabeth one day an accomplished and sensible girl. Give my love to them, and tell them not to forget their cousin Henry, who wants a housekeeper at College!"

* * * *

ORIGINAL AUTHENTICATED SONG
BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

"Copy of Henry Kirke White's Song as he wrote it down from memory in my rooms at Clare Hall Saturday Jan^{y} 11. 1806.

JAMES PLUMPTRE."

"He afterwards sent me a corrected copy which was inserted in my Collection of Songs in 3 Volumes 12mo, Vol. 2, page 328, under the title of *Melody*.

J. P.

March 15, 1822."

One page, octavo. The Rev. James Plumtre, of Clare Hall, Cambridge, who authenticated this poem, was the second son of the Rev. Robert Plumptre, D.D., Master of Queens' College, Cambridge, who was the fifth son of John Plumptre, Esq., of Nottingham (b. 1679, d. 1751). The Rev. James Plumptre, who was Rector of Great Gransden, died without issue, probably unmarried. His affection for the

Nottingham poet is indicated in the following published Lines On the Death of Mr Henry Kirke White. By the Rev. J. Plumptre.

"Such talents and such piety combin'd,
With such unfeign'd humility of mind,

Song.

1.
Yes, once more that dying strain
Anna, touch thy lute for me,
Sweet, when Pity's ~~notes~~ tones complain,
Doubly sweet is melody.

2.
While the Virtues ~~thus~~ inweave
Softly sweet the plaintive song
Swiftly glides the winter Eve
Swiftly trip the hours along.

3.
Thus when life have stol'n away
And the winter night is near
Thus shall Virtue's smiling ray
Life's declining ev'ning cheer.

Bespoke him fair to tread the way to fame,
And live an honour to the Christian name.
But Heaven was pleased to stop his fleeting hour,
And blight the fragrance of the opening flow'r.
We mourn—but not for him, removed from pain;

Our loss, we trust, is his eternal gain:
With him we'll strive to win the Saviour's love,
And hope to join him with the blest above."

24th Oct., 1806.[1]

To Mr. Benjamin Maddock.

"*St. John's, February 17. 1806.*

Dear Ben,

* * * *

Do not think I am reading hard: I believe it is all over with that. I have had a recurrence of my old complaint within this last four or five days, which has half unnerved me for every thing. The state of my health is really miserable; I am well and lively in the morning, and overwhelmed with nervous horrors in the evening. I do not know how to proceed with regard to my studies:—a very slight overstretch of the mind in the day-time occasions me not only a sleepless night, but a night of *gloom* and horror. The systole and diastole of my heart seem to be playing at ball—the stake, my life. I can only say the game is not yet decided:—I allude to the violence of the palpitation.

I am going to mount the Gog-magog hills this morning in quest of a good night's sleep. The Gog-magog hills for my body, and the Bible for my mind, are my only medicines. I am sorry to say that neither are quite adequate. *Cui, igitur, dandum est vitio? Mihi prorsus.* I hope, as the summer comes, my spirits (which have been with the swallows a winter's journey) will come with it. When my spirits are restored, my health will be restored: the *fons mali* lies there. Give me serenity and equability of mind, and all will be well there."

* * * *

To His Brother.

"*St. John's, March 11, 1806.*

Dear Neville,

* * * *

I hope you read Mason on Self-knowledge now and

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(1) The above appears in "Manuscripts relating to the County of Nottingham, in the possession of Mr. James Ward, Nottingham," 1900, p. 73.

then. It is a useful book, and it will help you greatly in framing your spirit to the ways of humility, piety, and peace. Reading, occasional meditation, and constant prayer, will infallibly guide you to happiness, as far as we *can* be happy *here:* and will help you on your way to that blessed abode, where I hope, ardently hope, we shall all meet hereafter in the assembly of the saints. Go coolly and deliberately, but determinately, to the work of your salvation. Do nothing *here* in a hurry; deliberate upon every thing; take your steps cautiously, yet with a simple reliance on the mercy of your God and Saviour; and wherever you see your duty lie, lose no time in acting up to it. This is the only way to arrive at comfort in your Christian career; and the constant observance of this maxim will, with the assistance of God, smooth your way with quietness and repose even to the brink of eternity, and beyond the gulf that bounds it.

I had almost dropped the idea of seeing Nottingham this next long vacation, as my stay in Cambridge may be importantly useful; but I think now I shall go down for my health's, and more particularly for the sake of my mother, whom my presence will comfort, and perhaps help. I shall be glad to moor all my family in the harbour of religious trust, and in the calm sea of religious peace. These concerns are apt at times to escape me, but they now press much upon my heart; and I think it is my first dutv to see that my family are safe in the most important of all affairs."

* * * *

To the Rev. James Plumptre.

"*St. John's, March 12, 1806.*

Dear Sir,

I hope you will excuse the long delay which I have made in sending the song. I am afraid I have trespassed on your patience, if indeed so unimportant a subject can have given you any thought at all. If you think it worth while to send the song to your publisher, I should prefer the omission of the writer's name, as the insertion of it would only be a piece of idle ostentation, and answer no end. My name will neither give credit to the verses, nor the verses confer honour on my name.

* * * *

I am afraid I have trespassed on your patience, and I must beg of you to excuse the badness of the writing, for which I have the plea of illness. I hope your health is yet firm, and that God will in mercy prosper your endeavours for the good of your flock.

I am, dear Sir,
Very respectfully yours,
H. K. WHITE."

TO HIS MOTHER.

"*St. John's, Cambridge, April 1806.*

DEAR MOTHER,

* * * *

I am quite unhappy to see you so anxious on my account, and also that you should think me neglectful of you. Believe me, my dear mother, my thoughts are often with you. Never do I lay myself on my bed until you have all passed before me in my prayers; and one of my first earthly wishes is to make you comfortable and provide that rest and quiet for your mind which you so much need; and never fear but I shall have it in my power some time or other. My prospects wear a flattering appearance. I shall be almost sure of a fellowship somewhere or other, and then, if I get a curacy in Cambridge, I shall have a clear income of £170 per annum, besides my board and lodging—perhaps more. If I do not reside in Cambridge, I shall have some quiet parsonage, where you may come and spend the summer months. Maria and Kate will then be older, and you will be less missed. On all accounts, *you* have much reason to indulge happier dreams. My health is considerably better. Only do you take as much care of yours as I do of mine, and all will be well. I exhort, and entreat, and beseech you, as you love me and all your children, that you will take all your bitters *without ceasing*. As you wish me to pay regard to your exhortations, attend to this."

* * * *

"*St. John's, April, 1806.*

DEAR MOTHER,

I am a good deal surprised at not having heard from you in answer to my last. You will be surprised

to hear the purport of my present letter, which is no less than that I shall spend the ensuing Easter vacation in Nottingham. The reasons which have induced me to make this so wide an alteration in my plan, are these: I have had some symptoms of the return of my old complaint, and both my doctor and tutor think I had better take a fortnight's relaxation at home. I hope you will not think I have neglected exercise, since I have taken more this term than I ever did before; but I shall enlarge my hours of recreation still more, since I find it necessary, for my health's sake, so to do.

You need not give yourself any uneasiness as to my health, for I am quite recovered. I was chiefly afflicted with sleeplessness and palpitations of the heart, which symptoms have now disappeared, and I am quite restored to my former good health. My journey will re-establish me completely, and it will give me no small pleasure to see you, after so long an absence from home. I shall be very idle while I am at Nottingham: I shall only amuse myself with teaching Maria and Kate."

Southey relates—"During the course of this summer, it was expected that the mastership of the free-school at Nottingham would shortly become vacant. A relation of his family[1] was at that time mayor of the town; he suggested to them what an advantageous situation it would be for Henry, and offered to secure for him the necessary interest. But though the salary and emoluments are estimated at from 4 to 600*l.* per annum, Henry declined the offer; because, had he accepted, it would have frustrated his intentions with respect to the ministry. This was certainly no common act of forbearance in one so situated as to fortune, especially as the hope which he had most at heart, was that of being enabled to assist his family, and in some degree requite the care

(1) Alderman Edward Swann, referred to in the note on pages 106-7, was elected Mayor of Nottingham, 29 September, 1805. He was again appointed Mayor, 29 September, 1812, with his son and son-in-law as Sheriffs, quite a family party!

and anxiety of his father and mother, by making them comfortable in their declining years." On this subject White wrote the following letter to his sister; and subsequently to his brother and mother.

"*St. John's, June 25, 1806.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

* * * *

The intelligence you gave me of Mr. Forrest's illness, &c., &c., cannot affect me in any way whatever. The mastership of the school must be held by a *clergyman;* and I very well recollect that he is restrained from holding any curacy, or other ministerial office. The salary is not so large as you mention; and if it were, the place would scarcely be an object to me; for I am very certain, that if I choose, when I have taken my degree, I may have half a dozen pupils to prepare for the university, with a salary of 100*l.* per annum, which would be more respectable, and more consonant to my habits and studies than drilling the fry of a trading town in learning which they do not know how to value. Latin and Greek are nothing like so much respected in Nottingham as Wingate's Arithmetic."

* * * *

TO HIS BROTHER.

"*St. John's, June 30, 1806.*

DEAR NEVILLE,

I received your letter yesterday; and I hope you will not think my past silence at all in need of apology, when you know that our examination only closed on Saturday.

I have the satisfaction of informing you, that, after a week's scrutiny, I was deemed to be the first man. I had very little hopes of arriving at so distinguished a station, on account of my many checks and interruptions. It gave me great pleasure to observe how all the men rejoiced in my success. It was on Monday that the classes were published. I am a prize man both in the mathematical and logical, or general examination, and in Latin composition.

Mr. Catton has expressed his great satisfaction at

my progress, and he has offered to supply me with a private tutor for the four months of the vacation, free of any expense. That will cost the college twelve or fifteen guineas at least. My last term bill amounts only to £4. 5s. 3d., after my exhibitions are deducted.

I had engaged to take charge of a few classical pupils, for a clergyman in Warwickshire, during *one* month of the vacation, for which I was to receive, besides my board, &c., &c., ten guineas; but Mr. Catton says this is a piece of extreme folly, as it will consume time, and do me no good. He told me, therefore, positively, that he would not give me an *exeat*, without which no man can leave his college for the night.

I cannot, therefore, at all events visit Nottingham, with my aunt, nor meet her there.

I could now, if I chose, leave St. John's College, and go to another with great *eclat;* but it would be an unadvisable step. I believe, however, it will be impossible for them to elect me a fellow of St. John's, as my county is under particular restrictions. They can give me a fellowship of smaller value, but I would rather get one at another college; at all events, the smaller colleges will be glad to elect me from St. John's.

* * * *

With regard to cash, I manage pretty well, though my fund is at present at its lowest ebb. My bills, however, are paid; and I have no occasion for money, except as a private convenience. The question therefore is, whether it will be more inconvenient to you than convenient to me for you to replenish my purse? Decide impartially. I have not drawn upon my mother since Christmas, except for the expense of my journey up from Nottingham to Cambridge; nor do I mean to do it till next Christmas, when, as I have ordered a suit of clothes, I shall have a good many calls for money.

Let me have a long letter from you soon."

* * * *

To His Mother.

"*St. John's, July* 9, *1806.*

My Dear Mother,

I have scarcely time to write you a long letter; but the pleasing nature of my intelligence will, I hope, make

up for its shortness.

After a week's examination I am decided to be the first man of my year at St. John's—an honour I had scarcely hoped for, since my reading has been so very broken and interrupted. The contest was very stiff, and the men all acquitted themselves very well. We had thirteen men in the *first class*, though there are seldom more than six or eight who attain that rank in common.

I have learned also that I am a prize man in classical composition, though I do not yet know whereabouts I stand. It is reported that here too I am first.

Before it was known that I was the first man, Mr. Catton, our college tutor, told me that he was so satisfied with the manner in which I had passed through the examination, that if I chose to stay up during the summer, I should have a private tutor in the mathematics, and that it should be no expense to me. I could not hesitate at such a proposal, especially as he did not limit the time for my keeping the private tutor, but will probably continue it as long as I like. You will estimate the value of this favour, when I tell you that a private tutor, for the whole vacation, will cost the college at least, twelve or fourteen guineas, and that during term-time they receive ten guineas the term.

I cannot of course leave the college this summer even for a week, and shall therefore miss the pleasure of seeing my aunt G—— at Nottingham. I have written to her.

It gave me much pleasure to observe the joy all the men seemed to feel at my success. I had been on a water excursion with a clergyman in the neighbourhood and some ladies, and just got home as the men were assembling for supper. You can hardly conceive with what pleasure they all flocked round me, with the most hearty congratulations; and I found that many of them had been seeking me all over the college, in order to be the first to communicate the good tidings."

* * * *

To Mr. Benjamin Maddock.

"*St. John's, July 1806.*

My Dear Friend,

I have good and very bad news to communicate to

you. Good, that Mr. Catton has given me an exhibition which makes me up a clear income of £63 per annum, and that I am consequently more than independent; bad, that I have been very ill, notwithstanding regular and steady exercise. Last Saturday morning I rose early, and got up some rather abstruse problems in mechanics for my tutor, spent an hour with him, between eight and nine got my breakfast, and read the Greek History (*at breakfast*) till ten, then sat down to decipher some logarithm tables. I think I had not done anything at them when I lost myself. At a quarter past eleven my laundress found me bleeding in four different places in my face and head, and insensible. I got up and staggered about the room, and she, being frightened, ran away, and told my Gyp to fetch a surgeon. Before he came, I was sallying out with my flannel gown on, and my academical gown over it; he made me put on my coat, and then I went to Mr. Farish's: he opened a vein, and my recollection returned. My own idea was that I had fallen out of bed, and so I told Mr. Farish at first; but I afterwards remembered that I had been to Mr. Fiske, and breakfasted.

Mr. Catton has insisted on my consulting Sir Isaac Pennington, and the consequence is, that I am to go through a course of blistering, &c., which, after the bleeding, will leave me weak enough.

I am, however, very well, except as regards the doctors, and yesterday I drove into the country to Saffron Walden, in a gig. My tongue is in a bad condition, from a bite which I gave it either in my fall, or in the moments of convulsion. My nose has also come badly off. I believe I fell against my reading desk. My other wounds are only rubs and scratches on the carpet.

I am ordered to remit my studies for a while, by the common advice both of doctors and tutors. Dr. Pennington hopes to prevent any recurrence of the fit. He thinks it looks towards epilepsy, of the horrors of which malady I have a very full and precise idea; and I only pray that God will spare me as respects my faculties, however else it may seem good to him to afflict me. Were I my own master, I know how I should act; but I am tied here by bands which I cannot burst. I know that change of place is needful; but I must not indulge in the idea. The college must not pay my tutor for

nothing. Dr. Pennington and Mr. Farish attribute the attack to a too continued tension of the faculties. As I am much alone now, I never get quite off study, and I think incessantly. I know nature will not endure this. They both proposed my going home, but Mr. —— did not hint at it, although much concerned; and, indeed, I know home would be a bad place for me *in my* present situation. I look round for a resting place, and I find none. Yet there is one, which I have too long, too much disregarded, and thither I must now betake myself. There are many situations worse than mine, and I have no business to complain. If these afflictions should draw the bonds tighter which hold me to my Redeemer, it will be well.

You may be assured that you have here a plain statement of my case, in its true colours, without any palliation. I am now well again, and have only to fear a relapse, which I shall do all in my power to prevent by a relaxation in study. I have now written too much.

I am, very sincerely yours,

H. K. White.

P.S. I charge you, as you value my peace, not to let my friends hear, either directly or indirectly, of my illness."

To His Brother.

"*St. John's, July 30, 1806.*

My Dear Neville,

I had deferred sitting down to write to you until I should have leisure to send you a very long letter; but as that time seems every day further off, I shall beg your patience no longer, but fill my sheet as well as I can.

I must first reply to your queries. I beg pardon for having omitted to mention the receipt of the ——; but as I acknowledge the receipt of the parcel, I concluded that you would understand me to mean its contents as specified in your letter. But I know the accuracy of a man of business too well to think your caution strange. As to the college prizes, I have the satisfaction of telling you that I am entitled to two—viz. the first for the general examination, and one of the first for the classical composition. I say *one* of the first on this account—I am put equal with two others at the top of the list. In this

contest I had all the men of the three years to contend with; and as both my equals are my seniors in standing, I have no reason to be dissatisfied.

* * * *

The Rhetoric Lecturer sent me one of my Latin essays to copy, for the purpose of inspection—a compliment which was paid to none of the rest.

* * * *

We three are the only men who are honoured with prizes; so that we have cut four or five Eton men, who are always boasting of their classical ability.

With regard to your visit here, I think you had better come in term-time, as the university is quite empty, and *starers* have nothing but the buildings to gaze at. If, however, you can come more conveniently now than hereafter, I would advise you not to let this circumstance prevent you. I shall be glad to see Mr. —— with you. You may spend a few days very pleasantly here, even in vacation time, though you will scarcely meet a gownsman in the street.

I thought the matter over about ——, but I do not think I have any influence here. Being myself a young man, I cannot, with any chance of success, attempt to *direct* even that interest which I may claim with others.

* * * *

The university is the worst place in the world for making interest. The great mass of men are themselves busily employed in wriggling themselves into places and livings; and there is in general too much anxiety for No. 1. to permit any interference for a neighbour, No. 2."

* * * *

To His Brother.

"*St. John's, July, 1806.*

My Dear Neville,

* * * *

I am going to spend a week or ten days at the house of a clergyman in this neighbourhood, whose name is T——; he is a very pleasant, and very clever man, has a most charming family and a no less charming house, so that I expect my visit will be very pleasant. He has twelve pupils, (who pay him 1200*l.* per annum,) but his family is so well regulated, and his house so large, that

you scarcely perceive any inconvenience from them.

I read very moderately, and am in better health than I have been ever since I came to Cambridge.

My mother and sister have been urging me to take a hint, let out by Mr. C—— and Mr. S——, about the Free School, which they seem inclined to confer on some person, not a clergyman. It is not likely that I should give up the ministry for a school. If, however, they would allow me to take orders, at the end of two years, which is the soonest I could do it, I should leave the University, and run the risk of getting ordained. Indeed, the risk would be none, as I could keep my terms at Cambridge, and get a degree, without its interfering with my duties as a school-master. The place is 300*l.* per annum; and, I think, I could make it 500*l.*"

* * * *

To His Mother.

"*St. John's, Aug. 1806.*

My Dear Mother,

I have no hesitation in declining the free school, on the ground of its precluding the exercise of the ministerial duties. I shall take the liberty of writing Mr. ——, to thank him for having thought of me, and to recommend to his notice Mr. ——

* * * *

But do not fret yourself, my dear mother; in a few years we shall, I hope, be in happier circumstances. I am not too sanguine in my expectations; but I shall certainly be able to assist you and my sisters in a few years. . . . As for Maria and Kate, if they succeed well in their education, they may perhaps be able to keep a school of a superior kind, where the profits will be greater, and the labour less. I even hope that this may not be necessary, and that you, my father, and they, may come and live with me when I get a parsonage. You would be pleased to see how comfortably Mr. —— lives with his mother and sisters, at a snug little rectory about ten miles from Cambridge. So much for castle-building.

To His Brother.

"*St. John's, Aug. 12. 1806.*

Dear Neville,

I can but just manage to tell you by this post, what I am sure you will be glad to learn, even at the expense of seven-pence for an empty sheet, that Mr. Catton has given me an exhibition, which makes my whole income sixty guineas a year. My last term's bill was £13. 13s. and I had £7. 12s. to receive; but the expenses of this vacation will leave me bare until Christmas.

I have the pleasure of not having solicited either this or any other of the favours which Mr. Catton has so liberally bestowed upon me; and though I have been the possessor of this exhibition ever since March last, yet Mr. Catton did not hint it to me until this morning, when he gave me my bill.

I have, of course, signified to Mr. Simeon that I shall have no need whatever of the stipend which I have hitherto received through his hands. He was extremely kind on the occasion, and indeed his conduct towards me has ever been *fatherly*. It was Mr. —— who allowed me £20 per annum,[1] and Mr. Simeon added £10. He told me that my conduct gave him the most heartfelt joy; that I was so generally respected, without having made any compliances, as he understood, or having, in any instance, concealed my principles. Indeed this is a praise which I may claim, though I never conceived that it was at all an object of praise. I have always taken some pains to let those around me know my religious sentiments, as a saving of trouble, and as a mark of that independence of opinion which I think every one ought to assert; and as I have produced my opinions with frankness and modesty, and supported them (if attacked) with coolness and candour, I have never found them any impediment to my acquaintance with any person whose acquaintance I coveted."

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(1) This refers to William Wilberforce, M.P., the eloquent and distinguished philanthropist, who was born at Hull in 1759, and received his education at the University of Cambridge. In 1780 he was returned to Parliament for his native town, and eventually became, after a very severe contest, one of the knights of the shire for the great northern county. His third son was the noted Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. Mr. Wilberforce died, universally lamented, in 1833.

To Mr. Robert White Almond.

"*St. John's, Aug. 18. 1806.*

Dear A.

I am glad to hear of your voyages and travels through various regions, and various seas, both of this island, and its little suckling, the Isle of Wight.

Many hair's-breadth 'scapes and perilous adventures you must needs have had, and many a time, on the extreme shores of the south, must you have looked up with the eye of intelligent curiosity to see whether the same moon shone *there* as in the pleasant but now far distant groves of Colwick.[1] And, now, my very wise and travelled friend, seeing that your head is yet upon your shoulders, and your neck in its right natural position, and

(1) That the pleasant little village of Colwick, situated at the foot of a long wooded range of hills, on the north bank of the river Trent, nearly three miles east of Nottingham, was one of the favourite "haunts" of White and his friend Almond, is more than probable. "The steep rock at its rear rising in abrupt precipices, and thickly tufted with overhanging woods"—at the foot of which are two lines of railway—"produces a fine effect from every point of view, and renders Colwick one of the most picturesque spots within the reach of the townsfolk of Nottingham. The place is likewise interesting as having once been the seat and property of the noble family of Byron." In the seventeenth century Colwick became the property of Sir John Musters, the ancestor of the recent owners. The Hall, a large square mansion, rebuilt in 1776, is now a place of popular resort, and the park in front has been converted into a racecourse. "In 1831, during the Reform riots which disgraced this part of England, this mansion was visited by a band of miscreants, who forced an entrance into the house, wantonly destroyed the furniture and paintings, and finally attempted to burn down the mansion itself, but in this they were happily unsuccessful. Mrs. Musters, the celebrated 'Mary Chaworth,' was at Colwick Hall at the time, and the terror caused by this daring assault is believed to have greatly accelerated her decease, which took place at Wiverton Hall, in this county, about four months afterwards." The church, a small fabric standing close to the hall, contains several fine monuments to the Byron and Musters families. The village was at one time noted for the making of a thin soft kind of cheese (now made in villages further down the Trent), called Colwick cheese, of which there is a large consumption in the neighbourhood, particularly at the old "Ferry Boat" Inn at Wilford, but which is little known out of Nottinghamshire. Colwick is easily accessible from Nottingham by electric tramcars, and, in the summer months, by a service of steamboats from the Trent Bridge.

seeing that, after all the changes and chances of a long journey, and after being banged from post to pillar, and from pillar to post; seeing, I say, that after all this you are safely housed once more under your paternal roof, what think you if you were to indulge your mind as much as you have done your eyes and gaping muscles?"

* * * *

To Mr. John Charlesworth.

"*St. John's, Sept. 22. 1806.*

My Dear Charlesworth,

Thank you for taking the blame of our neglected correspondence on your own shoulders. I thought it rested elsewhere. Thrice have I began to write to you —once in Latin, and twice in English; and each time have the fates opposed themselves to the completion of my design. But, however, *pax sit rebus*, we are naturally disposed to forgive, because we are, as far as intention goes, mutual offenders.

I thank you for your invitation to Clapham, which came at a fortunate juncture, since I had just settled with my tutor that I should pay a visit to my brother in London this week. I shall of course see you; and shall be happy to spend a few days with you at Clapham, and to rhapsodize on your common. It gives me pleasure to hear you are settled, and I give you many hearty good wishes for practice and prosperity. I hope you will soon find that a wife is a very necessary article of enjoyment in a domesticated state; for how, indeed, should it be otherwise? A man cannot cook his dinner while he is employed in earning it. Housekeepers are complete *helluones rei familiaris*, and not only pick your pockets, but abuse you into the bargain; while a wife, on the contrary, both cooks your dinner, and enlivens it with her society;—receives you after the toils of the day with cheerfulness and smiles;—and is not only the faithful guardian of your treasury, but the soother of your cares, and the alleviator of your calamities. Now, am I not very poetical? But on such a subject who would not be poetical? A wife!—a domestic fire-side!—the cheerful assiduities of love and tenderness! It would inspire a Dutch burgomaster! And if, with all this in your grasp, you shall still choose the *pulsare terram pede*

libero, still avoid the *irrupta copula*, still deem it a matter of light regard to be an object of affection and fondness to an amiable and sensible woman—why then you deserve to be a fellow of a college all your days; to be kicked about in your last illness by a saucy and careless bed-maker; and lastly to be put in the ground in your college chapel, followed only by the man who is to be your successor. Why, man, I dare no more *dream* that I shall ever have it in my power to have a wife, than that I shall be Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of all England. A suite of rooms in a still and quiet corner of old St. John's, which was once occupied by a crazy monk, or by one of the translators of the Bible in the days of good King James, must form the boundary of my ambition. I must be content to inhabit walls which never echoed with a female voice, to be buried in glooms which were never cheered with a female smile. It is said, indeed, that women were sometimes permitted to visit St. John's when it was a monastery of Black Friars, in order to be present at particular religious ceremonies; but the good monks were careful to sprinkle holy water wherever their profane footsteps had carried contagion and pollution.

It is well that you are free from the restrictions of monastic austerity; and that while I sleep under the shadow of towers and lofty walls, and the safeguard of a vigilant porter, you are permitted to inhabit your own cottage under your own guardianship, and to listen to the sweet accents of domestic affection.

Yes, my very Platonic, or rather Stoical friend, I must see you safely bound in the matrimonial noose, and then, like a confirmed bachelor, ten years hence, I shall have the satisfaction of pretending to laugh at, while in my heart I envy you. So much for rhapsody. I am coming to London for relaxation's sake, and shall try it pretty freely—that is, I shall seek after fine sights—stare at fine people—be cheerful with the gay—foolish with the simple—and leave as little room to suspect as possible that I am (any thing of) a philosopher and mathematician. I shall probably talk a little Greek, but it will be by stealth, in order to excite no suspicion.

I shall be in town on Friday or Saturday. I am in a very idle mood, and have written you a very idle letter,

for which I entreat your pardon; and I am,

Dear C——,

Very sincerely yours,

H. K. White."

To His Brother.

(FOUND IN HIS POCKET AFTER HIS DECEASE.)

"*St. John's, Oct. 11, 1806.*

Dear Neville,

I am safely arrived and in college, but my illness has increased upon me much. The cough continues, and is attended with a good deal of fever. I am under the care of Mr. Farish, and entertain very little apprehension about the cough; but my over-exertions in town have reduced me to a state of much debility; and, until the cough be gone, I cannot be permitted to take any strengthening medicines. This places me in an awkward predicament; but I think I perceive a degree of expectoration this morning, which will soon relieve me, and then I shall mend apace.

Under these circumstances, I must not expect to see you here at present;—when I am a little recovered, it will be a pleasant relaxation to me.

* * * *

Our lectures began on Friday, but I do not attend them until I am better. I have not written to my mother, nor shall I while I remain unwell. You will tell her, as a reason, that our lectures began on Friday, I know she will be uneasy if she do not hear from me. and still more so if I tell her I am ill.

I cannot write more at present, than that I am

Your truly affectionate brother,

H. K. White."

"There is a pleasant tradition in the College that, when White's health finally broke down, it was thought that to climb so many stairs daily would be injurious to him, and that he was moved to more convenient quarters on the ground floor, known as No. 1 on staircase

K in the first Court, below the Silver Bell,"[1] now a bicycle-store near the porter's lodge.

Southey concludes his biographical notice of White as follows:—"The indulgence shown him by his college, in providing him a tutor during the long vacation, was peculiarly unfortunate. His only chance of life was from relaxation, and home was the only place where he would have relaxed to any purpose. Before this time he had seemed to be gaining strength; it failed as the year advanced: he went once more to London to recruit himself,—the worst place to which he could have gone: the variety of stimulating objects there hurried and agitated him, and when he returned to college, he was so completely ill, that no power of medicine could save him. His mind was worn out, and it was the opinion of his medical attendants, that if he had recovered, his intellect would have been affected. His brother Neville was just at this time to have visited him. On his first seizure Henry found himself too ill to receive him, and wrote to say so: he added, with that anxious tenderness towards the feelings of a most affectionate family which always appeared in his letters, that he thought himself recovering; but his disorder increased so rapidly, that this letter was never sent; it was found in his pocket after his decease. One of his friends wrote to acquaint Neville of his danger: he hastened down; but Henry was delirious when he arrived. He knew him only for a few moments; the next day sunk into a state of stupor; and on Sunday, October 19th, 1806, it pleased God to remove him to a better world and a higher state of existence."

He was buried in All Saints' Church, which then

(1) "Poems, Letters and Prose Fragments of Kirke White edited with an introduction by John Drinkwater," 1907, p. xxxi.

stood opposite the Great Gate of the college. The entry in the Register of Burials runs as follows :—

"1806, October 24—Henry Kirke White, Student of St. John's College, Author of Poems upon several occasions, was buried the twenty-fourth day of October, aged 21 years."

The following obituary notice appeared in the "Cambridge Chronicle" of Saturday, October 25th, 1806 :—[1]

"On Sunday last died, in his apartments at St. John's College, greatly lamented by all who had the pleasure of knowing him, Mr. Henry Kirke White, a student in that society. He was a native of Nottingham; and the Author of a collection of poems that will endear his memory to all the lovers of poesy.

"And when, with time, shall wave the vital fire,
"I'll raise my pilow on the desart shore,
"And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
"Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave."
Sonnet 2, p. 95.

The "Gentleman's Magazine" of a later date contained the following announcement :—

"October 19. At St. John's college, Cambridge, aged 21, H. K. White, esq., of Nottingham, author of "Clifton Grove, a Poem," &c. He was highly respected by all who knew him, and particularly by his tutors, as a young man of the most brilliant talents; meek in his deportment, unassuming in his manners, and of most exemplary piety."[2]

The following interesting and, in a sense, curious "note" appeared in the "Notes and Queries" column

(1) Reprinted in "The Cambridge Chronicle," of Saturday, October 26th, 1906.

(2) *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1806, vol. lxxvi., p. 1080.

of *The Manchester City News*, of December 7th, 1889:—

"HENRY KIRKE WHITE: BORN 1785: DIED 1806.

"[5,599.] The following extracts from a letter which recently came to my hands in turning over family papers may be of interest to some of your readers. The Rev. Weeden Butler, receiver of the letter, was curate to the ill-fated Dr. Dodd, who was executed for forgery in 1777. Mr. Butler's son, George Butler, was head-master of Harrow, and afterwards became Dean of Peterborough, a position he held until his death. George Butler's son also was head-master of Harrow for twenty-five years, and after a short tenure of the Deanery of Gloucester is now Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

GEORGE PEARSON.

Southside, Wilmslow."

"*Cambridge, August 2, 1807.*

DEAR LOUISA,

As to my friend, my much-lamented Henry Kirke White. His health had long been delicate, and no wonder; from the age of twelve his days had been occupied in writing for the lawyers; his nights devoted to improvement. He had acquired by himself the French and Italian languages. He only devoted six months to the classics before he came here, yet Mr. Catton declared his Greek poetry to be wonderful. He played in a masterly style on the piano. He drew like an artist. I scarcely ever met with any one so conversant in English and French literature. Judge then if all these acquisitions could be made but at the expense of health. Born in the lower ranks of life, his manners were as elegant as his heart was pure. More elevated principles or more unaffected love of virtue never inhabited any human heart. The delicacy of his frame made me fear he had a strong tendency to consumption. I tried every art that the most solicitous affection could prompt, to induce him to remit some portion of the severity of his studies. A compassionate smile convinced me I might as well attempt to draw down a star from the firmament as to induce Henry Kirke White to relax something in what he

looked upon as a duty. He once indeed politely said, 'He must no longer permit himself for a time to visit me, as it was an indulgence he felt, but too much inclined to repeat. If he came for one hour he always stayed three.'

He was seized with an epileptic fit one evening when he was to favour me with his company. When he called on me a few days after I too plainly understood of what nature it was, but to be certain I asked Mr. Isaac Pennington, who attended him, and requested that he would inform him of the danger of unremitting application, but I could not prevail. Determined that so valuable a life should not be sacrificed without a caution, I warned him of the danger the last time I ever saw him. I saw that he understood the extent of his danger, but his mind was sufficiently firm to endure the shock. After a pause, he said, 'You know I am going to London now. When I return I will pay more attention to your advice.' Alas, when he did return a damp bed put a finishing stroke [Southey in the *Life* does not allude to this] to the existence of one of the brightest ornaments of religion and virtue.

At Nottingham, when he had little prospect of ever obtaining any situation in life at all adequate to his mind, he was offered the Free School, worth £300 per annum, but he declined it, because the candidate for it had a wife and a large family. So high was the opinion entertained of him at that place at eighteen years of age that the distribution of the weekly collections was left to his discretion.

He had even entered upon his theological studies here. I urged him a little, once, not to neglect the use of Poetry. He candidly told me that he found the greatest difficulty to restrain himself, but that he was determined not to write whilst he continued at Cambridge. However, the next day I found the following elegant additional stanza to Waller's song beginning—

'Go lovely rose; but ere thou fade
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise,
And teach the maid that Goodness Time's rude hand defies,
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.'

which, as Mr. Southey observes, 'is a happy specimen of imitation. It conveys in such language as Waller would have used a better and wiser feeling than often visited him.'

The volume of poems which were published in his lifetime is called *Clifton Grove*. It was the perusal of them which induced me to wish to know him. If you cannot procure them from some friend, wait until October, when a copy of the edition publishing by his friends, edited by Mr. Southey, shall be sent to you.

He was far from being vain of the little volume of *Clifton Grove*. The poems were published unknown to him, and a few grammatical and verbal inaccuracies are apparent which gave him much vexation. They were almost all written before his sixteenth year; and the one on a primrose, written in his twelfth year, stamped his value with me. He wrote the dedication, but not until after they were published. He told me had he known his friends' intention of publishing them he should have inserted some additional ones he had by him which were much better, and which are now in Mr. Southey's hands.

Amongst his papers they found a memorandum 'To apply closely to the mathematics, as of all his studies he feared he liked them least.' This one trait will give you a complete idea of his character. If there ever was a human being that could on all occasions sacrifice inclination to duty that man was Henry Kirke White. Yet his manners were remarkable for their modest elegance and simplicity, and his character as much marked by its decision and benevolence as its candid frankness and love of truth. I generally sought to call forth all the brilliance of his powers.

Yours very truly,

SOPHIA LONGLEY.

To the Rev. Weeden Butler."

Southey, writing to his friend Richard Duppa, on May 23rd, 1807, during the preparation of *The Remains*, thus refers (in continuation of the letter partly printed on page 98 *ante*) to White's death :—

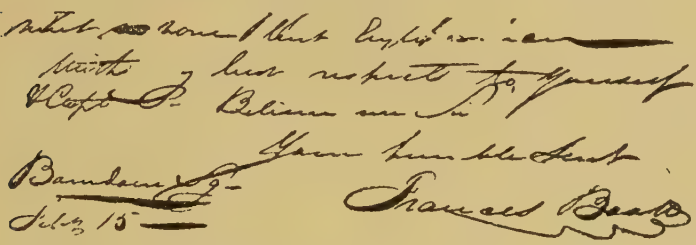
"He died last autumn; and I received a letter informing me of it. It gave me a sort of shock, because in spite of his evangelicism, I always expected great things, from the proof he had given of his very superior

powers; and, in replying to this letter, I asked if there were any intention of publishing anything which he might have left, and offered to give an opinion upon his papers, and look them over. Down came a box-full, the sight of which literally made my heart ache, and my eyes overflow, for never did I behold such proofs of human industry. To make short, I took the matter up with interest, collected his letters, and have, at the expense of more time than such a poor fellow as myself can very well afford, done what his family are very grateful for, and what I think the world will thank me for too. Of course I have done it gratuitously. His life will affect you, for he fairly died of intense application. Cambridge finished him. When his nerves were already so over-strained that his nights were utter misery, they gave him medicines to enable him to hold out during examination for a prize! The horse won,—but he died after the race! Among his letters there is a great deal of Methodism: if this procures for the book, as it very likely may, a sale among the righteous over-much, I shall rejoice for the sake of his family, for whom I am very much interested. I have, however, in justice to myself, stated, in the shortest and most decorous manner, that my own views of religion differ widely from his. Still, that I should become, and that, too, voluntarily, an editor of methodistical and Calvinistic letters, is a thing which, when I think of it, excites the same sort of smile that the thoughts of my pension does, and I wonder, like the sailor, what is to be done next." [1]

White's tomb was on the north side of the Chancel, and only his name was carved thereon. In 1819 a liberal minded American admirer, Dr. Francis Boott (son of Kirk Boott), who was born in Boston, and

(1) *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, iii., 91.

educated at Harvard, and who practised in London, placed in the Church a marble tablet to his memory, with a medallion portrait by Francis Chantrey, R.A., and the following inscription by William Smyth, the



Cambridge Professor of Modern History, "who," says Southey, "while Henry was living, treated him with characteristic kindness, and has consigned to posterity this durable expression of his friendship."

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

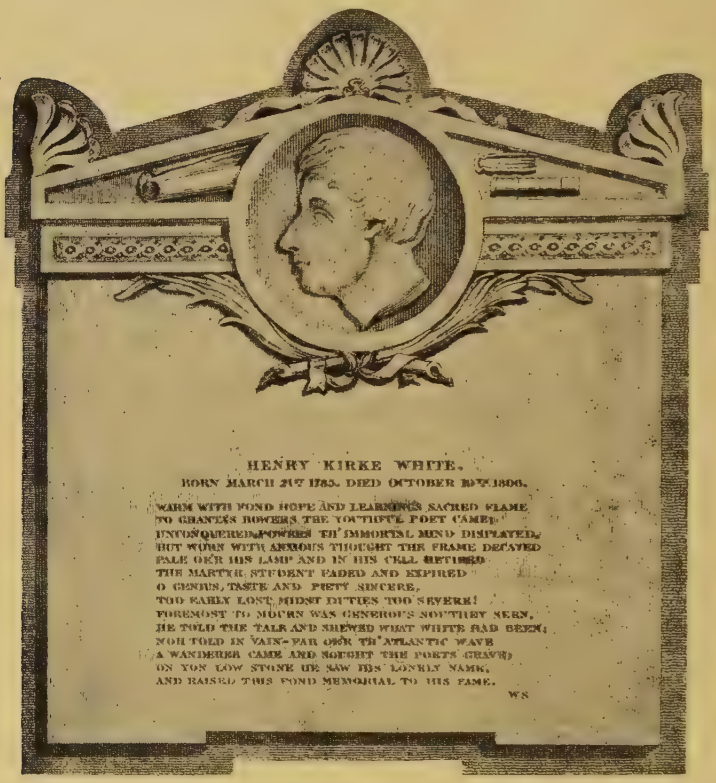
BORN MARCH 21ST 1785. DIED OCTOBER 19TH 1806.

WARM WITH FOND HOPE AND LEARNING'S SACRED FLAME
TO GRANTA'S BOWERS THE YOUTHFUL POET CAME;
UNCONQUERED POWERS TH' IMMORTAL MIND DISPLAYED,
BUT WORN WITH ANXIOUS THOUGHT THE FRAME DECAYED
PALE OE'R HIS LAMP AND IN HIS CELL RETIRED
THE MARTYR STUDENT FADED AND EXPIRED
O GENIUS, TASTE AND PIETY SINCERE,
TOO EARLY LOST MIDST DUTIES TOO SEVERE!
FOREMOST TO MOURN WAS GENEROUS SOUTHEY SEEN
HE TOLD THE TALE AND SHEWED WHAT WHITE HAD BEEN;
NOR TOLD IN VAIN—FAR OE'R TH' ATLANTIC WAVE
A WANDERER CAME AND SOUGHT THE POET'S GRAVE;
ON YON LOW STONE HE SAW HIS LONELY NAME,
AND RAISED THIS FOND MEMORIAL TO HIS FAME.

WS

When the Church was pulled down and rebuilt in

another part of Cambridge, the tablet was, in 1870, transferred to the ante-chapel of St. John's College, where it is impossible to photograph it.


HENRY KIRKE WHITE,
BORN MARCH 21ST 1785. DIED OCTOBER 19TH 1806.
WARM WITH FOND HOPE AND LEARNING'S SACRED FLAME
TO GRANTA'S BOWERS THE YOUTHFUL POET CAME;
UNTO QUEEN POWERS TH' IMMORTAL MIND DISPLATED,
BUT WORN WITH ANXIOUS THOUGHT THE FRAME DECAYED
PALE OER HIS LAMP AND IN HIS CELL RETIRED
THE MARTYR STUDENT FADED AND EXPIRED
O GENIUS, TASTE AND PIETY SINCERE,
TOO EARLY LOST, MIDST DUTIES TOO SEVERE!
FOREMOST TO MOURN WAS GENEROUS SOUTHEY SEEN,
HE TOLD THE TALE AND SHEWED WHAT WHITE HAD BEEN;
NOR TOLD IN VAIN- FAR OER TH' ATLANTIC WAVE
A WANDERER CAME AND SOUGHT THE POET'S GRAVE
ON YON LOW STONE HE SAW HIS LOVELY NAME,
AND RAISED THIS FOND MEMORIAL TO HIS FAME.
WS

On the centenary of White's death his grave stone, which bore only the words "H. Kirke White," was temporarily removed for repairs and for the addition of "Henry," with the date of his death. It was replaced 27 November, 1906, and now reads—

HENRY KIRKE WHITE,
DIED OCT. 19, 1806.

Professor Sedgwick, writing in 1868, thus recalls the poet's personal appearance :—"Whenever I met him

in the street I was impressed by his look and bearing. He was a tall, thoughtful-looking young man, with fine features, and a complexion that seemed to indicate a life of severe study. A month or two before his death I met him several times in society. His manners well matched his character. They were simple, earnest, winning and unaffected. He had the look of a man of genius. So far as regards his features, Chantrey's medallion gives a good general notion of them."

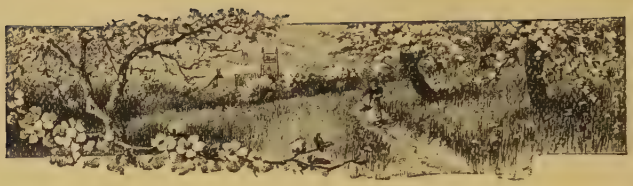
EULOGY ON HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

BY LORD BYRON.

FROM THE "ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS."

Unhappy White![1] while life was in its spring
And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When science' self destroyed her favourite son!
Yes! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

(1) Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents, which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume —*Byron's note*.



CLIFTON AND ITS GROVE.

CLIFTON has long been regarded as the *beau ideal* of an English village, its venerable church and burial-ground, fine old hall, ancient dovecote on the village green, and quaint almshouses and cottages picturesquely scattered amongst the trees, form a series of pleasant pictures. It occupies an elevated position near the banks of the Trent, about four miles to the south-west of Nottingham. The church, a cruciform structure with a lofty central tower, contains many interesting memorials, dating from the fifteenth century, of the ancient and knightly family of Clifton, whose surname was derived from this place, seated here since the reign of Henry the Third. The Hall, a plain square brick mansion of considerable size, deeply embowered in fine old trees, and commanding a most extensive prospect over the valley of the Trent, is now the seat of Colonel Sir Hervey Juckes Lloyd Bruce, Bart., Lord of the Manor, and nephew of Sir Robert Juckes Clifton, the last Baronet (died 1869), who is referred to in the note on page 87 *ante*.

It is, however, with the far-famed Clifton Grove, the favourite "haunt" of Henry Kirk White, that we are more particularly interested. Matthew Henry Barker,

in his description of Clifton Grove, written in 1835, states :—

"Proceeding by the Trent side, from Wilford, the coach entrance to Clifton lordship is through a pair of neat iron gates, but the footway is over a rustic wooden bridge ; and continuing onward for about half a mile in a path delightfully pleasant, I entered upon a rising hill beneath the shady covert of the sombre Grove. . . The avenue of elms, I imagine from their appearance,

CLIFTON CHURCH.

must have been planted much about the same time as those at Wilford ; the plantation on the side of the steep declivity is of a later date (1740), but there are few places that can surpass it in richness and beauty. It is, indeed, a spot for lonely contemplation ; the heart shakes off the oppressive weight of wordly care, and looks around with freedom to enjoy the glories of creation. The distant scenery, as it now and then bursts upon the sight through the thick spreading branches, draws the mind

from melancholy musings; and the river beneath, winding in its course through many a little islet, gives a witchery to the whole. About half way through the Grove, my attention was directed to several rows of trees leading to a plantation on the left, and on approaching a hunter's gate, another picturesque landscape presented itself. Right in front lay the Ruddington Hills, and that lone church-yard which soon will be forgotten. Near to this, inclining to the left, appeared the Wilford Hill, with its mill and pleasure house; whilst, further to the eastward, the Trent vale lay slumbering in quietness and repose."[1]

A prominent local historian also aptly describes the locality:—

"Everyone who lives, or has lived in Nottingham will be well aware that there is no walk more pleasant or picturesque for the denizens of the busy town than that which leads through Wilford by the banks of the silvery Trent to Clifton. The little village, nestling amidst the trees, and its famous Grove, which painters have often sketched and of whose sylvan glories poets have sung, is a favourite resort for those who wish to enjoy a few hours' relaxation in the rural quietude of a pretty and peaceful spot. The charms of Clifton Grove, a beautiful avenue of stately trees, at the foot of which flows the swift stream of the Trent, prove a constant source of attraction, and the interest of the place is heightened by romantic tales and legends which are associated with this delightful locality. To Kirke White the shady path, from whose heights a fine view of the broad vale of the Trent and of the town of Nottingham

(1) "Walks round Nottingham, by A Wanderer," 1835, pages 62 and 64. A notice of the author (Matthew Henry Barker) is given on pages 73-5 *ante*.

can be seen, was a frequent source of pleasure, and to his 'Clifton Grove' those readers should refer who wish a poetic description of the scene, and a vivid narrative of the fair maid of Clifton and her strange career."

The story of the Fair Maid of Clifton has been often told. The earliest version with which we are acquainted is contained in a rare play, written by William Sampson. a native of South Leverton, in Nottinghamshire.

CLIFTON GROVE.

"The following is a copy of the title page: 'The Vow Breaker. Or, The Faire Maide of Clifton. In Nottinghamshire as it hath beene diuers times Acted by severall Companies with great applause. By William Sampson. Virg: Æn: lib: 2.77. Obstupui, steterantque Comæ, & vox fausibus hæsit. London. Printed by Iohn Norton and are to be sold by Roger Ball at the signe of the Golden Anchor in the Strand, neere Temple-Barre,

(1) The late Cornelius Brown, F.S.A. (d. 1907) in *The Nottinghamshire Guardian*, 14 December, 1889.

1636.' The volume or pamphlet is a small quarto, comprising title, a curious wood cut, dedication, 'The Prologue to Censurers,' and the play which occupies 67 unnumbered pages. The dedication is addressed 'To the Worshipfvll and most vertuous Gentlewoman Mistris Anne Willoughby Daughter of the Right Worshipfull, and ever to be Honoured Henry Willoughby of Risley, in the County of Derby Baronet' . . . . . The play is divided into five acts, of one scene each. In the last act, the Mayor of Nottingham, who describes himself as 'a plaine honest Tanner,' and two of his brother aldermen, 'one a Shoo-maker, t'other a Felmonger' have an interesting interview with Queen Elizabeth, whom they familiarly style 'Besse,' on the subject of the navigation of the River Trent. In the course of an excellent speech, the Mayor (who affirms he has 'noe Lawyers eloquence, our Recorder cannot whistle') refers to the town arms of Nottingham in these terms, 'Edward the first from whom we beare our armes, Three Crownes displaied in an Azure feilde.' The play ends by the Queen inviting the Mayor and others to sup with her that night (at Nottingham Castle).

> 'to morrow wee'le survey
> The underminings, and unpaced greife
> That Mortimer, and Isabell did devise
> To steale their sportive daliances in,
> Of whom your stately fortresse does retaine
> The Labyrinth (now called Mortimers hole).'

The play is written in blank verse of some merit, but there are no stage directions, except entrances and exits, and the greater part of the action presumably takes place at Clifton. In this respect the action of the piece is somewhat humourous. In the fourth act Anne, 'the fair maid of Clifton,' after giving birth to a girl, and

being visited by a ghost, jumps out of bed, raises an alarm, flees from the house, and before many lines have been spoken, is brought back by a number of women, who explain that they had traced her through the snow, step by step, until they came to the river side, where she had thrown herself in, and ultimately found her drowned 'on the River side nigh Collicke Ferry!' The story is published in a very rare chap book, entitled 'Bateman's Tragedy; or, The Perjured Bride Justly Rewarded. Being the History of German's Wife and Young Bateman. London: Sold at Sympson's Printing-office in Stonecutter-Street, Fleet Market.' It is also to be found in Ritson's Collection of English Songs, entitled 'Bateman's Tragedy,' but a footnote states that the full title of the song is 'A Godly Warning to all Maidens, by the Example of God's Judgment shewed on Jerman's Wife of Clifton, in the county of Nottingham; who, lying in child-bed, was born away, and never heard of after.' Other more recent versions are to be found."[1] One of these, entitled "The Fair Maid of Clifton; Or the fatal effects of Perjury," occupies lii pages of the appendix to "Walks round Nottingham," previously referred to.

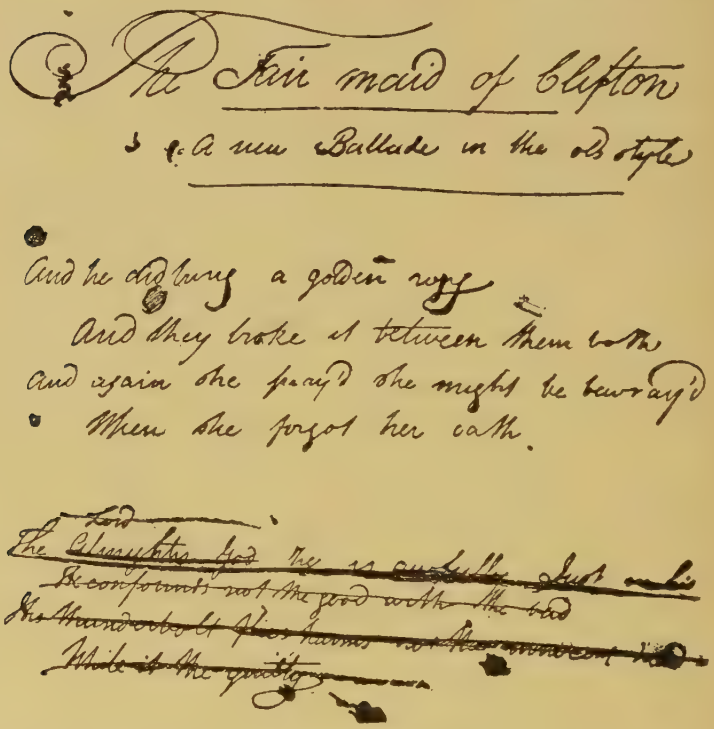
That the legend of "the far fam'd Clifton Maid," as he terms it, was familiar to White from early youth is evidenced in the following lines in his published poem "Clifton Grove"

> "Such is the tale, so sad, to memory dear,
> Which oft in youth has charm'd my listening ear,
> That tale, which bade me find redoubled sweets
> In the drear silence of these dark retreats,
> And even now, with melancholy power,
> Adds a new pleasure to the lonely hour."

(1) "William Sampson, Seventeenth Century Poet and Dramatist. By John T. Godfrey, F.R.H.S., Mdcccxciv."

White's earliest poetical version of the legend has been thus described:—

"A KIRKE WHITE MANUSCRIPT. UNPUBLISHED VERSION OF 'THE FAIR MAID OF CLIFTON.'—Much interest attaches to a Henry Kirke White MS. which has recently come into the possession of Mr. James Ward, of Nottingham, through whose courtesy we are enabled to reproduce in *fac simile* portions of the valuable find.



The MS. is an unpublished version of part of 'The Fair Maid of Clifton,' written on both sides of a half sheet of hand-made foolscap, which may have been torn from a book. Probably an early draft of the ballad, it shows emendations and interlineations which are

curious and suggestive as indicating the poet's method of work in polishing his verse. The genuineness of the MS. is attested by an unsigned note of the first owner in the top left hand corner, stating that it is 'an original MS. of H. K. White, the gift of his brother Neville,' and independent investigation and comparison seem to place beyond doubt the fact that Mr. Ward has acquired a most interesting relic. The MS. consists of 17 stanzas of the 24 constituting the complete poem. One of them, the fifth, does not appear in the published editions of Kirke White's works, and is therefore new to his admirers, while another, the 13th, was struck out by the poet in the MS., and other lines substituted embodying kindred sentiments. Both of these verses we reproduce from the original, together with the title lines of the poem. In its familiar form the remodelled verse is as follows:—

'But the Lord he is just, and the guilty alone
Have to fear of his vengeance the lash;
The thunderbolt harms not the innocent head,
While the criminal dies 'neath the flash.'

On the MS. the second of these lines was first written 'Have his fiery vengeance to fear,' and through the whole the poet struck his pen boldly, writing the known words below, and completing the stanza without further erasure.

'The Fair Maid of Clifton,' does not appear in the early editions of 'The Life and Remains of Henry Kirke White,' edited by Robert Southey, but was afterwards published with other of his earlier writings, which were collected under the heading of 'Poems before Clifton Grove.' The legend on which it is founded of Margaret and her lover, Bateman, is again embodied in a different shape by the poet in his most celebrated poem, 'Clifton Grove,' and was derived by him from a

play which was popular at the end of the seventeenth century, and is still in existence. The opening of the poem tells how 'Bateman met his Margaret by Trent's majestic flood,' and the fourth and fifth verses as published are :—

'And the maid she vow'd she would bear him true,
And thereto she plighted her troth ;
And she pray'd the fiend might fetch her away
When she forgot her oath.

'And the night owl scream'd, as again she swore,
And the grove it did mournfully moan,
And Bateman's heart within him sunk,
He thought 'twas his dying groan.'

In this MS., however, the verse, which is reproduced above in *fac simile*, comes between the two as the fifth verse, the present fifth becoming the sixth. The exchange of rings, or the breaking of a ring, of which each retains a half, as a pledge of fidelity between lovers, is of immemorial antiquity, and is mentioned in some of the most widely known of the Teutonic folk stories. Its traditional familiarity no doubt led the poet to introduce it into his ballad in the first place, and afterwards, on reflection, to reject it as trite and commonplace."[1]

The published version of the legend is as follows :—

THE FAIR MAID OF CLIFTON.

A new Ballad, in the old style.

The night it was dark, and the winds were high,
And mournfully waved the wood,
As Bateman met his Margaret,
By Trent's majestic flood.

(1) *The Nottingham Daily Guardian*, Friday, August 4, 1905.

He press'd the maiden to his breast,
And his heart it was rack'd with fear,
For he knew, that again, 'twas a deadly chance
If ever he pressed her there.

"Oh! Margaret, wilt thou bear me true,"
He said, "while I'm far away,
"For to-morrow I go for a foreign land,
"And there I have long to stay."

And the maid she vow'd she would bear him true,
And thereto she plighted her troth;
And she pray'd the fiend might fetch her away
When she forgot her oath.

And the night-owl scream'd, as again she swore,
And the grove it did mournfully moan,
And Bateman's heart within him sunk,
He thought 'twas his dying groan.

And shortly he went with Clifton, his Lord,
To abide in a foreign land:
And Margaret she forgot her oath,
And she gave to another her hand.

Her husband was rich, but old, and crabb'd
And oft the false one sigh'd,
And wish'd that ere she broke her vow,
She had broken her heart, and died.

And now return'd, her Bateman came
To demand his betrothed bride;
But soon he learn'd that she had sought
A wealthier lover's side.

And when he heard the dreadful news,
No sound he uttered more,
But his stiffen'd corse, ere the morn was seen,
Hung at his false one's door.

And Margaret, all night, in her bed,
She dreamed hideous dreams;
And oft upon the moaning wind
Were heard her frightful screams.

And when she knew of her lover's death,
On her brow stood the clammy dew,
She thought of her oath, and she thought of her fate,
And she saw that her days were few.

But the Lord he is just, and the guilty alone
Have to fear of his vengeance the lash.
The thunderbolt harms not the innocent head,
While the criminal dies 'neath the flash.

His justice, she knew, would spare her awhile,
For the child that she bare in her womb;
But she felt, that when it was borne therefrom
She must instantly go to her tomb.

The hour approach'd and she view'd it with fear
As the date of her earthly time;
And she tried to pray to Almighty God
To expiate her crime.

And she begg'd her relations would come at the day,
And the parson would pray at her side;
And the clerk would sing a penitent hymn,
With all the singers beside.

And she begg'd they would bar the windows so strong,
And put a new lock to the door;
And sprinkle with holy water the house,
And over her chamber floor.

And they barr'd with iron the windows so strong,
And they put a new lock on the door;
And the parson he came, and he carefully strew'd
With holy water the floor.

And her kindred came to see the dame,
And the clerk, and the singers beside;
And they did sing a penitent hymn,
And with her did abide.

And midnight came, and shortly the dame
Did give to her child the light;
And then she did pray, that they would stay,
And pass with her the night.

And she begg'd they would sing the penitent hymn,
And pray with all their might;
For sadly I fear, the fiend will be here,
And fetch me away this night.

And now without, a stormy rout,
With howls the guests did hear;
And the parson he pray'd, for he was afraid,
And the singers they quaver'd with fear.

And Marg'ret pray'd the Almighty's aid,
For louder the tempest grew;
And every guest, his soul he blest,
As the tapers burned blue.

And the fair again, she pray'd of the men
To sing with all their might;
And they did sing, 'till the house did ring,
And louder they sung for affright.

But now their song, it dried on their tongue,
For sleep, it was seizing their sense;
And Marg'ret screamed, and bid them not sleep,
Or the fiends would bear her thence.[1]

* * * *

(1) "*Remains of Henry Kirke White* . . . by Robert Southey," 1822, iii, 59-63.

It was probably at, or about, the same period that White wrote the fragment—"Clifton Grove," printed on pages 45-47 *ante*. This contains no reference to the fair Clifton damsel, but in the volume which White published in the latter part of the year 1803, a facsimile of the title page of which is reproduced on page 61, the legend is related at considerable length. The volume, with a dedication to the Duchess of Devonshire,[1] contained, as the title indicates, several of White's poetical productions. Of these, we here re-print the preface and "Clifton Grove. A Sketch in Verse."

PREFACE.

THE following attempts in Verse are laid before the Public with extreme diffidence. The Author is very conscious that the jüvenile efforts of a youth, who has not received the polish of Academical discipline, and who has been but sparingly blessed with opportunities for the prosecution of scholastic pursuits, must necessarily be defective in the accuracy and finished elegance which

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(1) The dedication reads:—"To Her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire, the following effusions of a very youthful muse, are by permission dedicated, By Her Grace's much obliged and grateful servant, Henry Kirke White. Nottingham." Lady Georgiana Spencer, elder daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, was married, 5 June, 1774, to William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, K.G., and had three children—William Spencer, sixth Duke; Georgiana Dorothy, married to George, sixth Earl of Carlisle; and Henrietta Elizabeth, married to Granville, first Earl Granville. This lady, 'the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire,' 'nursed in pomp and pleasure,' 'who once bought votes for kisses,' the subject alike of Sir Joshua Reynolds' and of Gainsborough's brush, when Neville White, on behalf of his brother, obtained an interview with her grace, 'with her usual good nature, gave her permission that the volume should be dedicated to her.' A volume was sent her "in its due Morocco livery, of which," Southey says, "no notice was taken. Involved as she was in an endless round of miserable follies, it is probable that the Duchess never opened the book, otherwise her heart was good enough to have felt a pleasure in encouraging the author." Her grace died 30 March, 1806.

mark the works of the man who has passed his life in the retirement of his study, furnishing his mind with images, and at the same time attaining the power of disposing those images to the best advantage.

The unpremeditated effusions of a Boy, from his thirteenth year, employed, not in the acquisition of literary information, but in the more active business of life, must not be expected to exhibit any considerable portion of the correctness of a Virgil, or the vigorous compression of a Horace. Men are not, I believe, frequently known to bestow much labour on their amusements; and these Poems were, most of them, written merely to beguile a leisure hour, or to fill up the languid intervals of studies of a severer nature.

Πας το οικειος εργον αγαπαω, "Every one loves his own work," says the Stagyrite; but it was no overweening affection of this kind which induced this publication. Had the author relied on his own judgment only, these Poems would not, in all probability, ever have seen the light.

Perhaps it may be asked of him, what are his motives for this publication? He answers—simply these: The facilitation, through its means, of those studies which, from his earliest infancy, have been the principal objects of his ambition; and the increase of the capacity to pursue those inclinations which may one day place him in an honourable station in the scale of society.

The principal Poem in this little collection (Clifton Grove) is, he fears, deficient in numbers and harmonious coherency of parts. It is, however, merely to be regarded as a description of a nocturnal ramble in that charming retreat, accompanied with such reflections as the scene naturally suggested. It was written twelve months ago, when the author was in his sixteenth year.—The Miscel-

lanies are some of them the productions of a very early age.—Of the Odes, that "To an early Primrose" was written at thirteen—the others are of a later date.—The Sonnets are chiefly irregular; they have, perhaps, no other claim to that *specific* denomination than that they consist only of fourteen lines.

Such are the Poems towards which I entreat the lenity of the Public. The Critic will doubtless find in them much to condemn; he may likewise possibly discover something to commend. Let him scan my faults with an indulgent eye, and in the work of that correction which I invite, let him remember he is holding the iron Mace of Criticism over the flimsy superstructure of a youth of seventeen, and, remembering that, may he forbear from crushing by too much rigour, the painted butterfly whose transient colours may otherwise be capable of affording a moment's innocent amusement.

H. K. WHITE.

NOTTINGHAM.

CLIFTON GROVE.

A SKETCH IN VERSE.

Lo! in the west fast fades the lingering light,
And day's last vestige takes its silent flight,—
No more is heard the woodman's measur'd stroke
Which, with the dawn, from yonder dingle broke;
No more hoarse clamouring o'er the uplifted head,
The crows assembling, seek their wind-rock'd bed;
Still'd is the village hum—the woodland sounds
Have ceas'd to echo o'er the dewy grounds;
And general silence reigns, save when below,
The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow
And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic late,
Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring gate;
Or when the sheep-bell, in the distant vale,
Breathes its wild music on the downy gale.

Now, when the rustic wears the social smile,
Releas'd from day and its attendant toil,
And draws his household round their evening fire,
And tells the oft-told tales that never tire ;
Or where the town's blue turrets dimly rise,
And manufacture taints the ambient skies,
The pale mechanic leaves the labouring loom,
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,
And rushes out, impatient to begin
The stated course of customary sin :
Now, now my solitary way I bend
Where solemn groves in awful state impend.
And cliffs, that boldly rise above the plain,
Bespeak, blest Clifton ! thy sublime domain.
Here, lonely wandering o'er the sylvan bower,
I come to pass the meditative hour ;
To bid awhile the strife of passion cease,
And woo the calms of solitude and peace.
And oh ! thou sacred Power, who rear'st on high
Thy leafy throne, where waving poplars sigh !
Genius of woodland shades ! whose mild controul
Steals with resistless witchery to the soul,
Come with thy wonted ardour, and inspire
My glowing bosom with thy hallowed fire.
And thou too, Fancy, from thy starry sphere,
Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st thine ear,
Do thou descend, and bless my ravish'd sight,
Veil'd in soft visions of serene delight.
At thy command the gale that passes by
Bears in its whispers mystic harmony.
Thou wav'st thy wand, and lo ! what forms appear !
On the dark cloud what giant shapes career !
The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty vale,
And hosts of Sylphids on the moon-beams sail.

This gloomy alcove darkling to the sight,
Where meeting trees create eternal night ;

Save, when from yonder stream, the sunny ray,
Reflected, gives a dubious gleam of day;
Recalls endearing to my alter'd mind,
Times, when beneath the boxen hedge reclin'd,
I watch'd the lapwing to her clamorous brood;
Or lured the robin to its scatter'd food;
Or woke with song the woodland echo wild,
And at each gay response delighted smil'd.
How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray
Of gay romance o'er every happy day,
Here would I run, a visionary boy,
When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky,
And, fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form
Sternly careering on the eddying storm;
And heard, while awe congeal'd my inmost soul,
His voice terrific in the thunders roll.
With secret joy, I view'd with vivid glare
The volley'd lightnings cleave the sullen air;
And, as the warring winds around revil'd,
With awful pleasure big,—I heard and smil'd.
Belov'd remembrance!—Memory which endears
This silent spot to my advancing years:
Here dwells eternal peace, eternal rest,
In shades like these to live is to be blest.
While happiness evades the busy crowd,
In rural coverts loves the maid to shroud.
And thou too, Inspiration, whose wild flame
Shoots with electric swiftness through the frame,
Thou here dost love to sit with up-turn'd eye,
And listen to the stream that murmurs by,
The woods that wave, the grey-owl's silken flight,
The mellow music of the listening night.
Congenial calms more welcome to my breast
Than maddening joy in dazzling lustre dressed,
To Heaven my prayers, my daily prayers, I raise,
That ye may bless my unambitious days,

Withdrawn, remote, from all the haunts of strife,
May trace with me the lowly vale of life,
And when her banner Death shall o'er me wave,
May keep your peaceful vigils on my grave.
Now as I rove, where wide the prospect grows,
A livelier light upon my vision flows.
No more above the embracing branches meet,
No more the river gurgles at my feet,
But seen deep, down the cliff's impending side,
Through hanging woods, now gleams its silver tide.
Dim is my up-land path,—across the Green
Fantastic shadows fling, yet oft between
The checker'd glooms, the moon her chaste ray sheds,
Where knots of blue-bells droop their graceful heads,
And beds of violets blooming 'mid the trees,
Load with waste fragrance the nocturnal breeze.

Say, why does Man, while to his opening sight,
Each shrub presents a source of chaste delight,
And Nature bids for him her treasures flow,
And gives to him alone his bliss to know,
Why does he pant for Vice's deadly charms?
Why clasp the syren Pleasure to his arms?
And suck deep draughts of her voluptuous breath,
Though fraught with ruin, infamy and death?
Could he who thus to vile enjoyment clings,
Know what calm joy from purer sources springs;
Could he but feel how sweet, how free from strife,
The harmless pleasures of a harmless life,
No more his soul would pant for joys impure,
The deadly chalice would no more allure,
But the sweet portion he was wont to sip,
Would turn to poison on his conscious lip.

Fair Nature! thee, in all thy varied charms,
Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms:

Thine are the sweets which never, never sate,
Thine still remain through all the storms of fate.
Though not for me 'twas Heaven's divine command
To roll in acres of paternal land,
Yet still my lot is blest, while I enjoy,
Thine opening beauties with a lover's eye.

Happy is he, who, though the cup of bliss
Has ever shunn'd him when he thought to kiss,
Who, still in abject poverty or pain,
Can count with pleasure what small joys remain:
Though were his sight conveyed from zone to zone,
He would not find one spot of ground his own,
Yet, as he looks around, he cries with glee,
These bounding prospects all were made for me:
For me yon waving fields their burthen bear,
For me yon labourer guides the shining share,
While happy I in idle ease recline,
And mark the glorious visions as they shine.
This is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold.
Content can sooth, where'er by fortune plac'd,
Can rear a garden in a desart waste.

How lovely, from this hill's superior height,
Spreads the wide view before my straining sight!
O'er many a varied mile of lengthening ground,
E'en to the blue-ridged hill's remotest bound,
My ken is borne; while o'er my head serene,
The silver moon illumes the misty scene,
Now shining clear, now darkening in the glade,
In all the soft varieties of shade.

Behind me, lo! the peaceful hamlet lies,
The drowsy god has seal'd the cotter's eyes.
No more, where late the social faggot blaz'd,
The vacant peal resounds, by little rais'd;

But lock'd in silence, o'er Arion's* star,
The slumbering Night rolls on her velvet car:
The church-bell tolls, deep-sounding down the glade,
The solemn hour for walking spectres made;
The simple plough-boy, wakening with the sound,
Listens aghast, and turns him startled round,
Then stops his ears, and strives to close his eyes,
Lest at the sound some grisly ghost should rise.

Now ceas'd the long, the monitory toll,
Returning silence stagnates in the soul;
Save when, disturb'd by dreams, with wild affright,
The deep-mouthed mastiff bays the troubled night:
Or where the village ale-house crowns the vale,
The creaking sign-post whistles to the gale.
A little onward let me bend my way,
Where the moss'd seat invites the traveller's stay.
That spot, oh! yet it is the very same;
That hawthorn gives it shade, and gave it name;
There yet the primrose opes its earliest bloom,
There yet the violet sheds its first perfume,
And in the branch that rears above the rest
The robin unmolested builds its nest.
'Twas here when hope, presiding o'er my breast,
In vivid colours every prospect drest:
'Twas here, reclining, I indulged her dreams,
And lost the hour in visionary schemes.
Here, as I press once more the ancient seat,
Why, bland deceiver! not renew the cheat?
Say, can a few short years this change achieve,
That thy illusions can no more deceive?
Time's sombrous tints have every view o'erspread.
And thou, too, gay Seducer; art *thou* fled?
Though vain thy promise, and thy suit severe,

* The Constellation Delphinus. For authority for this appellation. see Ovid's Fasti, B. xi. 113.

Yet thou could'st guile Misfortune of her tear,
And oft thy smiles across life's gloomy way,
Could throw a gleam of transitory day.
How gay, in youth, the flattering future seems
How sweet is manhood in the infant's dreams;
The dire mistake too soon is brought to light,
And all is buried in redoubled night.
Yet some can rise superior to their pain,
And in their breasts the charmer Hope retain:
While others, dead to feeling, can survey,
Unmov'd, their fairest prospects fade away:
But yet a few there be,—too soon o'ercast!—
Who shrink unhappy from the adverse blast,
And woo the first bright gleam, which breaks the gloom,
To gild the silent slumbers of the tomb.
So in these shades the early primrose blows,
Too soon deceiv'd by suns and melting snows,
So falls untimely on the desert waste;
Its blossoms withering in the northern blast.

Now pass'd whate'er the upland heights display,
Down the steep cliff I wind my devious way;
Oft rousing, as the rustling path I beat,
The timid hare from its accustom'd seat.
And, oh! how sweet this walk o'erhung with wood,
That winds the margin of the solemn flood!
What rural objects steal upon the sight!
What rising views prolong the calm delight;
The brooklet branching from the silver Trent,
The whispering birch by every zephyr bent,
The woody island, and the naked mead,
The lowly hut half hid in groves of reed,
The rural wicket and the rural stile,
And, frequent interspersed, the woodman's pile.
Above, below, where'er I turn my eyes,
Rocks, waters, woods, in grand succession rise.

High up the cliff the varied groves ascend,
And mournful larches o'er the wave impend.
Around, what sounds, what magic sounds, arise,
What glimm'ring scenes salute my ravish'd eyes!
Soft sleep the waters on their pebbly bed,
The woods wave gently o'er my drooping head,
And, swelling slow, comes wafted on the wind,
Lorn Progne's note from distant copse behind.
Still, every rising sound of calm delight
Stamps but the fearful silence of the night,
Save when is heard, between each dreary rest,
Discordant from her solitary nest,
The owl, dull-screaming to the wandering moon;
Now riding, cloud-wrapt, near her highest noon:
Or when the wild-duck, southering, hither rides,
And plunges sullen in the sounding tides.

How oft, in this sequestered spot, when youth
Gave to each tale the holy force of truth,
Have I long lingered, while the milk-maid sung
The tragic legend, till the woodland rung!
That tale, so sad! which still to memory dear,
From its sweet source can call the sacred tear,
And (lull'd to rest stern Reason's harsh control)
Steal its soft magic to the passive soul.
These hallow'd shades—these trees that woo the wind,
Recall its faintest features to my mind.

A hundred passing years, with march sublime,
Have swept beneath the silent wing of time,
Since, in yon hamlet's solitary shade,
Reclusely dwelt the far-famed Clifton Maid—
The beauteous MARGARET; for her each swain
Confest in private his peculiar pain,
In secret sigh'd, a victim to despair,
Nor dar'd to hope to win the peerless fair.

No more the shepherd on the blooming mead,
Attun'd to gaiety his artless reed,
No more entwin'd the pansied wreath, to deck
His favourite wether's unpolluted neck;
But listless, by yon babbling stream reclin'd
He mix'd his sobbings with the passing wind,
Bemoan'd his helpless love; or, boldly bent,
Far from these smiling fields, a rover went,
O'er distant lands, in search of ease, to roam,
A self-will'd exile from his native home.

Yet not to all the maid express'd disdain;
Her Bateman lov'd, nor loved the youth in vain.
Full oft, low whispering o'er these arching boughs,
The echoing vault responded to their vows,
As here deep hidden from the glare of day,
Enamour'd oft, they took their secret way.

Yon bosky dingle still the rustics name;
'Twas there the blushing maid confess'd her flame.
Down yon green lane they oft were seen to hie,
When evening slumber'd on the western sky.
That blasted yew, that mouldering walnut bare,
Each bears mementoes of the fated pair.

One eve, when Autumn loaded every breeze
With the fall'n honours of the mourning trees,
The maiden waited at the accustomed bower,
And waited long beyond the appointed hour,
Yet Bateman came not;—oer the woodland drear,
Howling portentous, did the winds career;
And bleak and dismal on the leafless woods,
The fitful rains rush'd down in sullen floods.
The night was dark; As, now and then the gale
Paus'd for a moment,—Margaret listen'd, pale;
But through the covert to her anxious ear,
No rustling footstep spoke her lover near.

Strange fears now fill'd her breast,—she knew not why,
She sigh'd, and Bateman's name was in each sigh.
She hears a noise,—'tis he—he comes at last;—
Alas! 'twas but the gale which hurried past:
But now she hears a quickening footstep sound,
Lightly it comes, and nearer does it bound;
'Tis Bateman's self,—he springs into her arms,
'Tis he that clasps, and chides her vain alarms.
"Yet why this silence?—I have waited long,
"And the cold storm has yell'd the trees among.
"And now thou'rt here my fears are fled—yet speak,
"Why does the salt tear moisten on thy cheek?
"Say, what is wrong?"—Now, through a parting cloud,
The pale moon peer'd from her tempestuous shroud,
And Bateman's face was seen;—'twas deadly white,
And sorrow seem'd to sicken in his sight.
"O, speak, my love!" again the maid conjur'd,
"Why is thy heart in sullen woe immur'd?"
He rais'd his head, and thrice essay'd to tell,
Thrice from his lips the unfinish'd accents fell;
When thus at last reluctantly he broke
His boding silence, and the maid bespoke:

"Grieve not, my love; but ere the morn advance,
"I on these fields must cast my parting glance;
"For three long years, by cruel fate's command,
"I go to languish in a foreign land.
"Oh, Margaret! omens dire have met my view,
"Say, when far distant, wilt thou bear me true?
"Should honours tempt thee, and should riches fee,
"Wouldst thou forget thine ardent vows to me,
"And, on the silken couch of wealth reclin'd,
"Banish thy faithful Bateman from thy mind?"

"Oh! why," replies the maid, "my faith thus prove,
"Canst thou! ah, canst thou, then suspect my love?

"Hear me, just God! if from my traitorous heart
"My Bateman's fond remembrance e'er shall part,
"If, when he hail again his native shore,
"He finds his Margaret true to him no more,
"May fiends of hell, and every power of dread
"Conjoin'd, then drag me from my perjur'd bed,
"And hurl me headlong down these awful steeps,
"To find deserving death in yonder deeps!"*
Thus spake the maid, and from her finger drew
A golden ring, and broke it quick in two;
One half she in her lovely bosom hides,
The other, trembling, to her love confides.
"This bind the vow," she said, "this mystic charm,
"No future recantation can disarm;
"The right vindictive does the fates involve,
"No tears can move it, no regrets dissolve."

She ceased. The death-bird gave a dismal cry,
The river moan'd, the wild gale whistled by,
And once again the lady of the night
Behind a heavy cloud withdrew her light.
Trembling she view'd these portents with dismay;
But gently Bateman kiss'd her fears away:
Yet still he felt concealed a secret smart,
Still melancholy bodings fill'd his heart.

When to the distant land the youth was sped,
A lonely life the moody maiden led.
Still would she trace each dear, each well-known walk,
Still by the moonlight to her love would talk,
And fancy, as she paced among the trees,
She heard his whispers in the dying breeze.
Thus two years glided on in silent grief;
The third her bosom own'd the kind relief:
Absence had cool'd her love,—the' impoverish'd flame

* This part of the Trent is commonly called "*The Clifton Deeps*."

Was dwindling fast, when lo! the tempter came;
He offer'd wealth, and all the joys of life,
And the weak maid became another's wife!

Six guilty months had mark'd the false one's crime,
When Bateman hail'd once more his native clime,
Sure of her constancy, elate he came,
The lovely partner of his soul to claim;
Light was his heart, as up the well-known way
He bent his steps—and all his thoughts were gay.
O! who can paint his agonizing throes,
When on his ear the fatal news arose!
Chill'd with amazement,—senseless with the blow,
He stood a marble monument of woe;
Till call'd to all the horrors of despair,
He smote his brow, and tore his horrent hair;
Then rush'd impetuous from the dreadful spot,
And sought those scenes, (by memory ne'er forgot,)
Those scenes, the witness of their growing flame,
And now like witnesses of Margaret's shame.
'Twas night—he sought the river's lonely shore,
And trac'd again their former wanderings o'er:
Now on the bank in silent grief he stood,
And gaz'd intently on the stealing flood,
Death in his mien and madness in his eye,
He watch'd the waters as they murmur'd by;
Bade the base murderess triumph o'er his grave—
Prepar'd to plunge into the whelming wave.

Yet still he stood irresolutely bent,
Religion sternly stay'd his rash intent.
He knelt.—Cool play'd upon his cheek the wind,
And fann'd the fever of his maddening mind.
The willows wav'd, the stream it sweetly swept,
The paly moonbeam on its surface slept,
And all was peace;—he felt the general calm
O'er his rack'd bosom shed a genial balm:

When casting far behind his streaming eye,
He saw the Grove,—in fancy saw *her* lie.
His Margaret, lull'd in Germain's* arms to rest.
And all the demon rose within his breast.
Convulsive now, he clench'd his trembling hand,
Cast his dark eye once more upon the land,
Then, at one spring he spurned the yielding bank,
And in the calm deceitful current sank.

Sad, on the solitude of night, the sound,
As in the stream he plung'd, was heard around:
Then all was still—the wave was rough no more,
The river swept as sweetly as before;
The willows waved, the moonbeam shone serene,
And peace returning, brooded o'er the scene.

Now, see upon the perjur'd fair one hang
Remorse's glooms and never-ceasing pang.
Full well she knew, repentant now too late,
She soon must bow beneath the stroke of fate.
But, for the babe she bore beneath her breast,
The offended God prolong'd her life unblest.
But fast the fleeting moments roll'd away,
And near, and nearer drew the dreaded day;
That day, foredoom'd to give her child the light,
And hurl its mother to the shades of night.
The hour arrived, and from the wretched wife
The guiltless baby struggled into life.—
As night drew on, around her bed, a band
Of friends and kindred kindly took their stand;
In holy prayer they pass'd the creeping time,
Intent to expiate her awful crime.
Their prayers were fruitless.—As the midnight came,
A heavy sleep oppress'd each weary frame.
In vain they strove against the o'erwhelming load,

* Germain is the traditionary name of her husband.

Some power unseen their drowsy lids bestrode.
They slept, till in the blushing eastern sky
The blooming Morning oped her dewy eye;
Then wakening wide, they sought the ravished bed,
But lo! the hapless Margaret was fled;
And never more the weeping train were doom'd
To view the false one, in the deeps intomb'd.

The neighbouring rustics told that in the night
They heard such screams as froze them with affright;
And many an infant, at its mother's breast,
Started, dismayed, from its unthinking rest.
And even now, upon the heath forlorn,
They show the path down which the fair was borne,
By the fell demons, to the yawning wave,
Her own, and murder'd lover's, mutual grave.

Such is the tale, so sad, to memory dear,
Which oft in youth has charm'd my listening ear,
That tale, which bade me find redoubled sweets
In the drear silence of these dark retreats,
And even now, with melancholy power,
Adds a new pleasure to the lonely hour.
'Mid all the charms by magic Nature given
To this wild spot, this sublunary heaven,
With double joy enthusiast Fancy leans
On the attendant legends of the scenes.
This sheds a fairy lustre on the floods,
And breathes a mellower gloom upon the woods;
This, as the distant cataract swells around,
Gives a romantic cadence to the sound;
This, and the deep'ning glen, the alley green,
The silver stream, with sedgy tufts between,
The massy rock, the wood-encompass'd leas,
The broom-clad islands, and the nodding trees,
The lengthening vista, and the present gloom,
The verdant pathway breathing waste perfume;

These are thy charms ; the joys which these impart
Bind thee, blest Clifton ! close around my heart.

Dear Native Grove ! where'er my devious track,
To thee will Memory lead the wanderer back.
Whether in Arno's polished vales I stray,
Or where "Oswego's swamps" obstruct the day ;
Or wander lone, where, wildering and wide,
The tumbling torrent laves St. Gothard's side ;
Or by old Tejo's classic margent muse,
Or stand entranc'd with Pyrenean views ;
Still, still to thee, where'er my footsteps roam,
My heart shall point, and lead the wanderer home.
When Splendour offers, and when Fame incites,
I'll pause, and think of all thy dear delights,
Reject the boon, and, wearied with the change,
Renounce the wish which first induc'd to range ;
Turn to these scenes, these well-known scenes once more,
Trace once again old Trent's romantic shore,
And tir'd with worlds, and all their busy ways,
Here waste the little remnant of my days.
But, if the Fates should this last wish deny,
And doom me on some foreign shore to die ;
O ! should it please the world's supernal King
That weltering waves my funeral dirge shall sing ;
Or that my corse should, on some desert strand,
Lie stretch'd beneath the Simoöm's blasting hand ;
Still, though unwept I find a stranger tomb,
My sprite shall wander through this favourite gloom,
Ride on the wind that sweeps the leafless grove,
Sigh on the wood-blast of the dark alcove,
Sit, a lorn spectre, on yon well-known grave,
And mix its moanings with the desert wave.

Southey states :—"Henry sent his little volume to each of the then existing reviews, and accompanied it by a letter, wherein he stated what his advantages had

been, and what were the hopes which he proposed to himself from the publication: requesting from them that indulgence of which his productions did not stand in need, and which it might have been thought, under such circumstances, would not have been withheld from works of less promise. It may be well conceived with what anxiety he looked for their opinions, and with what feelings he read the following article in the Monthly Review for February, 1804:—

Monthly Review, February, 1804.

'The circumstances under which this little volume is offered to the public, must in some measure, disarm criticism. We have been informed that Mr. White has scarcely attained his eighteenth year, has hitherto exerted himself in the pursuit of knowledge under the discouragements of penury and misfortume, and now hopes, by this early authorship, to obtain some assistance in the prosecution of his studies at Cambridge. He appears, indeed, to be one of those young men of talents and application who merit encouragement; and it would be gratifying to us to hear that this publication had obtained for him a respectable patron, for we fear that the mere profit arising from the sale cannot be, in any measure, adequate to his exigencies as a student at the university. A subscription, with a statement of the particulars of the author's case might have been calculated to have answered his purpose; but as a book which is to 'win its way' on the sole ground of its own merit, this poem cannot be contemplated with any sanguine expectation. The author is very anxious, however, that critics should find in it somethlng to commend, and he shall not be disappointed; we commend his exertions, and his laudable endeavours to excel; but we cannot compliment him with having learned the difficult art of writing good poetry.

'Such lines as these will sufficiently prove our assertion:

'Here would I run, a visionary *Boy*,
When the hoarse thunder shook the vaulted *Sky*,
And, fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form
Sternly *careering* in the eddying storm.'

'If Mr. White should be instructed by Alma-mater, he will doubtless, produce better sense and better rhymes.'

"I know not who was the writer of this precious article. It is certain that Henry could have no personal enemy; his volume fell into the hands of some dull man, who took it up in an hour of ill humour, turned over the leaves to look for faults, and finding that *Boy* and *Sky* were not orthodox lines, according to his wise creed of criticism, sate down to blast the hopes of a boy, who had confessed to him all his hopes and all his difficulties, and thrown himself upon his mercy. With such a letter before him, (by mere accident I saw that which had been sent to the Critical Review,) even though the poems had been bad, a good man would not have said so; he would have avoided censure, if he had found it impossible to bestow praise." . . . . "An author is proof against reviewing, when, like myself, he has been reviewed above seventy times; but the opinion of a reviewer, upon his first publication, has more effect, both upon his feelings and his success, than it ought to have, or would have, if the mystery of the *ungentle craft* were more generally understood. Henry wrote to the editor, to complain of the cruelty with which he had been treated. This remonstrance produced the following answer in the next month:

Monthly Review, March, 1804.

ADDRESS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"In the course of our long critical labours we have necessarily been forced to encounter the resentment, or withstand the lamentations, of many disappointed authors;

but we have seldom, if ever, been more affected than by a letter from Mr. White, of Nottingham, complaining of the tendency of our strictures on his poem of Clifton Grove, in our last number. His expostulations are written with a warmth of feeling in which we truly sympathize, and which shall readily excuse, with us, some expressions of irritation; but Mr. White must receive our most serious declaration, that we did 'judge of the book by the book itself,' excepting only, that, from his former letter, we were desirous of mitigating the pain of that decision which our public duty required us to pronounce. We spoke with the utmost sincerity when we stated our wishes for patronage to an unfriended man of talents, for talents Mr. White certainly possesses, and we repeat those wishes with equal cordiality. Let him still trust that, like Mr. Giffard, (see preface to his translation of Juvenal,) some Mr. Cookesley may yet appear to foster a capacity which endeavours to escape from its present confined sphere of action; and let the opulent inhabitants of Nottingham reflect, that some portion of that wealth which they have worthily acquired by the habits of industry, will be laudably applied in assisting the efforts of mind."

"Henry was not aware that reviewers are infallible. His letter seems to have been answered by a different writer; the answer has none of the common-place and vulgar insolence of the criticism; but to have made any concession would have been admitting that a review can do wrong, and thus violating the fundamental principle of its constitution.

"The poems which had been thus condemned, appeared to me to discover strong marks of genius. I had shown them to two of my friends, than whom no persons living better understand what poetry is, nor have given better proofs of it, and their opinion coincided with my own. I was fully convinced of the injustice of

this criticism, and having accidentally seen the letter which he had written to the reviewers, understood the whole cruelty of their injustice. In consequence of this I wrote to Henry, to encourage him: told him, that though I was well aware how imprudent it was in young poets to publish their productions, his circumstances seemed to render that expedient, from which it would otherwise be right to dissuade him: advised him therefore, if he had no better prospects, to print a larger volume by subscription, and offered to do what little was in my power to serve him in the business."

One of White's letters in reply to Southey is printed on pages 96-97 *ante*.

In his correspondence with Benjamin Maddock White speaks, in bitter terms "of what (as Southey expresses it) he had suffered from the unfeeling and iniquitous criticism"—

"I am at present under afflictions and contentions of spirit, heavier than I have ever yet experienced. I think at times I am mad, and destitute of religion. My pride is not yet subdued: the unfavourable review (in the 'Monthly') of my unhappy work, has cut deeper than you could have thought, not in a literary point of view, but as it affects my respectability. It represents me actually as a *beggar*, going about gathering money to put myself at college, when my book is worthless; and this with every appearance of candour. They have been sadly misinformed respecting me. This review goes before me wherever I turn my steps; it haunts me incessantly, and I am persuaded it is an instrument in the hands of Satan to drive me to distraction. I *must* leave Nottingham."

In a letter to Moore in 1821 Byron refers to this critique. After denouncing the review of Keats's *Endymion*

in the *Quarterly* which he supposed to have killed its author—

'Tis strange the soul, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article—

"the same thing," he wrote, "nearly happened to Kirke White."

In truth, the article in question was the making of White. Southey thus concludes his remarks on the subject:—

"It is not unworthy to remark, that this very reviewal, which was designed to crush the hopes of Henry, and suppress his struggling genius, has been in its consequences, the main occasion of bringing his Remains to light, and obtaining for him that fame which assuredly will be his portion. Had it not been for the indignation which I felt at perusing a criticism at once so cruel and so stupid, the little intercourse between Henry and myself would not have taken place; his papers would probably have remained in oblivion, and his name in a few years have been forgotten."

"Clifton Grove" appears to have aroused considerable indignation in certain quarters. Wylie remarks

"That Henry Kirke White realized to the full the truth of the Scripture adage, a prophet can have no honor in his own country, must be admitted by repentant Nottingham. The expiring gasp of malignant prejudice, we trust, was that contemptible notice of the poet published in the pages of Blackner. The sketch in question contained a savage attack upon the departed youth, in which, for these truthful lines:

'Or where the town's blue turrets dimly rise,
And manufacture taints the ambient skies,
The pale mechanic leaves the labouring loom,
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,

And rushes out, impatient to begin
His stated course of customary sin.'

the indignant demagogue alleged that White should have been horsewhipped, and launches into a phrenzy of abuse which concludes with the insinuation that the boy bore worthily the reputation of having, like Cardinal Wolsey, been nursed at a butcher's stall!"[1]

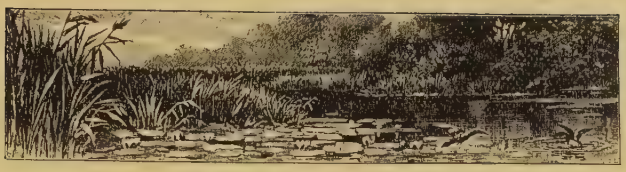
Lecturing on "The Genius of Nottinghamshire," at the Nottingham Mechanics' Institution, April 10th, 1849, Mr. Thomas Rossell Potter, of Wymeswold, remarked:—

"I find I have omitted to tell you of an unpublished manuscript of Kirke White's, which I discovered some time ago. It is short, certainly, but very valuable or very interesting at least. I may as well favor you with the reading of it, for there is no doubt of its genuineness—

"H. K. W."

the poet's undoubted autograph on one of the trees in Clifton Grove. The search will furnish those of you who love the haunts of genius with some capital exercise; and for this reason, as well as from a fear that too great publicity might endanger the precious letters, I forbear to indicate the tree. I will merely add that I believe it is only known to very few, and that if it become known to many it will soon be in great danger. Such a memorial is deeply touching!"

(1) *Old and New Nottingham*, 1853, p. 174.



ROBERT SOUTHEY, AND WHITE'S "REMAINS."

ROBERT SOUTHEY, the son of a linen-draper, was born at Bristol, 12 August, 1774. He was educated by the assistance of his mother's half-sister Miss Tyler (referred to on page 10 *ante*) until 1788, when that lady and an uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, chaplain to the English factory at Lisbon, sent him to Westminster School, whence he was expelled for writing a satirical paper on corporal punishment. In 1792 he was admitted to Balliol College, Oxford, but left in 1794. In this year, burning with the new theories and opinions of the French Revolution, he composed 'in a vein of ultra-Jacobinism,' a youthful drama entitled *Wat Tyler*, which was surreptitiously printed in 1817. In 1795 he published, with Robert Lovell (who, like himself, married one of the Miss Frickers, of Bristol) a small volume of *Poems by Bion and Moschus*, their respective pseudonyms. It was about this time, also, that he made the acquaintance of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who married Sarah Fricker; and by him was assisted in the composition of his epic of *Joan of Arc*, 1796. His next poem of any length was *Thalaba the Destroyer*, 1801, an un-rhymed, irregular, narrative poem of considerable power, based upon the

Arabian mythology, and the moral of which is "the war and victory of faith, the triumph over the world and evil powers."

In an essay on this poem and its characteristics, discovered by Southey amongst Henry Kirk White's unpublished papers, White remarks, "An innovation, so bold as that of Mr. Southey, was sure to meet with disapprobation and ridicule," and goes on in the course of his argument in its favour, to pay the following tribute to the poet:—

"Whoever is conversant with the writings of this author, will have observed and admired the greatness of mind, and comprehension of intellect, by which he is enabled, on all occasions, to throw off the shackles of habit and prepossession. Southey never treads in the beaten track; his thoughts, while they are those of nature, carry that cast of originality which is the stamp and testimony of genius. He views things through a peculiar phasis; and while he has the feelings of a man, they are those of a man almost abstracted from mortality, and reflecting on and painting the scenes of life, as if he were a mere spectator, uninfluenced by his own connection with the objects he surveys. To this faculty of bold discrimination I attribute many of Mr. Southey's peculiarities as a poet. He never seems to inquire how other men would treat a subject, or what may happen to be the usage of the times; but filled with that strong sense of fitness which is the result of bold and unshackled thought, he fearlessly pursues that course which his own sense of propriety points out." [1]

Thalaba "divides with the *Curse of Kehama*, 1810 (for which Hindoo mythology forms the groundwork), the honour of being the most meritorious of the author's

(1) "Melancholy Hours (No. X.)"

works. He himself thought that the long metrical tale of *Madoc*, 1805, based upon the forgotten tradition of the colonising of America by the Welsh, was the one by which he should be chiefly remembered, but the work lacks interest. *Roderick, the last of the Goths*, 1821,—the theme of which is the fall of the Gothic monarchy in Spain; the *Vision of Judgment*, in hexameters, 1821, Byron's merciless parody of which is perhaps better known than the original; and *A Tale of Paraguay*, 1825, are the titles of his chief remaining poems of any length."[1]

To return to the period of Southey's marriage with Edith Fricker, which took place on the eve of his departure to visit his uncle Hill at Lisbon. After spending some time in Portugal (1795-6), a residence which afterwards gave rise to *Letters from Portugal*, 1797, and acting for a short time as private secretary to Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, he settled at Greta Hall, near Keswick, to spend a long and indefatigable literary life. A pension, in 1807, to which humourous allusion is made on page 176 *ante*, added some £140 per annum.[2] At this period Southey was engaged upon *The Remains of Henry Kirke White, of Nottingham*, to which the follow-

(1) "A Handbook of English Literature." by H. A. Dobson, second edition, 1880, p. 168.

(2) This pension was increased, in 1835, to £300 a year.

ing letters refer.

On December 20th, 1806, Southey wrote to Neville White :—"Your letter and parcel arrived yesterday, just as I had completed the examination of the former papers. I have now examined the whole. What account of your brother shall be given it rests with you, sir, and his other nearest friends, to determine. I advise and *entreat* that it may be as full and minute as possible . . . . Let me beg of you and of your family, when you can command heart for the task, to give me all your recollections of his childhood and of every stage of his life. Do not fear you can be too minute ; I will arrange them. . . . . The narrative itself cannot be told too plainly ; all ornament of style would be misplaced in it,—that which is meant to tickle the ear will never find its way either to the understanding or the heart. . . . . The profit, I fear, will not be much, unless the public should be taken with some unusual fit of good feeling ; and, indeed, this is not unlikely, for they are more frequently just to the dead than to the living."[1]

On February 3rd, 1807, Southey again wrote to Neville White :—"I am greatly in hopes that many of his letters may be fit for publication. Till these arrive, it is not possible to judge to what extent the proposed introductory account (in which they would probably be inserted, or after it) will run ; but as soon as this is ascertained, the volumes may be divided and the second go to press. Will you have the goodness to copy for me that abominable criticism in the Monthly Review upon Clifton Grove, and also the notice they took of your brother's letter. That criticism must be inserted ; and if you remember any other reviewal in which he was

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(1) *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, iii., 60.

treated with illiberality, I shall be glad to hold up such criticism to the infamy which it deserves. It will give me great pleasure if a likeness can be recovered —very great pleasure. . . . ."[1]

In a further letter, dated March 3rd, 1807, Southey said :—" Your parcel reached me on Sunday evening, and I have perused every line of its contents with deep and painful interest. The letters, and your account (of which I should say much were I writing to any other person), have made me thoroughly acquainted with one of the most amiable and most admirable human beings that ever was ripened upon earth for heaven. Be assured that I will not insert a sentence which can give pain or offence to anyone. . . . . I will be scrupulously careful ; and if, when the papers pass through your hands, you should think I have not been sufficiently so, I beg you will, without hesitation, expunge whatever may appear exceptionable. . . . . I shall now proceed as speedily as I can with the work."[2]

To Neville White, also, the following letter was addressed :—

April 7, 1807.

My dear Sir,

. . . . The preliminary account is nearly finished . . . . After the introduction I purpose to insert a selection of his letters, or rather of extracts from them, in chronological order. Upon mature consideration, and upon trial as well, I believe this to be better than inserting them in the account of his life. If the reader feel for Henry that love and admiration which I have endeavoured to make him feel, he will be prepared to receive these epistolary fragments as the most authentic and most valuable species of biography ; and if he does

(1) *Ibid.*, iii, 65. (2) *Ibid.*, iii., 66.

not feel that love, it is no matter how he receives them, for his heart will be in fault, and his understanding necessarily darkened. . . . ."

Yours very truly and respectfully,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.[1]

At the close of the same year, Southey wrote:—"Our intercourse will not be at an end. When I visit London, which will certainly be during the winter, and probably very soon, I shall see you. We shall have, it is to be hoped and expected, to communicate respecting after editions: and at all times it will give me great pleasure to hear from you."[2]

On April 21st, 1807, Southey wrote to his friend, Grosvenor C. Bedford, "I finish poor Henry White's papers to-morrow."[3]

In writing to Walter Scott, Esq.,[4] on April 22nd, 1808, Southey remarks, "I am highly gratified by the manner in which you speak of Kirke White's Remains. That book has been received to my heart's desire. The edition (750) sold in less than three months, and there is every probability that it will obtain a steady sale, so as to produce something considerable to his mother and sisters."[5]

On October 10th, 1809, Southey thus wrote to Neville White:—"It has occurred to me that it would

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(1) *Ibid.*, iii, 78. (2) *Ibid.*, iii, 80. (3) *Ibid.*, iii, 82.

(4) Sir Walter Scott, Bart., of Abbotsford, in the county of Roxburgh, the great "Wizard of the North," was born at Edinburgh, 15 August, 1771. Having attained the highest literary reputation as a poet and novelist, he was created a Baronet on the 22nd of April, 1820; the first baronetcy conferred in the reign of George the Fourth, and the only one during that year. Sir Walter was one of the principal clerks of session in Scotland, and sheriff depute of the shire of Selkirk. He died at Abbotsford, 21 September, 1832, and was buried at Dryburgh Abbey.

(5) *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, iii, 140.

add to the interest of the Remains, if the name under the portrait were made a fac-simile of Henry's hand-writing. Since I wrote to you, I fell in with Dr. Milner, the Dean of Carlisle, who talked to me about Henry; how little he had known of him, and how much he regretted that he should not have known him more. I told him what you were doing with James, expressing a hope that he might find friends at Cambridge, for his brother's sake as well as his own, which he thought would certainly be the case."[1]

Southey also wrote to Neville White on 11 March, 1810:—

"Your account of the Monthly Review interested me very much. If they rest the truth of their criticism upon that school poem in plain, direct, *tangible* language I will most assuredly favour them with a few lines, first through the medium of as many magazines as we can get access to, and ultimately in a note to the Life. With regard to my own works, I am a perfect Quaker, and fools and rogues may mis-represent and libel them in perfect security; but upon the subject of Henry, the M. Review shall find me a very Tartar."[2]

In 1813 Southey succeeded the poetaster Henry James Pye as Poet Laureate. "Besides the poems above mentioned, he poured forth a number of prose works, some of which, from their admirably lucid, idiomatic, and unaffected style, are more popular than his poetry. Such, for example, are the *Life of Nelson*, 1813, styled by Lord Macaulay 'beyond all doubt the most perfect of his works;' and the *Life of Wesley, and the Rise and Progress of Methodism*, 1820. Lives of *Bunyan*, 1830, and *Cowper*, 1833-7, also proceeded from his pen, besides a

(1) *Ibid.*, iii, 257. (2) *Ibid.*, iii, 278.

bulky *History of Brazil*, 1810, which he regarded as the most meritorious of his prose efforts, a *History of the Peninsula War*, 1823-32, the curious semi-fictitious, semi-auto-biographical *Doctor*, 1834-47, and a host of miscellaneous works, periodical articles not included." After his first wife's death he married, in 1839, Miss Caroline Bowles (1787-1854) a minor poetess of some repute. The last few years of Southey's life were clouded by mental disorder, from which he was only relieved by death, which took place at Greta, 21 March, 1843.

Devotedly attached to letters, Southey passes at the same time, for one of the most amiable and domesticated of men. He was also a great lover of cats. He was, says Thackeray, genially, "an English worthy, doing his duty for fifty noble years of labour, day by day storing up learning, day by day working for scant wages, most charitable out of his small means, bravely faithful to the calling he had chosen. . . . I hope his life will not be forgotten, for it is sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honour, its affection. In the combat between Time and Thalaba, I suspect the former destroyer has conquered. Kehama's curse frightens very few readers now; but Southey's private letters are worth piles of epics, and are sure to last among us, as long as kind hearts like to sympathise with goodness and purity and love and upright life."[1]

(1) Thackeray, *The Four Georges*, 1866, 213-14.

CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS IN NOTTINGHAM.

THE celebration of the Centenary of the death of Henry Kirk White was the result of a movement commenced in the columns of the local newspapers on October 8th, 1906, and continued up to the date of the resulting Banquet.

In the meantime a Canadian admirer of the poet had written the following letter, which was published in "The Nottingham Guardian" of October 16th, 1906:

"KIRKE WHITE CENTENARY.

"CANADIAN TRIBUTE.

"The following letter was received yesterday by the Mayor of Nottingham (Councillor A. Cleaver):—

'14, Turtle Hill,
'Church and Colborne Streets,
'Toronto,
'Canada.

'To his Worship the Mayor of Nottingham.

'As October the 19th is the 100th anniversary of the death of the poet Henry Kirke White, Nottingham's favourite son, I enclose one dollar (about 4s. in our money), with which I wish you would have a bunch or bouquet of flowers hung somewhere on the house in

the Shambles in which he was born. I have sent a like sum to Cambridge, where he was buried, for flowers to be put on his grave. I suppose Nottingham will do great honour to his memory on that day. We think a great deal of the poet over here, and his works and name are a fragrant memory to us on this side of the wild Atlantic. I had hopes of being there this year, but have had to defer it till next. Any newspaper clippings about his centenary will be very thankfully received by me. Thanking you for any trouble or interest taken in the matter,

'I remain,

'Yours very respectfully,

'W. G. PEARCE.

'Perhaps a wreath of green, such as ivy, would do.'

The observance of the Centenary by the inhabitants of Nottingham was thus commented upon in the columns of the same journal of Saturday, October 20th :—

"KIRKE WHITE CENTENARY.

"The truth of the old adage that 'a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country,' was forcefully verified in connection with the centenary of the death of Henry Kirke White, for the outward and visible signs of Nottingham's interest in the event were represented simply by an unostentatious laurel wreath, sent by an American admirer, and hung immediately above the small tablet affixed to the house in Cheapside in which the poet was born. The letter of the said subscriber was displayed in such a position as to allow it to be easily read from the side-walk, and occasionally passers by halted to peruse the communication, in which the writer said that 'no doubt Nottingham will do great honour to his (the poet's) memory on that day.' That there was no evidence of 'great honour to his

memory' was doubtless due to the surprising lack of acquaintance with the works of the poet on the part of the people of Nottingham generally, and it is hoped that this state of affairs will be remedied by the formation of a Kirke White Society in the city.

"Very appropriately, the 'Half-hour Talk' of the week in connection with the Free Public Libraries and Reading-rooms by the city librarian (Mr. J. P. Briscoe), which took place in the Meadows Reading-room last evening, was devoted to Kirke White, and in addition to giving an interesting sketch of the life of his subject, Mr. Briscoe dispelled some false impressions which had been possibly entertained by some of his hearers. He said he was perfectly convinced that the birthplace of Kirke White was the reputed one in Exchange-alley. Kirke White's biographer referred to it as being in Exchange-alley, and it could never have been in the Shoe Booths, which were nothing more nor less than booths in the open market. He had gone through a large collection of Kirke White's works—he had managed to collect 60 different editions, representing 84 volumes—and in one published by Smith in 1826, there was a picture of the house that they had always recognised as the birthplace of the poet. A statement was originated by a very old gentleman that Kirke White was born on the Pavement. He had great respect for old people, but their memory was apt to fail them. This gentleman, who was born ten or twelve years after Kirke White died, had said that he remembered the poet when he lived on High Pavement. He had gone carefully through the old voting lists and directories, and found that John White, butcher, lived on the Pavement, when his son, Henry Kirke White, was ten years old. Recently queries had been raised as to how the poet spelt his

name. Originally the name was Kirk, but a man had a right to spell his name as he liked, and early in life he adopted the spelling 'Kirke.' Mr. Briscoe gave an idea of the poetic genius of Kirke White, at the early age of fourteen, by reading extracts from 'Childhood,' and other poems, and showed how, in whatever he took in hand, he seemed to progress at a very rapid rate. Mr. Briscoe did not attempt to satisfy his audience, but merely to whet their appetites, in the hope that they would study the beautiful works of the poet for themselves.

"Those present were given an interesting souvenir in the shape of a reproduction of the poet from a copper plate in the possession of Mr. James Ward."

The arrangements of the Centenary Committee were, however, proceeding satisfactorily, and the projected Banquet took place, under auspicious circumstances, on Wednesday, November 21st, 1906. The following account of the proceedings appeared in "The Nottingham Guardian" on the following day:—

"KIRKE WHITE CENTENARY.

"BANQUET IN NOTTINGHAM.

"THE POET'S COLLEGE LIFE.

"More than once has the reproach been urged that Nottinghamshire lacks devotion to the memory of its greatest sons; and of fitting memorials of their deeds and works both the county and the city of Nottingham itself are practically bare. That there lives a fragrant remembrance of the departed worthies in many minds cannot be doubted, and it finds expression, at more or less remote periods, when echoes of their works and sayings find the light of day. What are wanting are a deeper sense of pride, a keener spirit of gratitude, and an organised method of bringing before the present generation the examples of the men who aforetime made

the city and the county famous, or added lustre to its records.

"Happily some steps have at last been taken to remove the apparent want of loyalty to that brilliant young genius whose inspirations, saddened by the unequal contest with a frail, and breaking constitution, ceased to flow, in untimely death, a little more than a century ago. Through the medium of newspaper correspondence, a local committee was formed to consider the best means of commemorating the poet, Professor Granger being elected president, Mr. F. W. Dobson, hon. treasurer, and Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, F. R. H. S., the city librarian, and Mr. Linton Eccles (London) as hon. secretaries. By their efforts a Kirke White Centenary Fund was formed, and although the movement did not take definite shape in time to permit of a reunion on the anniversary of the poet's death, October 19th, his memory was touchingly honoured by the simple means then at hand, and arrangements made for a centenary banquet. This event took place last evening, fittingly enough under the ægis of the municipality, at the Exchange Hall, with the Mayor presiding. Some 60 guests, ladies and gentlemen from the city and county, and some from a wider area, assembled in the poet's honour, and at the call of Dr. Sandys, the Public Orator of Cambridge University, and

himself associated with St. John's College, where Kirke White was educated, drank to his 'immortal memory.' It is hoped, too, that his muse may be commemorated by the establishment of a Kirke White scholarship to be awarded every two years for the best original English poem, by young persons who are either natives of, or have been educated in Nottingham.

"The committee responsible for the arrangement of the banquet, Mr. Jas. Ward, Mr. F. W. Dobson, and Mr. Potter Briscoe, conceived the happy idea of organising a small loan collection of Kirke White treasures and relics in association with the dinner, and herein they were generously helped by the co-operation of all those who were in possession of anything bearing upon the poet's life and work. The outcome was an entirely unique exhibition, which will be open to the public in the Exchange Hall to-day, and was last evening inspected with deep interest by the guests. . . .

"The Exchange Hall was very tastefully decorated, and each guest received a picturesque memento of the occasion in the form of a menu bearing illustrations of the poet himself, of his birthplace, of Wilford Church, of the gateway of St. John's College, Cambridge, of Clifton Grove, and of the bronze bust by Oliver Shephard, R.H.A., which is on view at the Castle Museum. Accompanying the menu was a *facsimile* of the original

authentic song by Kirke White, beginning "Yes, once more that dying strain." The chair, as already intimated, was occupied by the Mayor (Ald. J. A. H. Green), who was supported by the Sheriff (Councillor F. Ball), the Public Orator of Cambridge (Dr. Sandys), the American Consul (Mr. F. W. Mahin), and Prof. Granger (chairman of committee). . . . . The Rev. W. A. Cox, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, forwarded to the Mayor the following letter :

"Henry Kirke White's Stair, November, 20th, 1906.

"DEAR MR. MAYOR,—Taught from childhood to love Henry Kirke White, and having kept for 25 years on the stair on which, in the humble garret over my head, he passed one brief year of college life, I write a line to associate myself with your festival of to-morrow.

"You will rightly drink to his immortal memory. 'Your brother Henry, Sir,' wrote Southey to Neville White, on February 3rd, 1807, 'is not to be lamented. He has gained that earthly immortality for which he laboured, and that heavenly immortality which he deserved.'

"His 'Star of Bethlehem' will never lose its lustre, and his beautiful hymn, (found as a fragment) on the back of one of his mathematical papers, and worthily completed in 1827 by Miss Fuller-Maitland—

'Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward Christians, onward go,'

will continue to be sung wherever our language is spoken.

"And will you not also drink to the memory of Robert Southey, Henry's best earthly friend, but for whom in all human probability, 'his papers would have remained in oblivion, and his name in a few years been forgotten.' (? Remains).—I am, dear Mr. Mayor, yours faithfully,

"W. A. Cox.

"On the receipt of that letter the Mayor said that he ventured to send a telegram, saying how much they would welcome Mr. Cox at the banquet. In reply he received a wire in the following terms: 'Very sorry,

cannot be with you. We sang dear Henry's hymn in chapel last night.'

"The Mayor announced that a few days ago he received from Mr. W. G. Pearce, of Toronto, the gentleman who sent the wreath to be placed on Kirke White's birthplace on the anniversary of his birth. Feeling that it was an opportune time to do something for Nottingham's favourite son, he enclosed a contribution of £2 towards the Kirke White Memorial Fund. It was a fact that the poet had done much for Nottingham, and the question now was what would Nottingham do for Kirke White. He also suggested that whenever the birthplace was taken down, it should be removed bodily,

BIRTHPLACE OF HENRY KIRK WHITE.

and placed in the Castle Ground, or some park, though he preferred there should be some effort made to save it.

"After dinner the Mayor submitted the usual loyal toasts.

"Dr. J. E. Sandys, Fellow and Tutor of St. John's, and Public Orator of Cambridge, proposed 'The Immortal Memory of Henry Kirke White.' The Council of St. John's had requested him to represent the college of Kirke White at the present commemoration of the centenary of the poet's death. That council held its deliberations in one of the most beautiful rooms in Cambridge, the 'Long Gallery,' of St. John's, and in the presence of the most life-like of all the portraits of another of their college poets, Wordsworth. He could assure them of the interest that was felt by the college in this commemoration of one more of her bright band of votaries of the Muses. Little more than a century ago, in October, 1805, Kirke White wrote to one of his friends: 'I am at length finally settled in my rooms.. . . . I now begin to feel at home, and relish my silent and thoughtful cup of tea more than ever.' The writer of those lines, as he sat over his 'silent and thoughtful cup of tea,' little dreamed that, about a century later, his memory would be celebrated at a banquet, celebrated in a 'thoughtful' way, though not in silence, or over a 'cup of tea,' amid the just appreciation and the generous applause of his fellow citizens in the Exchange Hall at Nottingham. The writer added: 'My rooms are in the top storey of the farthest court of St. John's . . . .

near the cloisters. They are light and tolerably pleasant'; and (a month later) 'I wish you were here to see how snugly I sit by my blazing fire in the cold evenings.' 'I sleep under the shadow of towers and lofty walls and the safe-guard of a vigilant porter.' The rooms were now known as No. 8 on Letter F in the Third Court, on the side facing the College library. In chapel 'when they chaunt' (he says), 'I am quiet charmed, for the organ is fine and the voices are good.' Even before coming into residence he described himself as 'a poor Cambridge scholar, with a patrimony of a few old books, an ink-horn, and some sundry quires of paper, manufactured as the envelopes of pounds of tea, but converted into repositories of learning and taste.' As a student he was aided by Charles Simeon, Fellow of King's, by Henry Martyn, then a Junior Fellow of St. John's, and by an eminent member of that College, William Wilberforce.

"He distinguished himself in his first college examination in December. Early in the following July one evening, just before supper, he was generously welcomed by his fellow-students in the College Hall as the first man of his year in the college. Mr. Catton, 'our tutor, who is a very great man,' with equal generosity told him, on behalf of the college that, 'we make it a rule of providing for a clever man, whose fortune is small,' and meanwhile offered him private tuition at the charge of the college for all the four months of the Long Vacation. He gave up the pleasant prospect of returning to his home. He wrote: 'I cannot, of course, leave the college this summer.' He worked hard, far too hard, with his private tutor, a Junior Fellow, Mr. Fiske, the 3rd Wrangler of 1804. But his health was already fatally undermined. 'The systole and diastole of my heart seem to be playing at ball—the stake—my life.' The

tradition was that, for the sake of his health, he was transferred from the top rooms in the Third Court by the river to a set of rooms on the ground floor of the First Court, near the porter's lodge and below the 'Silver Bell.' Early in the Long his health broke down. Then, as often, he was attended by a surgeon in good practice, Mr. Farish, whose grandson still lives in Cambridge. As the surgeon's brother was vicar of St. Giles's, and lived at Merton House across the river, near the grounds of St. John's, he (Dr. Sandys) cherished the fancy that the ailing student might sometimes have crossed the threshold of the house, where (as it happened) he had lived for many years. With a very brief respite the student went on working for the whole of the vacation, and on Sunday, October 19th, 1806, he died. He was buried in All Saints' Church, which then stood opposite the Great Gate of the College. The entry in the Register of Burials ran as follows:—

"1806, October 24—Henry Kirke White, Student of St. John's College, Author of Poems upon several occasions, was buried the twenty-fourth day of October, aged 21 years.

"They recalled the pathetic lines in his own ode 'On Disappointment':—

> The most beloved on earth,
> Not long survives to-day;
> So music past is obsolete,
> And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
> But now 'tis gone away.
> Thus does the shade
> In memory fade
> When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

"The tomb was on the north side of the chancel, with nothing carved on it except the name. Some years later

an American admirer, Dr. Francis Boott, who was born in Boston, and educated at Harvard, and who practiced in London, placed in the church a marble tablet to his memory, with a medallion by Chantrey, and a poetic inscription by William Smyth, the Cambridge Professor of Modern History.

"When the church was pulled down and rebuilt in another part of Cambridge, the tablet was placed in the new chapel of St. John's in 1870, and many a time had he shown those graceful lines to our own countrymen and to pilgrims from the lands across the seas. That tablet, with its marble medallion, had not been the only Transatlantic tribute to his memory. On the 21st of March, 1885, the first morning of spring, and the hundreth anniversary of his birthday, a wreath of flowers was laid on his grave in the green enclosure opposite the college gate. The wreath was the gift of Mr. W. G. Pearce, of Brooklyn, New York, who sent a sum of money to the Mayor of Nottingham, desiring that some honour, however small, might be done on his hundreth birthday 'to one whose poems gave him more pleasure than any other poet's.' And, only the other day, on the centenary of the poet's death, a Canadian at Toronto, who turned out to be the same Mr. Pearce, asked the Mayor of Cambridge to place a wreath on the grave; and he might add that orders had lately been given for the restoring of the name on the slab of stone, and for the addition of the date of the death.

"During the single year of his life in Cambridge he deliberately and remorselessly and, he had no doubt, wisely, sacrificed his poetry to his mathematics. He once confessed to Southey that some of his early poems were 'mopish and maukish,' and even 'misanthropic.' 'I know' (he adds) 'the pursuit of Truth is a much

more important business than the exercise of the Imagination; and, amid all the quaintness and stiff method of the mathematicians, I can even discover a source of chaste and exalted pleasure.' Similarly he said in one of his poems:—

Yes, my stray steps have wandered, wandered far
From thee, and long, heart-soothing Poesy! . .
But for such recollections, I could brace
My stubborn spirit for the arduous path
Of Science unregretting; eye afar
Philosophy upon her steepest height,
And, with bold step and resolute attempt,
Pursue her to the innermost recess,
Where throned in light she sits, the Queen of Truth.

"In some lighter lines 'to Fanny" he sketches his 'own character':—

I'm a general lover, if that's commendation,
And yet can't withstand you know whose fascination . .
I am upright, I hope: I'm downright, I'm clear!
And I think my worst foe must allow I'm sincere;
And, if ever sincerity glowed in my breast,
'Tis now when I swear —— . .

"The line was left unfinished, and the editors had not attempted to complete it; but 'Fanny' must have known, and every lady in that room must know, that the last couplet must inevitably have run as follows:—

And, if ever sincerity glowed in my breast,
'Tis now when I swear that I love you the best.

(Laughter.) Possibly the caution bred of experience in a lawyer's office prevented the youthful poet from making a more definite declaration. (Laughter.)

"Of the many poetic tributes to his memory he would mention only two. The first should be from the well-known lines written by a poet, whose family seat of

Newstead Abbey, and whose place of burial, were not far from this spot. He should only quote a single couplet from the famous lines of Lord Byron :—

Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science 'self destroyed her favourite son !

The second should be from one of several sonnets by Capel Lofft, who wrote in Kirke White's copy of Homer, the lines beginning :—

Bard of brief days, but ah, of deathless fame !

"The youthful poet lived, not in verse alone, but also in the prose of Southey—Southey who, with Coleridge, gazed with wonder at the extent and the variety of his literary remains, and gracefully closed his tribute to his memory with a passage from another of their College poets, Wordsworth—

Thou soul of God's least earthly mould,
Thou happy soul ! and can it be
That these . . . . . .
Are all that must remain of thee !

" In the library of his college, they had collected not a few editions of his works, beginning with Clifton Grove with other poems, the rare little volume of 1803. In the room facing the entrance to the library, in what he might venture to call the miniature Valhalla of the college, among the many memorials of divines and statesmen and scholars who had lived within their walls, they had placed beside the portraits of Wordsworth and Herrick and Prior and their other poets, the refined and pathetic features of Henry Kirke White. Nor was this the only link between St. John's and Nottingham. Over the fireplace in that exquisite room of many memories, they had set an engraving by Francis Holl of Alfred Elmore's picture of the invention of the stocking-frame, by the Rev. William Lee, of Woodborough, in this county, a

student of Christ's and St. John's, who, as curate of Calverton (only five miles distant), invented the stocking-frame in 1589, and thus lightened the labours of the girl he loved, and the toil of many others since. The tercentenary of William Lee was fitly commemorated in 1889, and they were now doing honour to the centenary of the death of one who, at the age of 14 was (as it happened) 'placed in a stocking-loom,' with a view to his being trained to the trade in hosiery, which, as all the world was aware, was still a staple manufacture of his native place. From the more kindly of the two notices of his early poems in the *Monthly Review*, some words of exhortation came floating down the century, words which he trusted might find their happy fulfilment in a generous support of the well-timed proposal to commemorate Kirke White by founding an adequate endowment in connection with the University College of this place :—

"'Let the opulent inhabitants of Nottingham reflect, that some portion of that wealth which they have acquired by the habits of industry, will be laudably applied to assisting the efforts of mind.'

"It was the youthful poet's hope that the publication of that little volume of verses 'might, either by the success of its sale, or the notice which it might excite, enable him to prosecute his studies at college.' But, as a matter of fact, he was helped far more by generous friends and by college endowments, and it was this that attracted him to St. John's, 'where (to quote his own words) the college emoluments were more than commonly large.' At the present time (by the way) about £6,500 a year was there spent on scholarships and exhibitions, and at the recent fellowship election they had two candidates from Nottingham, one of whom (it so

happened) was almost a namesake of his own. He could assure them that the college highly valued its traditional connection with this place, and trusted that it might long continue. A century ago Kirke White stated that 'Latin and Greek were nothing like so much respected in Nottingham as Wingate's 'Arithmetic.'' (Laughter.) But, thanks to the influence of the University College, and of the High School, under Dr. Gow and Dr. Turpin, this was happily no longer true. And, in connection with the able staff of the University College, the name of the chairman of the Kirke White Committee reminded them of one who, in a parsonage commanding a view of the Yorkshire hills and dales across the Humber, prepared Kirke White for his brief college life. On behalf of the poet's college, he cordially wished all success to the efforts that were being made by the committee to commemorate his name in Nottingham by a generous endowment for enabling young men of ability and promise in this place to obtain the advantages of a college and a University career. If this movement succeeded, as he trusted it might, youths of ability would in the future be spared anxieties and uncertainties like those of the youthful poet of Nottingham; and they would thankfully receive then, at your hands, all the aid and the encouragement which their promise, or their talents, or their genius might deserve. He gave 'The Immortal Memory of Henry Kirke White.' Green be his memory, green as Clifton Grove. (Hear, hear.)

"The toast was drunk in silence."

Professor Frank Granger, in submitting "Our Guests," coupled with the name of Mr. F. W. Mahin, the American Consul in Nottingham, thanked Dr. Sandys for "the charming and comprehensive address he had delivered with such silvery accents to the delight of that

assembly." Dr. Granger reminded his hearers that contemporaneous with Kirke White were the most eminent persons Nottingham had ever produced, Gilbert Wakefield, Richard Parkes Bonington, and Marshall Hall, and uttered the opinion that a city and neighbourhood that could at one and the same time count four such men among its children was a centre of genius and learning such as had scarcely ever been equalled.

PROFESSOR GRANGER.

Mr. Mahin, in reply, remarked that in his native town, 4,000 miles from Nottingham, Henry Kirke White had always been known to him, and that in the local library that poet occupied a position with Shakespere, Milton, Dryden, and others of the great masters of English verse.

MR. F. W. MAHIN.

The Rev. Rosslyn Bruce, Rector of Clifton, proposed the health of the Chairman.

The Mayor, in the course of his reply, said "that celebration, which he

rejoiced to take part in, was a sign of the existence amongst them of a strong feeling of local patriotism, and he thanked the committee heartily for inviting him to preside over it."

CATALOGUE

OF

PORTRAITS, ENGRAVINGS, BOOKS,

LETTERS & MANUSCRIPTS,

RELATING TO

HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

EXHIBITED AT THE

CENTENARY BANQUET,

HELD IN THE

EXCHANGE HALL, NOTTINGHAM,

NOVEMBER 21ST, 1906.

Paintings, Drawings, and Engravings.

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1. **Portrait** of Henry Kirke White. Three-quarter face to left. Painted in oils by John Hoppner, R.A. Given by Mr. Watson Fothergill.

   Lent by the Committee of the Art Museum, Nottingham Castle.

2. **Portrait** of Henry Kirke White. Profile to left. Painted in oils by Thomas Barber, of Nottingham. Given by the Executors of the late Thomas Walker.

Lent by the Committee of the Art Museum, Nottingham Castle.

3. **Portrait** of Henry Kirke White. Painted in oils by Thomas Barber, Junr., from an original by his father, Thomas Barber. Presented to Bromley House Library, Nottingham, by the Rev. Neville White, November 4th, 1822.

Lent by the Committee of Bromley House Library.

4. **Portrait** of Henry Kirke White. Painted in oils. Artist unknown.

Lent by the Committee of the Mechanics' Institute, Nottingham.

5. **Portrait** of Henry Kirke White. Painted in oils. Artist unknown.

Lent by Mr. E. N. Elborne, J.P.

6. **Miniature Portrait** of Henry Kirke White. Profile to left. Painted in oils by Thomas Barber.

Lent by Mrs. Gandy.

7. **Portrait** of Henry Kirke White. Profile to right. Painted in oils. Attributed to W. Corden.

Lent by Mr. James Ward.

8. **Portrait** of Henry Kirke White. Profile to left Painted in oils by Silvanus Redgate, of Nottingham

Lent by Mr. James Ward.

9. **Engraved Portraits** of Henry Kirke White. From the original by Thomas Barber in the Art Gallery, Nottingham Castle, and from the original by Thomas Barber, Junr., in Bromley House Library, Nottingham.

Lent by Mr. William Kiddier.

10. **Portrait** of Henry Kirke White. Profile to left, drawn in Indian ink. Artist unknown. Below is written "Henry Kirke White Ob$^{t.}$ Oct^{br} 19th 1806 Æt 21 years."

Lent by Mr. Percy B. Dobson.

11. **Portrait** of Henry Kirke White. The original copper plate, etched by E. Westoby, and dated 1814, together with an Impression of the same.

Lent by Mr. James Ward.

12. **Portraits** of John and Mary White, the parents of the Poet. Painted in oils. Artists unknown.

[The father died in 1822, aged 72, the mother in 1833, aged 77; both are buried in a vault under the tower of Eaton St. Andrew's Church, near Norwich, where there is a tablet to their memory.]

Lent by Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, F.R.S.L.

13. **Birthplace** of Henry Kirke White. Drawn by William Kiddier, of Nottingham, 1889.

Lent by Mr. William Armitage.

14. **Birthplace** of Henry Kirke White. Water colour drawing by Paul Braddon.

Lent by Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, F.R.S.L.

15. "**Wilford Church,** near Nottingham. Drawn on the Spot by Charles Robinson, in July, 1825." Aquatint by J. Reeve.

Lent by Mr. James Ward.

16. "**Kirke White's Cottage** at Wilford." Painted in oils by the late A. W. Redgate, of Nottingham.

Lent by the Committee of the Mechanics' Institution, Nottingham.

17. **Two Engravings** to illustrate Henry Kirke White's Poems.

Lent by the Committee of the Mechanics' Institution, Nottingham.

17A **Engraved Portrait** of the Rev. C. Simeon, M.A., Cambridge.

Lent by Mr. F. W. Dobson, J.P.

Manuscripts, Letters, etc.

18. **Baptismal Register** containing the entry of the future Poet's baptism, on April 13th, 1785, as "Henry *Kirk*, son of John and Polly White."

Lent by the Minister and Deacons of Castle Gate Congregational Church, Nottingham.

19. **Articles of Clerkship** dated the 6th day of July, 1801, made between Henry Kirke White Son of John White of the Town and County of the Town of Nottingham Butcher of the first part the said John White of the second part and George Coldham and Henry Enfield of the said Town and County Gentlemen Attornies of His Majesty's Court of King's Bench at Westminster of the third part for the term of 5 years.

Lent by Messrs. Enfield & Son, Solicitors, Nottingham.

20. "**Clifton Grove.** Fragment." An original manuscript poem by Henry Kirke White. Two pages, foolscap octavo, minutely written. These lines, which do not correspond with the published poem, were given to Mr. George Ray, when on a visit to Nottingham, and are referred to in the letter numbered 23.

Lent by Mr. James Ward.

21. "**The Fair Maid of Clifton.** A new Ballade in the old style." Portion (16 verses) of the original manuscript poem by Henry Kirke White. Corresponds with the first 15 verses in Southey's "Remains" (1822, vol. iii., p. 59), with an additional verse (the fifth in the M.S.) not included in that version.

Lent by Mr. James Ward.

22. **Henry Kirke White** to "The Editor of *The Beauties of England and Wales*, No. 18, Wilderness Row,

London." Autograph letter dated from Nottingham, Sept^{r} 27th 1801, on the subject of procuring a picture or two to be painted by Mr. Barber, "a painter of great celebrity," of Nottingham, to be engraved for the above work. A small portion of this letter is torn away.

Lent by Mr. James Ward.

23. **Henry Kirke White** to Mr. George Ray, of London. Autograph Letter, three pages quarto, undated. At the top of the first page is written "Ans^{d} Dec^{r} 1, 1802." This letter was the commencement of a friendly correspondence between the Poet and Mr. Ray. (See No. 20.)

Lent by Mr. James Ward.

24. **Ivory Snuff-box** with miniature portrait of Henry Kirke White painted on the lid.

Lent by Mr. William Kiddier.

25. **Photograph** of the inscription on Henry Kirke White's Grave-stone at Cambridge.

Lent by Mr. James Ward.

Biographies and Remains

OF

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

Lent by the Nottingham Public Libraries Committee.

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26. **Clifton Grove** . . . with other poems. *London*, 1803.

27. **Remains** . . . with . . . life by R. Southey. 2 vols. *London*, 1807. First collected edition.

28. **Remains** . . . with . . . life by R. Southey. Fourth edition, 2 vols. *London*, 1810. The second vol. contains an illustration of Clifton Grove, drawn by T. Barber, and engraved by G. Cooke.

29. **Remains** . . . with . . . life by R. Southey. Fifth edition, 2 vols. *London*, 1811. The first vol. contains an illustration of the Trent at Clifton Grove, drawn by T. Barber, and engraved by J. Greig.

30. **Remains** . . . with . . . life by R. Southey. Ninth edition, 3 vols. *London*, 1821-22. The third vol. was published in 1822, and is generally missing from the ninth edition.

31. **Remains.** 3 vols. *London*, 1822. With engraving of Tablet and Chantrey Medallion.

32. **Poetical Remains.** *London*, 1823. With little known engraved portrait. Name on portrait spelt Kirk White, and on title-page Kirke White.

33. **Prose Remains** . . . containing his letters and essays. 2 vols. *London*, 1824. Engraved portrait by J. Redaway.

34. **Poetical Remains.** *London*, 1824. Contains tiny medallion portrait on frontispiece.

35. **Life and Remains.** *London*, 1825. The engraved portrait by G. Adcock.

36. **Poetical Works** *Paris*, 1829.

37. **Remains.** *London*, 1830. The Vignette title, dated 1828, has small engraving of the "house in which H. K. White was born, in the Shoe Booths, corner of the Shambles, Nottingham."

38. **Poetical Works.** (Aldine Edition.) *London*, 1830. Engraved portrait by H. Robinson, and facsimile of signature.

39. **Poetical Works** and **Prose Remains**, &c. (Magnet Edition.) *London*, 1834. Engraved portrait by P. Rothwell.

40. **Poetical Works.** *London*, 1837. Name spelt Kirk-White.

41. **Life and Remains.** *London*, 1852. The engraved portrait by G. Swanston.

42. **Life and Remains.** *London*, 1855. With unsigned engraved portrait.

43. **Life**, with selections from correspondence and remains. 1856. Wood engraved portrait initialed AW conjoined.

44. **Beauties** of Kirke White. *London. Circa* 1858. Engraved portrait by C. Heath.

45. **Poetical Remains** of Bloomfield and Kirke White. *London*, 1871. Vignette of Birthplace on first title.

46. **Nouveau Testament.** Contains this signature on the top of the front board :—"H. Kirke White, 1800—."

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47. "**Clifton Grove**, a sketch in verse, with Other Poems by Henry Kirke White, of Nottingham. Dedicated (by permission) to Her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire." *London*, 1803. The Poet's first published work.

Lent by the Committee of the Mechanics' Institution, Nottingham.

48. "**Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.** Written by Sir Philip Sidney Knight." 1633. Folio. With notes and the autograph of Henry Kirke White, 1801.

Lent by the Committee of Bromley House Library.

49. "**Introductio** ad lectionem Linguarum Orientalium." 1655. On the title is written "Henry Kirke White, St. John's Coll., Cambridge."

Lent by Mr. John Hill Pointon.

50. **Map of the World,** worked in silk by Mary White at the School kept by Henry Kirke White's mother.

Lent by Mr. F. W. Elliott.

[Additional exhibits forwarded too late for inclusion in the Catalogue :—

50A **Abbott's Cottage,** Wilford. Painted in oils on porcelain. Artist unknown.

Lent by Mr. William Beecroft.

50B **Portion of old oak fence** at the west end of Wilford Churchyard, whereon the poet's initials, "H. K. W.," are carved.

Lent by H. Pyatt.

50C **Latin composition** in Kirke White's own handwriting, an engraving of the poet, and a letter describing the influence of the Rev. Charles Simeon on his studies.

Lent by Mr. Cooper.]

"THE KIRKE WHITE CENTENARY.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE NOTTINGHAM GUARDIAN.

"Sir,—Through your valuable columns I desire to convey my sincere thankfulness to the many who sent me letters, cards, newspapers, &c., in reference to the Henry Kirke White centenary. It was very thoughtful, and indeed more than kind of them, and I appreciate their goodness very much. Many of the writers seem to think that because I am so far away I have never been in Nottingham. Indeed, I never would have been if not for the poet, 'he drew me, and I followed.' Yes, I have been all over the Kirke White ground. I have stood before his birthplace till I felt that the passers-by must have thought me Kirke White haunted. Then, too, at Wilford, more than once, also at service in the little church, and gazed at the memorial till a gentleman said 'Why, a stranger!' to my reply, 'Yes, from Canada,'

he remarked, 'ah, you folks worship those whom we most forget.' Then, too, I spent far into the night at Clifton-grove, as the poet often did. Yes, so late that I had to go over most of the business part of Nottingham, in pouring rain, in search of a sleeping place, for I had about given up the task when I found one place open, but the clerk informed me that there was but one room vacant, and that was promised for a late arrival. I informed him I was late, but he said it had been promised to one coming later. After much begging I was allowed a place to lie down, and let out of the task of walking the streets all night. Yes, I have been in Norwich, where Kirke White's sisters went to live, also in room E, third court, St. John's College, Cambridge, where the poet breathed his last on Sunday, October 19th, 1806. I, too, saw the tablet to his memory, a medallion portrait by Chantrey, which I herewith give copied from my notes written on the spot, the inscription by Professor Smyth.

[The inscription is printed on pages 177 and 178 *ante*.]

"This tablet was placed in the church by an American admirer, Dr. Francis Boott. Heretofore it had been in All Saints' Church, and when the church was pulled down in 1870 it was transferred to the ante-chapel of the college. Doubtless many know that the grave of the poet remains no longer, as the churchyard was used for the erection of college building and chapel. But now close to this stands the memorial cross to Kirke White and some others of note who were buried in the old churchyard. Yes, I think I went over the ground fairly well. I even traced in vain all the graveyards of old Nottingham to find some trace of the graves of the poet's parents. I was told a lady possessed a table upon which the poet wrote many of his poems, and out near your park I found the lady, who kindly let me see the table. Did he write the hymn 'Oft in danger, oft in woe?' Never have I seen an edition of the poems with it in. What became of the manuscripts of his poems, letters, &c.? It was amazing how little of his effects I have found. The painting by Barber in the Castle I was glad to see. Your people are firm, but very kind, for at Newstead when looking at the great east window of the abbey, I discovered a piece of dead ivy and asked

of the attendant could I have a small piece to take back to America. He gruffly replied 'No, you Americans would walk away with the whole estate if we would allow it.' Then to begging of the lady in possession of the upstairs of the Kirke White birthplace if I would be allowed the honour of sleeping there a night she replied, 'Americans are welcome to look, but sleeping was not on the list.' But I have felt sad then and many times since to see the downstairs of the little cottage turned into a beer saloon, a place that should remain sacred in the hearts of all. In what connection had Kirke White to do with beer, to me is a puzzle. But once do I recall him speaking of the alehouse when he says—

> Thus do they talk, till in the sky
> The pale ey'd moon is mounted high;
> And from the alehouse drunken Ned,
> Had reel'd—then hastened all to bed.

"It doubtless was lucky for the alehouse that I had not gone over the Lord Byron ground first, for in coming away from the building in Nottingham where Lord Byron's remains remained overnight, previous to interment at Hucknall Torkard, I purchased a huge oak cane, one blow from which would have put the beer pumps out of business. My aunt near Derby prevailed upon me to leave the dangerous cudgel, which she called 'Lord Byron,' in old England, and I did so.

"There are many good things in your grand old city. I could never tire in looking upon that grand old pile, St. Mary's, the magnificent west window preached more than one sermon to me. Then, too, its rich organ and clever organist, Mr. Arthur Page, who was so kind in spending a goodly portion of time in rolling out its magnificent tone for me. Then, too its grand chime of bells. Did Kirke White listen to them in his time I wondered. Were they the '1, 2, 3.' Grand times those in which I walked historic ground. Then, too, over your fine roads on my 18lb. weight American bicycle. Dismounting every now and then to gaze upon new sights or listen to a skylark or eat one of your Melton Mowbray pies. Old Dr. Johnson said the best way to see England is to travel by stage coach at the rate of five miles an hour, accompanied by a pretty lady. I never tried that. Doubtless the doctor knew what he was talking about. I think the best way to see it is on foot one mile a day—

that requires time. There is so much to see, it's no wonder Kingsley wrote:—

> While we see God's signet fresh on English ground,
> Why go galavanting with the nations round?

"But I must not linger amid hedgerows or listen to the downpour of melodious song of the skylark, but keep to the text. I amused your people, and of them not a few, as I sped by with my two favourite old volumes of Kirke White in my pocket to baptise in the Trent. I knew from the smiles of some that I cut a grotesque figure. But now I want to interest them, and that is in the Kirke White memorial, or, at least, in the preservation of the birthplace in the Shambles, which I am informed is doomed to destruction. Surely old Nottingham could ill afford to allow such sacrilege. I send my mite of £2, and call for all to do something. 'Union is strength,' it's the help of many, no matter how small, that will count. The newspapers have great power in many ways. Could not boxes for contributions be put in many places to gather in the pennies? I feel certain people would gladly give if they were given the opportunity. I am not on the spot, but in spirit, and will be there later, and would be pleased to lend a helping hand if necessary. Upon Kirke White's death Lord Byron said 'I should have been most proud of such an acquaintance, his very prejudices were respectable.' The world is better for Henry Kirke White having lived in it, therefore he has done much for Nottingham. Now it is the duty of Nottingham to do something for his memory, and I feel sure it will. Yes, so sure am I that away overseas I hear a 'going in the mulberry trees' of the city of his birth. I feel you have begun, therefore, there is something done. My plea is, save the birthplace. If all would read the life and poems they would feel as I do, even so far away; 'tis sacred. Save the birthplace.

"I am, sir, &c.,

"Wm. Geo. Pearce.

"P.S.—I was pleased to see that the parish of All Saints', Cambridge, joined me in putting a wreath on his monument on his centenary.

"Turtle Hill, Toronto, Canada, November 12th, 1906."[1]

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(1) *The Nottingham Guardian*, 28 November, 1906.

In addition to holding the Centenary Banquet, it was also proposed, as already stated, to establish a Kirke White Scholarship, and an appeal was made for the sum of £250 for that purpose. The project failed, as appears from the following statement in a local journal:—

"KIRKE WHITE CENTENARY FUND.—The memory of Kirke White seems to inspire little interest in Nottingham, the place of his birth, and the appeal of the Centenary Fund Committee for money to be devoted to perpetuating his memory has resulted in contributions amounting to only £57 17s., of which about £50 will be available for the purpose. A meeting of the subscribers to the fund was held yesterday at the University College, Professor Granger presiding. . . . . A scholarship scheme was discussed, and it was afterwards decided that the £50 should be invested in the names of the Mayor of Nottingham, the Town Clerk, and the Principal of the University College, and that a prize for the best poem should be given periodically as the trustees might decide, the professors in the arts departments of the college to choose the subject and adjudicate. . . ."

The manner in which the fund is to be applied is stated in the following advertisement:—

"KIRKE WHITE PRIZE.—The subject for 1908 is 'Some English Sonneteers,' to be treated in a sonnet written as continuation to Wordsworth's 'Scorn not the Sonnet,' &c. Candidates must be under the age of 21 years, and natives of or educated in the city of Nottingham. Their compositions must be accompanied with a declaration that the work is their own and original, and must reach the Registrar, the University College of Nottingham, not later than December 1st, 1908. [ADVT.]"

THE DESCENDANTS OF JOHN WHITE AND HIS WIFE, MARY NEVILL.

WE have stated in the early part of this volume[1] that no record of the residence of John White in Nottingham is to be found after the publication of the Nottingham Directory of 1818, and that the date and circumstances of his removal to Norwich are unknown to his descendants.. He died at Catton, near Norwich, 2 or 3 July, 1822, when, if we have correctly identified his baptism, his age would be 75 years, although on tablets mentioned later, to the memory of himself and his wife, his age at death is stated to have been 72 years, a circumstance to which little importance need be attached.[2]

Mrs. White had a school at Bracondale, near Norwich, assisted by her two daughters, who afterwards became Mrs. Cubitt and Mrs. Mack respectively. When the first of these daughters married, the school was given up, and the Whites went to live at Eaton, a

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(1) See page 16.

(2) See Sims's *Manual for the Genealogist*, 1861, page 280, where it is stated "it behoves the genealogist to be careful against placing implicit confidence, in important cases, upon monumental inscriptions."

suburb within the county of the city of Norwich, residing in an old red brick house opposite the east end of the quaint old church. This ancient edifice, of which we give an illustration, is of the Early English period, built of flint, the nave and chancel being covered with thatch, an uncommon feature, we are informed, even in Norfolk.

Southey, who had become acquainted with Mrs. White, thus concludes a letter, dated January 20th, 1829, addressed to the Rev. John Neville White :—

EATON ST. ANDREW CHURCH.

"Our best and kindest remembrances to all who are near and dear to you. Mine, in particular, to your excellent mother. I can hardly hope to see her again on earth, but assuredly we shall meet hereafter, and in joy; in the land where all things are *remembered*.

God bless you, my dear Neville!

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."[1]

(1) *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, vi., 23.

MRS. MARY WHITE.

In 1831 Mrs. White's portrait was drawn by Wageman,[1] and from it copies were made for each of her children. Our illustration is reproduced from the drawing formerly in the possession of Mrs. White's youngest daughter, Mrs. Catherine Bailey Mack.

Mrs. White died at Bracondale, a suburb of Norwich, lying between that city and Trowse, 16 January, 1833, aged 77 years, and was buried with her husband within the tower of Eaton St. Andrew Church, Norwich.

There are two memorials within the tower of the church. A black slab over a vault is inscribed :—

In the Vault beneath
are interred the Remains of
JOHN WHITE
formerly of the Town of Nottingham
who died at *Catton* in this County
3d July 1822
Aged 72 years

——————Hark! the trumpets blast
Rings o'er the heavens!—they rise, the myriads rise
Each from their graves they spring & burst the chains
Of torpor. Christ has ransomed them.—
H. K. White.

Alfo
MARY relict of the above
JOHN WHITE
Who departed this Life at
Bracondale near *NORWICH*
January 16th 1833
Aged 77 Years

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

(1) Thomas Charles Wageman, an English portrait painter, was born in 1787. He had a large practice in theatrical portraits, and exhibited at the Academy, and in Suffolk Street, from 1816 to 1857. He died in 1863. There are by him in the South Kensington collection a portrait of T. Stothard, and Fawcett as Autolycus, 1828.

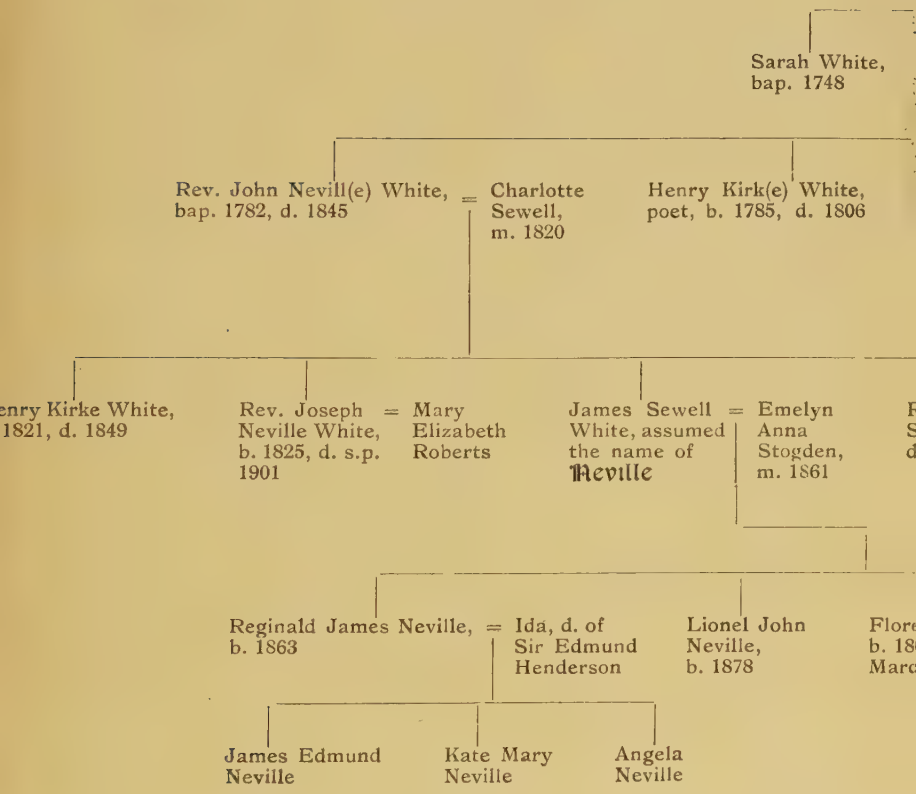
A marble tablet on the south side of the interior of the tower is inscribed :—

BENEATH THIS TOWER
REPOSE THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
JOHN WHITE
WHO DIED 2ND JULY 1822
ALSO MARY HIS WIFE
DAUGHTER OF
RALPH NEVILLE ESQRE
OF THE COUNTY OF STAFFORD
WHO DIED 16TH JANUARY 1833
THE PARENTS OF
HENRY KIRKE WHITE THE POET

THIS TABLET IS ERECTED TO THEIR MEMORY
BY THEIR SURVIVING CHILDREN.

It has previously been stated that the family of John and Mary White consisted of three sons and three daughters. It is curious to note that, in view of the character of the father as painted by Wylie, which is wholly unproved and therefore to be ignored, of the three sons two became clergymen, while the third died at college whilst studying with the view to ordination. It is also equally remarkable that of the three daughters two should marry clergymen of position and property, and that the next generation should also include two clergymen. Two interesting facts in the following account of the family may be noticed (1) that there were *two* Henry Kirke Whites, and (2) that a grandson of John White, the butcher, married a grand-daughter of Robert Southey, the Poet Laureate. It will be observed also that the family is now divided into two distinct branches, the elder being "disguised" (to use a term adopted by the late Augustus Smith, M.P., of Tresco, in his re-

Key Pedigree.


Sarah White, bap. 1748
Rev. John Nevill(e) White, bap. 1782, d. 1845
Charlotte Sewell, m. 1820
Henry Kirk(e) White, poet, b. 1785, d. 1806
enry Kirke White, 1821, d. 1849
Rev. Joseph Neville White, b. 1825, d. s.p. 1901
Mary Elizabeth Roberts
James Sewell White, assumed the name of Neville
Emelyn Anna Stogden, m. 1861
Reginald James Neville, b. 1863
Ida, d. of Sir Edmund Henderson
Lionel John Neville, b. 1878
James Edmund Neville
Kate Mary Neville
Angela Neville

= Rev. Benjamin Cubitt, d. 1852

Catherine Bailey White, b. 1794, d. 1889 = Rev. Thomas Mack, d. s.p. 1858, a. 63

Mann, M.D.
aw, M.D.
reton

Catherine Smith, m. James Bradshaw, brother of Dr. William Bradshaw

Louisa Smith, d. unm.

Ann Mary Smith, d. unm.

Hannah Smith, fourth daughter = John Cubitt, only son

fel H. Magee

Herbert Southey Neville White, b. 1862 = Cicely Eleanor Pigot

White,

Dorothy Eleanor Neville White, b. 1893

markable "Stemmata Ferraria") under the name of NEVILLE, while the younger consistently retains its patronymic WHITE. The accompanying key pedigree will help to elucidate the text.

I. **Hannah White**, whose baptism at the Independent Chapel, Castle Gate, Nottingham, is thus recorded:—[No.] "1267 Jan^{y} 22nd 1779 Hannah, daughter of John & Polly White." She was married to Joshua Smith, of the parish of St. Peter, Nottingham, by licence, at St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, 14 January, 1799, by the Rev. John Sidney, in the presence of Edward Swann, Marianne Swann, and Anne Cooke. The issue of this marriage was four daughters, one of whom, Catherine, married James Bradshaw,[1] an officer in the Royal Navy, who was drowned whilst bathing at Lowestoft, Ann Mary and Louisa died unmarried, and the fourth, Hannah, married her cousin, John Cubitt, only son of the Rev. Benjamin Cubitt, Rector of Sloley and Vicar of Stalham, co. Norfolk, but died without issue.

Mrs. Joshua Smith died suddenly in the year 1813. On June 14th in that year, Robert Southey wrote from Keswick, where he then resided, to her elder brother:—"My dear Neville, Josiah Conder had told me, though less particularly, the circumstances of your sister's happy death, for happy we must call it. The prayer in the Litany against *sudden* death, I look upon as a relic of Romish error, the only one remaining in that finest of all human compositions,—death without confession and absolution being regarded by the Romanist as the most dreadful of all calamities, naturally is one of the evils from which they pray to be delivered. I substitute the

(1) He was a brother of William Bradshaw, M.D., of Nottingham, who married Marianne, second daughter of the Rev. John Neville White.

word violent in my supplications. . . . God bless you! Remember me to your mother, and tell James I shall always be glad to hear from him, as well as of him. Yours most truly, R. SOUTHEY."[1]

II. **John Neville White, B.D.**, whose baptism at the Independent Chapel, Castle Gate, Nottingham, is thus recorded:—[No.] "1329 Jan^{y} 16th 1782 John Nevile, son of John & Mary White." He resided for some years in London, being described in a deed of 1810 as "of the City of London, Hosier." He was afterwards of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and, entering holy orders, proceeded B.D. in 1829, receiving the congratulations of Southey (Southey's *Life*, vi., 59), who formed a lasting friendship with him and his brother James, to both of whom he often wrote, addressing them by their Christian names, and signing himself "yours affectionately." In this connection it is of interest to note that John Neville White's son, the Rev. Herbert Southey White, married in 1857 a grand-daughter of the Poet Laureate. On commencing his clerical career, John Neville White was curate of Poringland, Norfolk. He was afterwards Rector of Rushall, Norfolk, from 1828 to 1832, and Rector of Tivetshall, in the same county from 1832 until

(1) *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, iv., 31.

his death. Mr. White died at Tivetshall, 2 December, 1845, and was buried in the chancel of Tivetshall St. Mary, where there is a tablet to his memory. The circumstances of his death were thus reported in the *Norfolk Chronicle* :—"FATAL ACCIDENT TO A CLERGYMAN.—A melancholy accident occurred on Tuesday last, at Tivetshall, to the Rev. John Neville White, the rector of that parish. It appears that he had for many months past been suffering from defective vision; and on Tuesday last, in the afternoon, he had occasion to go into a plantation on his premises, where he had been felling some poles, for the purpose of looking at them before they were sold. These poles were lying close by the pond, and it is supposed Mr. White stumbled against the stumps of some of the trees in the path, and was precipitated into the water. His body was not found for several hours afterwards; he was then, of course quite dead. The following day an inquest was held on view of the body, before Mr. John Pilgrim, jun., deputy coroner; after hearing the evidence, which was of a most conclusive nature, the jury immediately returned a verdict, that the deceased was accidentally drowned. The rev. gentleman bore a most amiable and honourable character, was greatly beloved in his parish, and by a large circle of friends. He was the brother of the late poet, Henry Kirke White." [1]

Writing to his friend Grosvenor C. Bedford, on April 18th, 1816, Southey says:—"Whenever I have leisure (will that ever be?) I will begin my own memoirs, to serve as a post-obit for those of my family who may survive me. They will be so far provided for as to leave

(1) Quoted in and copied from "The St. James's Chronicle, Whitehall, and General Evening Post," from Saturday, December 6, to Tuesday, December 9, 1845," "No. 13,757." "Price 5d."

me no uneasiness on that score. . . . I shall name John May and Neville White for executors,—both men of business, and both my dear and zealous friends. But do you take care of my papers, and publish my remains."[1]

In a letter, dated October 31st, 1817, to Chauncey Hare Townshend, Southey remarks:—"You have not estimated Neville White more favourably than he deserves. There does not breathe a better or a nobler heart. Men are sometimes strangely out of their place in this world: there, for instance, is a man living in Milk Street, and busied about Nottingham goods, who, if he were master of a palace and a princely fortune, would do honour to the one, and make the best possible use of the other. I felt towards him just as you have done, at first sight; and recognising instantly the character, scarcely perceived that the individual was a stranger. There is more in these sympathies than the crockery class of mankind can conceive, or than our wise men have dreamt in their philosophy."[2]

He married in 1820 (Southey's *Life*, v., 41), Charlotte, elder daughter of Joseph Sewell, of Poringland, by whom he had five sons and five daughters:—

(1) Henry Kirke White, born at Rushall, co. Norfolk, 1821 (Southey's *Life*, v., 76), died at Aylsham in the same county, 1849, and was buried at Blickling, near Aylsham. A member of the family informs us that Henry Kirke White the Second was a great invalid all his life. "He never left home nor was able to do anything. He was a very religious young fellow."

(2) Joseph Neville White, born at Rushall, 15

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(1) *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, iv., 162.

(2) *Ibid.*, iv., 282.

October, 1825. Of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, B.A., 1850. Curate of Rushall, Norfolk; Vicar of Stalham, Norfolk, from 1852 in succession to his uncle, James White. He died without issue, in the fiftieth year of his incumbency, 28 March, 1901, and was buried at Stalham.

"We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Joseph Neville White, B.A., vicar of Stalham, which took place at the Vicarage yesterday after a long and painful affliction. The deceased who was a fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, held his benefice longer than any incumbent in the Waxham Deanery, having been instituted to this living in 1852, on the presentation of his uncle, the Rev. James White, of Sloley, a former vicar of the parish, who also provided the present vicarage house and grounds, and the deceased may be justly described as a clergyman of the old school, a warm defender of the Established Church, and a kind friend. He will be much missed. At the time of his induction the parish church was in a deplorable state of neglect and decay. In less than three years the necessary work of reparation commenced, for in 1855 the unsightly high pews which encumbered the nave were replaced by open benches, and a new Communion table, pulpit, and reading desk were provided. In 1858 the mean, ruinous wall on the south side of the churchyard was taken down and replaced by a dwarf stone one, surmounted by iron pallisading. Iron gates were also erected at the same time. In 1863 very extensive restorations were carried out; the north aisle was re-roofed, the walls, columns, and stonework in the nave were relieved of innumerable coats of whitewash, the

quatrefoil clerestory windows re-opened and glazed, and the magnificient font, one of the finest in the county, was carefully restored. In the following year an organ was placed in the chancel, when the choir seats were given by the lay rector, Mr. G. Randall Johnson, the vicar presenting the carved oak communion rails. In 1872 the south porch was thoroughly restored, and the nave floor relaid with red and black tiles. In 1886 another great improvement was effected. About a hundred years previously a new roof was placed on the nave, inconceivably mean in design and much lower than the original one. It was then restored to its original pitch, adding greatly to the dignity of the interior. The roof of the chancel was similarly treated at the expense of the lay-rector, who also raised the floor a foot above that of the nave and relaid it with red and black tiles, and filled the east window with stained glass the subject being the Last Supper. This was executed by Messrs. Clayton & Bell. The vicar, at the same time, placed a memorial window in the east end of the south aisle to the memory of his mother and sister. It is of great beauty, and is the work of Messrs. Peppet & Boyce. In 1889 he presented the beautiful carved oak reredos, and in 1894 he, and Mrs. Neville White, at their sole expense reseated the north and south aisles with open benches. Considerably more than half the cost of these several restorations was provided by the vicar and his family, not to mention the many costly articles of church furniture provided by them. In 1897, with the consent of the patron, and in commemoration of her late Majesty's diamond jubilee, he gave a piece of land as an enlargement of the

churchyard. All the costs connected with it, including consecration fees, were provided by him. But for this the parish would have been put to the heavy expense of providing a cemetery. At the present time there are but few parish churches in Norfolk in more perfect order than that of Stalham, and it forms a fitting and lasting memorial of one who for nearly fifty years was its vicar. In her bereavement Mrs. Neville White is assured of the sincere sympathy of the parishioners, who gratefully testify to her many acts of kindness towards them during the 45 years she has lived in their midst."[1] "The funeral of the Rev. J. Neville White took place at Stalham on Monday afternoon [April 1st, 1901], at least 500 people being present in order to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had for nearly fifty years resided amongst them, and whose name and family are so well known in this part of the county. The church was filled to its utmost capacity, while many were waiting outside in the churchyard. . . . .

At the late vicar's express desire, all the arrangements connected with the funeral were as plain and simple as possible. The procession which followed from the vicarage consisted of Mrs. Neville White, Mr. J. S. Neville of Sloley (brother and patron of the living), Mr. Ralph Neville White, Major and Mrs. H. S. Neville White, Mr. Reginald J. Neville, Rev. Canon W. Melville Pigot, Mr. Cuthbert Pigot, Mr. J. N. Brereton, Dr. Gordon, the Rev. B. V. Bird, Messrs. G. Wortley and W. R. Draper (churchwardens), and the vicarage servants. . . . . On the plain massive oak coffin the brass shield was

(1) "Eastern Daily Press," 29 March, 1901.

inscribed—

JOSEPH NEVILLE WHITE,
Born October 15th, 1825,
Died March 28th, 1901,
49 Years Vicar of this Parish.

. . . . All the members of the School Board, of which the deceased was for so many years a member and sometime chairman, were present, as were most of those belonging to the Parish Council. During the time of the funeral all business was entirely suspended. The family were greatly touched by the spontaneous kindness and and sympathy."[1]

A gentleman who was present at the funeral of the Rev. Joseph Neville White thus writes to us:—

"He was like most of the Whites, a *very* tall man, standing some 6 feet 2 inches or more. He was quite the most inveterate smoker I ever knew, scarcely ever being seen without a pipe in his mouth. He was a most kind hearted and generous man. In the latter years of his life he was a great sufferer from dropsy and gout."

Mr. White, who is said to have been remarkably like his uncle, the Poet, married Mary Elizabeth,

(1) "Eastern Daily Press."

elder daughter of the Rev. Arthur Roberts (b. 1801, d. 1886), Rector of Woodrising, Norfolk, who survives her husband.

(3) James Sewell White, born at Rushall, co. Norfolk; of Trinity College, Cambridge, B.A., 1849; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law; Advocate General of Bombay; Judge of the High Court of Calcutta, 1871-1882; J.P. for Norfolk; assumed by Royal License, July, 1885, the name and arms of NEVILLE, in accordance with the will of his uncle, the Rev. James White, M.A., Lord of the Manor and Rector of Sloley, co. Norfolk, whose estate he inherited. Mr. Neville, who resides at Sloley Hall, is patron of the livings of Sloley and Stalham. He married, in 1861, Emelyn Anna (born 1842) daughter of John Stogden, Esq., Solicitor, of Exeter, by whom he has two sons and four daughters:—

(i) Reginald James Neville, born in Bombay, 22 February, 1863; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law; Recorder of Bury St. Edmunds since 1905. He married Ida, daughter of Sir Edmund Henderson, and has issue James Edmund Neville, Mary Kate Neville, and Angela Neville.

(ii) Lionel John Neville, born 12 March, 1878. Of the Royal Engineers.

(iii) Florence, born 15 September, 1866. Married to T. C. Marcon, Esq.

(iv) Beatrice Amy, born 16 August, 1869.

(v) Edith Kate, born 2 July, 1874.

(vi) Emelyn Rose, born 19 October, 1875.

(4) Herbert Southey White, born at Tivetshall,

co. Norfolk. Of Jesus College, Cambridge, B.A. 1853. It is stated that "he was proud of his relationship (to H.K.W.). He was a remarkably good-looking youth, and was named by some of his friends *Black and Tan*. He played in the University Eleven against Oxford in 1852." He was Curate of Watton, Norfolk, 1856; Curate of Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich; Vicar of Tunstead cum Sco Ruston, Norfolk, 1858 to 1863. He died at Tunstead, 17 May, 1863, aged 32 years. On the North side of Tunstead churchyard is a tombstone inscribed:—

"In memory of Herbert Southey White M A Vicar of this Parish cum Sco Ruston who died 17th May 1863 Aged 32 and also of Edith Frances his wife who died 5th May 1863 aged 27.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord"
"from henceforth yea saith the Spirit for they"
"rest from their labours & their works do follow them."
"He asked life of Thee and thou gavest it him"
"even length of days for ever & ever."

By his marriage, in 1857, with Edith Frances, daughter of the Rev. John Wood Warter, of West Tarring, Sussex, and grand-daughter of Robert Southey, Poet Laureate, he had issue:—

(i) Violet Mary Neville White, born 1860.

(ii) Ralph Neville White, born 1861. Of Upminster, Essex. Married Effel H. Magee, and has a son, Rupert Neville White, born 1883.

(iii) Herbert Southey Neville White, M.V.O., born 1862. Lieut.-Colonel Royal Marine Light Infantry. Was with the Camel Corps through the Soudan Campaign. Married

Cicely Eleanor, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Melville Pigot (Vicar for nearly thirty years of Eaton, Norwich, now Vicar of St. Mary-le-Tower, Ipswich, and Hon. Canon of Norwich) and his wife Eleanor Anne (b. 1841, d. 1887), younger daughter of the Rev. Arthur Roberts, Rector of Woodrising, co. Norfolk, and has issue a daughter, Dorothy Eleanor Neville White, born 1893.

(5) Ralph White, born at Tivetshall. Died young.

(6) Charlotte Elizabeth, married R. J. Mann, M.D.

(7) Marianne, married William Bradshaw, M.D., of Nottingham, a homœopathic practitioner, who claimed descent from Bradshaw, the Regicide.

(8) Emma, married Shovell Henry Brereton, of Briningham, co Norfolk.

(9) Mary. Unmarried.

(10) Catherine Neville. Died unmarried, 1854.

III. **Henry Kirk White**, the subject of this volume.

"HENRY KIRK WHITE.

His soul's exuberance hastened his decay.
Presiding Genius held in her right hand
The Lamp, and in her left a glass of sand.
The youth adored her Light: she marked his day.
Beneath her halo he pursued his way
Toward Parnassus: in his heart he planned
How he, the summit gaining, would command
The favour of the Gods. He sang his lay.

With manhood came a flush upon his face;
'Twas tinctured by the Hand that gilds the leaf
And bears it back to earth. Then filled with grief
His friends long prayed that he might leave the race
And simply live. The Gods gave him no lief—
He'd won their love—they bade him take his place."[1]

IV. **James White, M.A.,** whose baptism at the Independent Chapel, Castle Gate, Nottingham, is thus recorded:—[No.] "1437 Augst 17 1787 James son of John and Mary White, of the parish of St. Mary Nott^{m}, by R. Plumbe." He was of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and took his B.A. degree in 1815. He, like his elder brother John, was on terms of friendship with Southey, who addressed him by his Christian name, signing himself "yours affectionately." On entering holy orders he became in 1826, on the recommendation of Southey, Incumbent of the poor parish of St. George's, Manchester; Curate of West Bromwich; Vicar of Stalham, Norfolk, from 1843 to 1852, when he was succeeded by his nephew Joseph Neville White; and Lord of the Manor and Rector of Sloley, in the same county, for thirty-five years preceding his death. He succeeded to

(1) Sonnet, by Mr. William Kiddier, of Nottingham, written October, 1906.

the Sloley property on the death of his nephew, John Cubitt, and resided at Sloley Hall. He died, unmarried, 5 March, 1885, aged 97 years, and was buried at Sloley, where a tablet to his memory has been placed in the chancel of the church. As previously stated, he bequeathed his property to his nephew, James Sewell White, Esq., B.A., barrister-at-law, now (1908) of Sloley Hall. On the death of Mr. White the following article appeared in *The Graphic* :—

"The death of the Rev. James White, the younger brother of Henry Kirke White, at the age of ninety-seven, is an event not without interest to the student of literary history. When Mr. White was a youth, his brother Henry, having won 'a high poetical reputation,' died at age of twenty-one. Lord Byron deplored his loss in the verse; Southey with a noble disinterestedness, as natural to him as selfishness is to most men, edited the young poet's remains for the benefit of his family. Genius of the highest order was discovered in his poetry, his biography became extremely popular, and a poet of some note declared that the ardent youth, who killed himself by severe study, had won a deathless name. When James White was young, all these and many more indications of Henry's popularity must have been hourly familiar, and the common talk of the family. Nearly eighty years have passed since then, and James White has lived through them to witness the waning reputation of his brother and its final extinction. The pure memory of Kirke White is embalmed in Southey's genial pages; but in counting up the poets of the century no place in the list is found for his name. This is not surprising, for posterity does not judge of a man by what he might have done but by what he has actually done. It should be remembered, however, that nearly all Kirke White's

poems were written before he was nineteen, and that if Keats had died at twenty-one he would have left no higher title to fame. To be a distinguished poet at seventeen was a position reserved for Chatterton alone."

V. **Frances Moriah White** was born 13 July, 1791. The followihg entry occurs in the Register of Baptisms at the Independent Chapel, Castle Gate, Nottingham :—[No.] "1497 August 23 1791. Frances Moriah, daughter of John and Mary White, of the parish of St Mary, born July 13. 1791, baptized by W^m^ Entwistle." She married (as his second wife) the Rev. Benjamin Cubitt, M.A., Vicar of Stalham, and Lord of the Manor and eleven years Rector of Sloley, co. Norfolk, who died 25 April, 1852, and to whom there is a memorial in the chancel of Sloley Church. Mrs. Cubitt died 21 August, 1854, and was buried in Sloley churchyard, where a tombstone bears the the following inscription :—

Rev^d^ Benjamin Cubitt M.A.
Rector of Sloley.
Died 25^th^ April 1852
and Fanny Maria his wife
Sister of Henry Kirke White
of Nottingham
died 21^st^ August 1854

On the death, without issue, at St. Mary Church, co. Devon, of their only son, John Cubitt, who married his cousin, Hannah Smith, the Sloley property reverted to his uncle, the Rev. James White, as already stated.

VI. **Catherine Bailey White,** born 7 August, 1794, was baptized at the Independent Chapel, Castle Gate, Nottingham, 19 February, 1795, by Richard Alliott. She married the Rev. Thomas Mack, M.A., Lord of the Manor, and fifteen years Curate and twenty years Vicar of Tunstead with Sco Ruston, co. Norfolk, who died 21 February, 1858, aged 63 years, and dying without issue, at Tunstead Hall, 28 January, 1889, aged 94 years, was buried at Tunstead.

On the south side of the chancel floor is a diamond shaped stone inscribed :—

Thomas Mack. M.A
ob^{t} Feb 21 MDCCCLVIII
Æ^{t} 63

On the south wall of the chancel is a tablet inscribed :—

In memory of the Reverend Thomas Mack
fifteen years Curate & twenty years Vicar
of this Parish with Sco Ruston, who died
February 21st 1858 Aged 63 years.
"The memory of the just is blessed"
Proverbs 10.7

Also of
Catherine Bailey Mack
his wife
Who died January 28th 1889
aged 94 years.

"Make them to be numbered with thy Saints."

A tombstone on the north side of Tunstead churchyard is inscribed:—

"In loving Memory of Catherine Bailey Mack widow of the Rev. Thomas Mack Vicar of Tunstead died January 28th 1889 aged 94 years."

We "have taken this pains, not for the present age, but a future; many things which were known to our grandsires are lost to us, and our grandchildren will search in vain for many facts which to us are most familiar."

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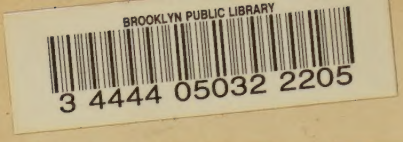
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